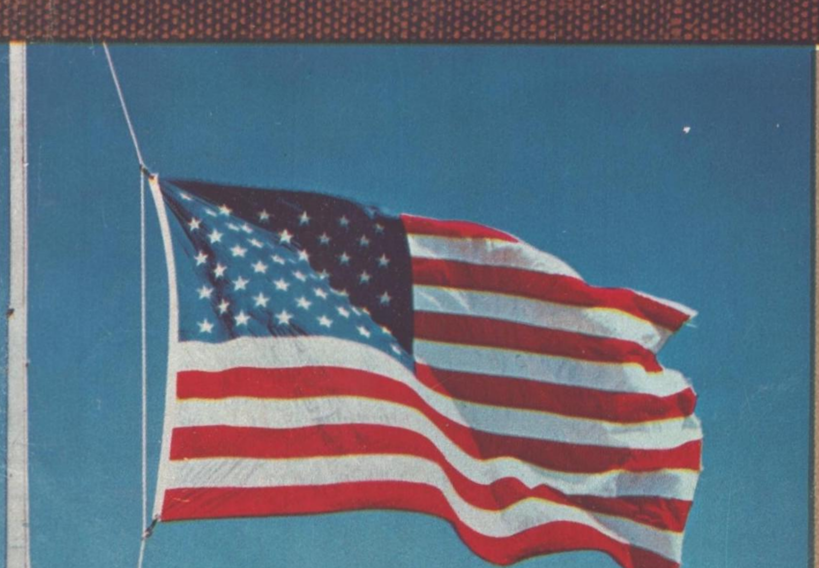
LOOK

50 CENTS · FEBRUARY 7, 1967

THE DAY JFK DIED



William Manchester discloses the terrifying chaos that followed the shooting in Dallas
Part Two of
THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

take the

MUSTANG PLEDGE!

I WILL NOT...

I will not sell tickets to all the people who want to ride in my '67 Mustang.

I will not keep the neighbors up all night by playing my Mustang's stereo tape player.

I will not yawn when people talk about the performance of other cars.

I will not show off my Mustang's overhead console by turning on its map lights (at least, not in the daytime, anyway).

I WILL...

I will tell the truth about my Mustang's low price and not let people think I paid extra for bucket seats, vinyl interior, plush carpeting and all those other no-cost extras.

I will spend the money I save with Mustang on a good cause . . . myself.

I will love, honor and obey the Convenience Control Panel when its lights tell me to fasten seat belts and release the parking brake.

I will stick to my diet even though my Mustang's Tilt-Away steering wheel is so adjustable.

I will keep the "helpless-female" look by shifting manually only when I'm driving alone. All other times I will let the SelectShift work automatically.

I will catch up on my diary . . . one of these days.

MUSTANG Ford

CLAIROL
shampoo
colorfast formula
Blue

World-famous hairdresser John Garrison says:

"Use an ordinary shampoo on hair color? Not in my salon!"

Ask your own hairdresser

"Ordinary shampoos could fade the shade, spoil the delicate color . . . and that's looking for trouble!" says John Garrison. "Get special Clairol Shampoo. It's colorfast. Won't change hair color. What's more, it's gentle. Leaves hair really clean, but won't wash natural shine out."

Two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all blonde shades. Clairol Green for all red, brown, black shades.

**Clairol® Shampoo,
the colorfast formula
won't change hair color.**

CLAIROL shampoo Blue
CLAIROL shampoo Green

Green for brunettes

Blue for blondes

© Clairol Inc. 1966

Clairol salutes the hairdressers of America during National Beauty Salon Week February 12-18

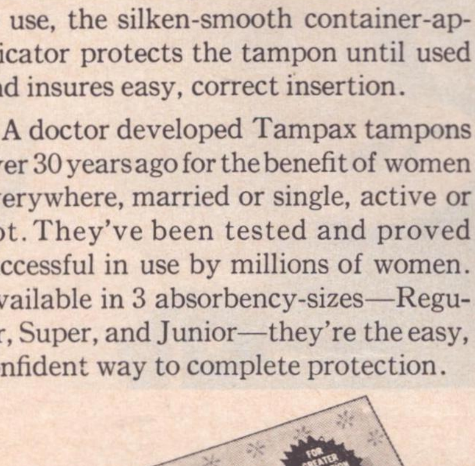
SHINING CONFIDENCE

You feel poised, cool, secure — all the time. You never worry about differences in the days of the month. You've discovered the total freedom of Tampax tampons.

Worn internally, they let you wear your shiniest, sleekest clothes, in the lightest colors, any day. When they're in place, Tampax tampons are so comfortable you can't even feel them. Dainty and feminine to use, the silken-smooth container-applicator protects the tampon until used and insures easy, correct insertion.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

A doctor developed Tampax tampons over 30 years ago for the benefit of women everywhere, married or single, active or not. They've been tested and proved successful in use by millions of women. Available in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super, and Junior—they're the easy, confident way to complete protection.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TAMPAX
tampons
FOR GREATER PROTECTION TRY SUPER ABSORBENCY
SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
SAFE · HYGIENIC · COMFORTABLE · EASY TO USE
TAMPAX
10 Regular

DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

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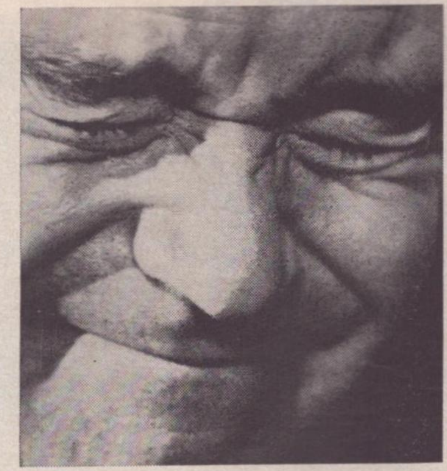

At left, and turned on, that living light bulb, Jack Lemmon. Whether it's on the set of *Luv*, in a dressing room, or anywhere, when this incandescent Jack talks, everything he has communicates with you. The talk is not comic. He is bound up in his craft, in the grind, grind, grind, fabrication, dishonesty and hell, the delicious hell, that he calls acting. LOOK presents, close-up and larger than life, *Jack Lemmon: Most Serious Funnyman in the Flicks,* pages 66-71.

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Address all Editorial Mail to 488 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. Address all Subscription Mail to LOOK Building, Des Moines, Iowa 50304.

Change of Address: Send both addresses to LOOK, Des Moines, Iowa 50304, 5 weeks before moving day. Subscriptions: one year, U.S. and Possessions $4.00; Pan-American countries, Canada and Spain $5.50; Philippines and other foreign countries $7.50 • Manuscripts or art submitted to LOOK should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Convention. Copyright © 1967 by Cowles Communications, Inc. Cover and entire content protected by copyright throughout the world and must not be reproduced in whole or in part without prior written permission. Title LOOK registered U. S. Patent Office, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Mexico (Marca Reg.), Norway, Sweden. LOOK is published every other Tuesday by Cowles Communications, Inc., at 111 Tenth Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50304, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Des Moines, Iowa, and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions as filed with the Postmaster at Des Moines, Iowa. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Printed in U.S.A.

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Dramatic New Club Plan That Saves You Almost 50% on Every Record You Buy!

A TOTALLY NEW CLUB CONCEPT!

As a trial member you may buy as few or as many records as you wish, and

FOR EVERY RECORD YOU BUY, YOU GET ONE RECORD FREE

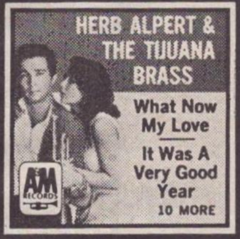
a small postage charge is made

...and we will give you your

FIRST FREE RECORD NOW

THE SUPREMES
A GO-GO
MOTOWN
You Can't Hurry Love
Hang On Sloopy 10 MORE

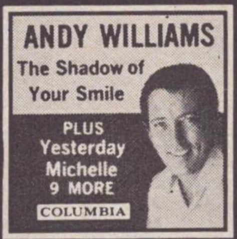
3555. The Supremes sing: Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart, I Can't Help Myself, 12 in all


HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS
What Now My Love
It Was A Very Good Year
10 MORE
A&M RECORDS

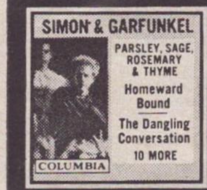
3542. Herb Alpert and the group play: Plucky, Brasilia, It Was A Very Good Year, Five Minutes More, etc.

FRANK SINATRA
Strangers in the Night
REPRISE
plus — DOWNTOWN
CALL ME 7 More

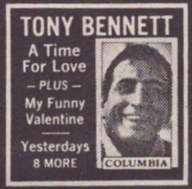
2673. Frank sings for moderns: On A Clear Day, Down town, Call Me, Summer Wind, All Or Nothing At All, many more


ANDY WILLIAMS
The Shadow of Your Smile
PLUS
Yesterday
Michelle
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

2460. Andy sings: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, Bye Bye Blues, Somewhere, That Old Feeling, etc.


SIMON & GARFUNKEL
PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY & THYME
Homeward Bound
The Dangling Conversation
10 MORE
COLUMBIA

3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.


TONY BENNETT
A Time For Love
— PLUS —
My Funny Valentine
Yesterdays
8 MORE
COLUMBIA

3441. Also: Sleepy Time Gal, Georgia Rose, 6 more

JOHNNY CASH
HAPPINESS IS YOU
For Lovin' Me
Wabash Cannon Ball
COLUMBIA

3361. Also: Is This My Destiny, You Comb Her Hair, etc.

THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
Cass • John • Michelle • Dennie
DUNHILL

3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

THE HIT SOUND OF
DEAN MARTIN
A Million and One Shades
9 MORE
REPRISE

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more

TCHAIKOVSKY:
· THE NUTCRACKER
· SWAN LAKE (Suites)
ORMANDY
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
COLUMBIA

2405. "Exciting, sensuous romanticism." —N. Y. Times

ROGER MILLER'S GOLDEN HITS
England Swings
King of the Road
Dang Me
9 MORE
SMASH

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

THE HAPPY WONDERLAND OF BERT KAEMPFERT
Danke Schoen
23 MORE
(2-record set)
POLYDOR

3202. (Special Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection)

PET CLARK
I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE
Bang Bang
Monday, Monday
9 MORE
WARNER BROS

3370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.

THE PETER, PAUL & MARY ALBUM
Hurry Sundown
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine
10 MORE
WARNER BROS

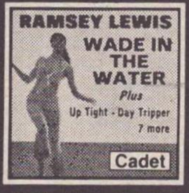
3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

JOHNNY MATHIS
SO NICE
· What Now My Love
· The Impossible Dream
Mercury

3563. Also: Man Of La Mancha, I Dream Of You, Dulcinea, etc.

Bach Organ Favorites
E. Power Biggs
COLUMBIA

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works


RAMSEY LEWIS
WADE IN THE WATER
Plus
Up Tight · Day Tripper
7 more
Cadet

3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael, etc.

KOSTELANETZ
Conducts
PROMENADE FAVORITES
N. Y. Philharmonic
COLUMBIA

2704. A hit parade of all-time light classical favorites!

Russian Sailors' Dance
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
New York Philharmonic
COLUMBIA

2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.

DAVE BRUBECK'S
Greatest Hits
Take Five
Bossa Nova U.S.A.
9 more
COLUMBIA

2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
Mais Que Nada
Day Tripper
A&M RECORDS

3578. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Dom Dom, etc.

The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits
EPIC
Over and Over
Catch Us if You Can
Glad All Over · 7 MORE

2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

MY FAIR LADY
AUDREY HEPBURN
REX HARRISON
Original Sound Track
COLUMBIA

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 8 Academy Awards

SO WHAT'S NEW?
HORST JANKOWSKI
Strangers in the Night
10 MORE
Mercury

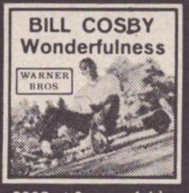
3569. Also: Grand Amour, A Place In The Sun, 8 more

Oscar Peterson
Blues Etude
LIMELIGHT

3566. Also: Stella By Starlight, If I Were A Bell, etc.

RAY CONNIFF
and the Singers
SOMEWHERE, MY LOVE
Plus
Downtown
Charade
8 MORE
COLUMBIA

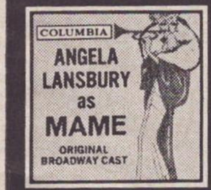
2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.


BILL COSBY
Wonderfulness
WARNER BROS

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

Broadway's Fair
JULIE ANDREWS
· I Feel Pretty
· A Fellow Needs A Girl
COLUMBIA

2772. Also: This is New, Looking For A Boy, 12 in all


COLUMBIA
ANGELA LANSBURY
as
MAME
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

THE BYRDS
Fifth Dimension
Their Hit 5D
— plus —
Eight Miles High
9 MORE
COLUMBIA

3471. Also: I See You, Mr. Spaceman, Hey Joe, 6 more.

PHILIPPE ENTREMONT
PIANO
Fantasy Impromptu
COLUMBIA
CLAIR DE LUNE
LIEBESTRAUM

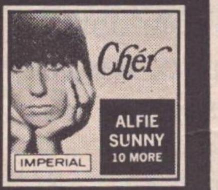
3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.

DONOVAN
Sunshine Superman
9 MORE
EPIC

3474. Also: Season Of The Witch, The Trip, 7 more

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ
BEETHOVEN: "Pathetique"
DEBUSSY: Three Preludes
CHOPIN: Scherzo No. 1
COLUMBIA & 2 Etudes

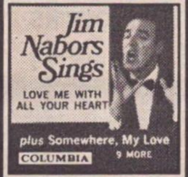
1683. "Virile grace . . . noble simplicity." —HiFi/Stereo Rev.


Chér
ALFIE
SUNNY
10 MORE
IMPERIAL

3475. Also: Twelfth Of Never, Cruel War, Pied Piper, etc.

The Rolling Stones
AFTERMATH
Paint It Black
Think
LONDON

3576. Plus: Stupid Girl, Going Home, Lady Jane, etc.


Jim Nabors Sings
LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART
plus Somewhere, My Love
COLUMBIA
9 MORE

3615. Also: Swanee, I'm Yours, The Impossible Dream, etc.

TAMLA
STEVIE WONDER
UP TIGHT
— plus —
Nothing's Too Good for My Baby · 10 MORE

2610. Blowin' In The Wind, Teach Me Tonight, Hold Me, etc.

more of
BOBBY VINTON'S GREATEST HITS
Petticoat White
(Summer Sky Blue)
8 MORE
EPIC

2691. Plus: Tears, Careless, What Color (Is A Man), etc.

WEST SIDE STORY
Original Soundtrack Recording
COLUMBIA

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

THE SANDPIPERS
GUANTANAMERA
• Louie, Louie
• La Bamba
A&M RECORDS

3617. Also: Angelica, Carmen, La Mer, Enamorado, etc.

THE PLATTERS
I Love You 1000 Times
MUSICOR

2678. Also: Only You, Harbor Lights, Magic Touch, etc.

HERE IS THE MOST SENSIBLE, SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL CLUB RECORD-BUYING PLAN EVER DEVISED — a wholly new method that enables you to build a record collection at the greatest savings possible! If you act now, as a trial member you will be entitled to receive one record free for every record you buy. *And you alone decide how many or how few records you want, or how long you remain a member!*

That's right — every time you buy a record from the Club, you get another record of your choice FREE — a privilege that will be yours for as long as you remain a member! And since you will be required to pay only a small postage and handling charge on each record, you will be getting the records you want at practically a 50% discount off Club prices!

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THIS UNIQUE NEW PLAN — we will send you your first free record in advance. Just pick any record described on this page, indicate your choice on the coupon provided at the right — and mail it today. Be sure to indicate whether you want your first free record (and all future records) in regular high-fidelity or stereo.

Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway and Hollywood; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining music magazine, which you will receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Club Magazine.

Your only obligation is to purchase just one selection in return for the record we gave you free. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to purchase any additional records, and you may cancel your trial membership at any time. If, however, you wish to continue, you will get a free record for every record you buy.

YOU WILL CONTINUE TO RECEIVE FREE RECORDS as long as you remain a member of the Club. There is no limit to the number of free records you can add to your collection; you get one for each record you purchase.

The records you buy from the Club will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.
* **Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.**

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Terre Haute, Indiana

YES! I want to take advantage of your new trial membership offer which entitles me to one record free for every record I buy. Please send me, as my FIRST FREE RECORD in advance, the selection whose number I have written in the box below.

In return for this free record, I agree to purchase one record from the Club Magazine. I understand that after purchasing this record, I am under no obligation whatsoever to buy any additional records . . . and I may cancel my membership at any time. However, for every record I do purchase thereafter, at the regular Club price, I can choose another record FREE. (A small mailing and handling charge is made for each record.) Furthermore, I will continue to receive one record free for every one I buy for as long as I remain a member of the Club!

Name..
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address..

City..

State..................................Zip Code..........

SEND ME THIS RECORD AS MY FIRST FREE RECORD (fill in number) ☐

SEND MY FIRST FREE RECORD, ALL FUTURE SELECTIONS AND FREE RECORDS IN (check one box)
☐ **Regular High-Fidelity** ☐ **Stereo**

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)
☐ **Classical** ☐ **Listening & Dancing**
☐ **Teen Hits** ☐ **Broadway & Hollywood**
☐ **Country & Western** ☐ **Jazz**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer A6

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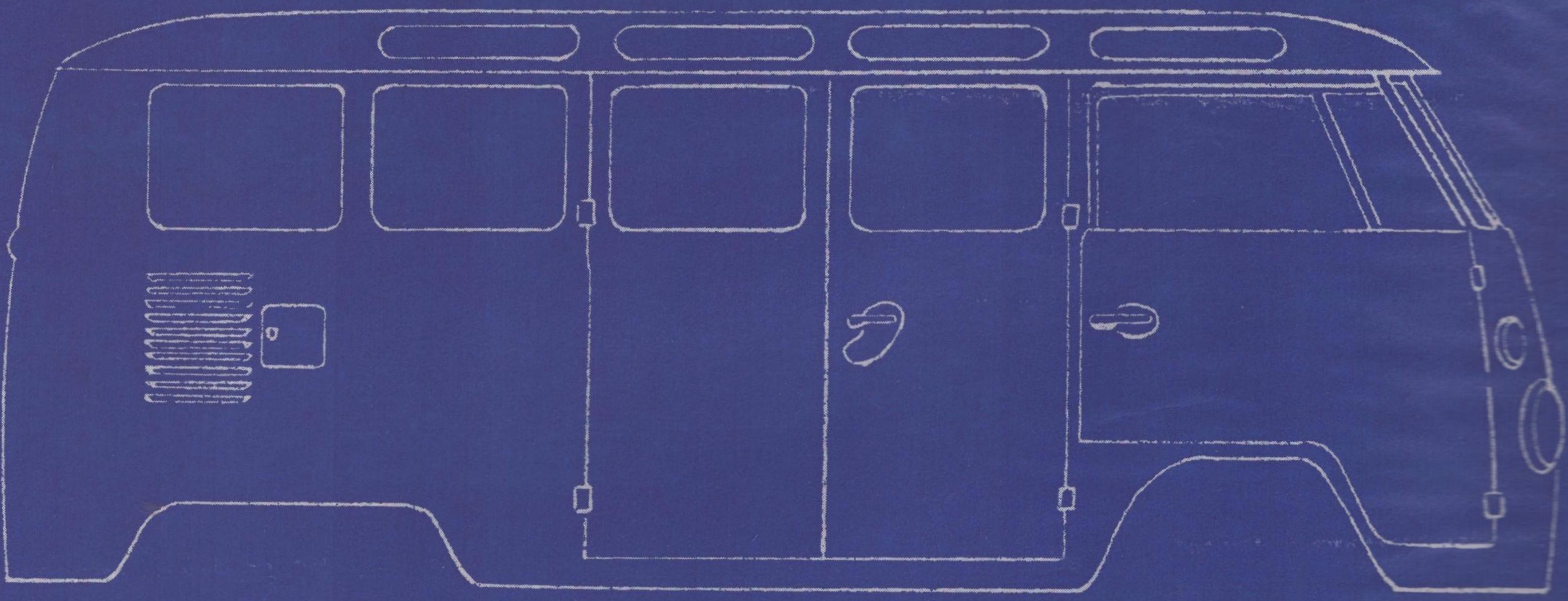

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We started with a simple plan.

It all began with the notion that a wagon should hold a lot, and no notion about how it should look.

So when we sat down to design the VW Station Wagon we started by drawing a big box with 170 cubic feet of space.

(Roughly two times the room of an ordinary station wagon.)

This gave us room to seat 8 people comfortably and 13 pieces of luggage.

(13 bags more than you could ever fit into most wagons that hold 8 people.)

Once we got the people in we couldn't just let them sit there in a dark box.

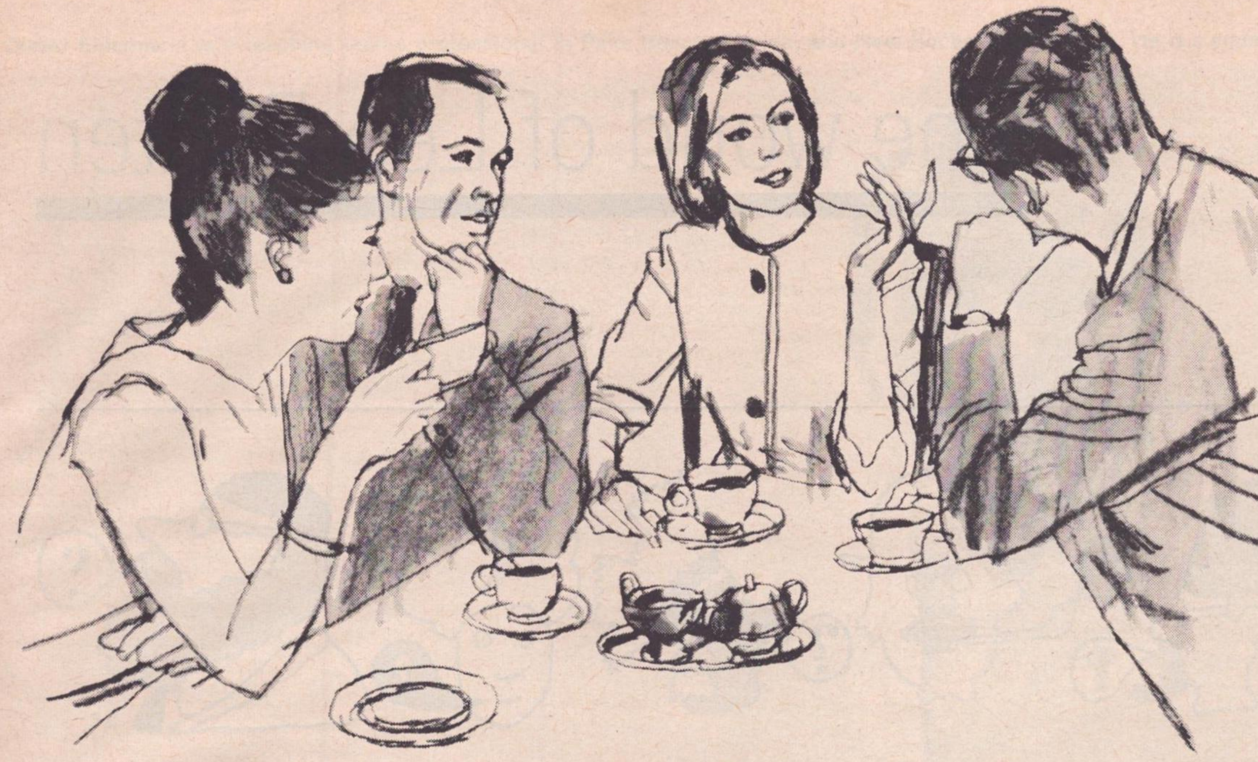
So we cut 21 windows to let the light in, a big hole in the back to put the luggage in, and 4 doors to let the people out.

To make the thing go, we put the air-cooled Volkswagen engine in back.

And what we ended up with is what you see in the picture.

A wagon that holds a lot, parks easily, and doesn't drink much gas.

What could be simpler than that?



"Just months ago

all I could talk about was babies and recipes

...then The National Observer came into our home, bringing fascinating new food for thought –and conversation–for the whole family."

"Soon after Carol Sue was born, I found my whole life was absorbed by her. All I could think about was *her* needs. All I could talk about was babies and formulas and recipes.

"When friends dropped in, and the conversation turned to world affairs, or the new books and plays, I had absolutely nothing to say.

"Of course, I love my family and I wouldn't change places with anyone on earth. But I was beginning to feel very sorry for myself, so left out of things!

"Then I decided to take a friend's advice and set aside time for *myself* to catch up with the world. I subscribed to The National Observer. And it turned out to be just what the doctor ordered.

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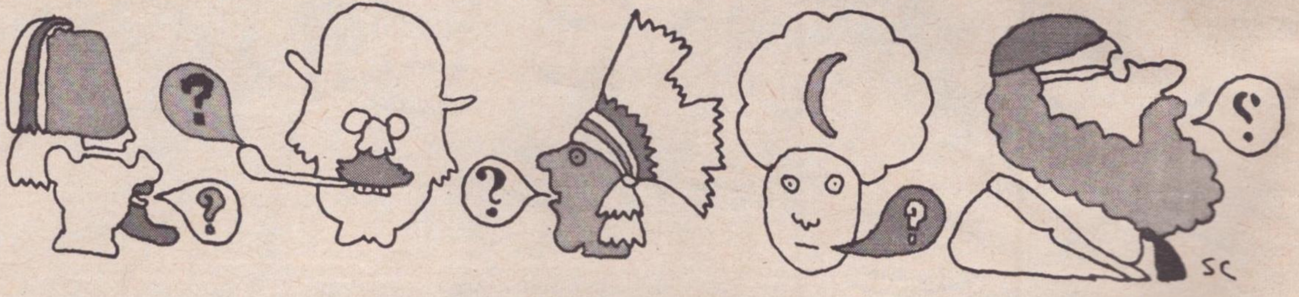
The world of Leo Rosten

Is it Greek to you?



AT DINNER IN OUR sumptuous Louis XIX dining room the other night, Professor Ferdy Ausgeshpielt launched into a heartfelt diatribe against the Federal farm program and price parity. He had not ranted three minutes before Olga Zelitski, who runs a beaded-bag boutique, protested, "Professor, *please*. That's all Greek to me!"

Ausgeshpielt, who is an Alsatian, and Mme. Zelitski, who is a Litvak, both knew exactly what "That's Greek to me" means. And that got me to wondering: What does a *Greek* say when he can't make head or tail out of something?

Next day, I began asking around among the Greeks I know. (One runs a gift shop he ought to call "Beware.") The first Hellene was taken aback. "I suppose I'd say, 'Please cease gibbering like a barbarian.' . . . Is that what you mean?"

That was *not* what I meant. Barbarian, of course, originally meant non-Greek, foreign; it was the word the early Greeks used to characterize the sounds they thought aliens made in pronouncing alien tongues: *bar-bar-bar-bar*. (Just as Dutch settlers in South Africa described the speech of the Khoi-Khoin natives, who converse via harsh clicks, as *hateren en tateran:* "stammering and stuttering," which became *Hottentot.*)

I finally learned that when Greeks find something totally incomprehensible, they exclaim, "Stop talking Chinese."

"That's Chinese to me" is what the Swedes, the Hungarians, the Turks, the Germans, the Arabs, the Spaniards and the Russians say, too. (I asked.) But the Chinese lament, "like a Buddha, 12-feet-long, I cannot gauge the head or feet." The Japanese, when pressed, cry, "That's a thing of an overthere [foreign] master," or, in more literary lingo, poetically sigh "... like the sleep-talk of the man of T'ang"—i.e., ancient China.

Poles sneer, "I am hearing a Turkish sermon." Italians exclaim, "That's Arabic!" or "That's Turkish!" But Koreans murmur, "It's a white piece of paper to me"; and in Malayalam, spoken in southwest India, you confess, "I do not even know the dried ginger of it!" The French shrug, "That's Chinese (or Hebrew) to me," but Jews say, "That's Turkish"—or ask you to stop "knocking a teapot." "Do not knock a teapot" is not *exactly* like "That's Greek to me" (it's more like "Baloney," "Hot air," or "Stop pestering me"), but it is so picturesque a crusher that I can't bear to exclude it from this learned dissertation.

Of all man's marvelous inventions, language is surely the most amazing. It is the *sine qua non* of man's estate; it distinguishes him from his animal cousins; it permits experience to be accumulated and transmitted; it makes abstract thought—generalization, discrimination, analysis, hypothesis—possible. Without language, there could be nothing remotely like science or technology; no poetry or physics; no transistor or computer; no laser, maser, zipper or hollandaise sauce.

The Bible says, "In the beginning was the word." If that means anything, it means that language existed before man, which pleases me. The great Rabbi Akiba's disciples took it for granted that an alphabet existed before God created the world. I have no way of proving this, but there is no way of disproving it either.

No one knows how many languages are spoken on this chattering globe of ours. (How decide where a dialect stops and a language takes over?) The French Academy once concluded that mankind employs 2,796 distinct locutions, but bolder philologists run their estimates up to 5,000. This includes the toothsome Jalloof, spoken by certain Senegalese; the Zasa (no relation) of Kurds in northeast Persia; Saliva, a juicy Orinoco Indian tongue; and Watty-Watty, uttered by natives in New South Wales. I think I should tell you that they also speak Yairy-Yairy down there.

For complexity of alphabet, no language surpasses Chinese. But for razzmatazz in spelling, I give you our own beloved English. Take the simple *ee* sound. It can be handled eight different ways: *e* (as in me), *ee* (feet), *ea* (clean), *ie* (believe), *ei* (deceive), *es* (demesne), *i* (machine) and maybe *ene* (obscene, which it all comes close to being). Or reverse the field: *ough* can be pronounced five different ways. Just trip your tongue through *although, bough, cough, rough, through.*

The Germans are much more sensible; they spell each sound the same way every time it occurs. That's why our friendly GI's never got to first base when they tried to organize spelling bees among baffled German schoolkids. In German, if you write, you spell—correctly.

When I was in Japan, I was hypnotized by the way the Japanese, who are mad about modern gadgets and American ways, adopt and adapt English words. Every Japanese word must end in a vowel (or *n*); and Japanese consonants must be separated by vowels (Asahigawa); and our *l* becomes their *r*, and our *v* their *b*. So "love" becomes "rabu." The many linguistic transplants are things of beauty and a joy forever—a new language that Boye de Menthe calls "Japlish." Ready?

English	**Japlish**
baseball	besuboru
girl	guru
ice cream	aisu-kurimu
lemon juice	remon jusu
striptease	sitorippu
highball	haiboru
permanent wave	pamanento wabu

I dream of returning to Kyoto, that enchanted city, if only to hear my friend Terri Kunimune introduce me as "Reo Losuten-san."

Nor are the Japanese alone in this sort of thing. *Sherry* is a nice example of Englishmen's ineptitude in pronouncing foreign words. Hearken: A Roman settlement in Spain became known as Xeres (probably a rude form of Caesar), which in time grew to be Jerez de la Frontera, above Cádiz. Jerez won fame for its most excellent wine, which Englishmen especially prized. English seamen in the 16th century heard Spaniards identify the wine as coming from Jerez, which sounded to them like *sherrez*, which they thought the plural of *sherry*. They further mistook *sherry* for the name of the wine instead of the place; and now it is. Hail, Britannia.

You can grab yourself a place in the history books by inventing a gadget so useful that it will be adopted, and so original that people will have to call it by your name. Thus, Dr. Guillotin's head-chopper-offer; Gen. Henry Shrapnel's artillery shell; Robert Bunsen's burner. *Silhouette* preserves the name of Louis XV's Controller-General, Étienne de Silhouette, who was such a penny pincher that he furnished a palace with cheap furniture and, on the walls, instead of oil paintings, cheap profiles—blacked in. *Sandwich*, of course, immortalizes John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, a compulsive gambler, who once spent 24 straight hours at the gaming table and, refusing to stop for nourishment, ordered servants to bring him slices of beef between slices of bread. Who could have dreamed that a corrupt Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty would go down in history as history's greatest salesman of bread?

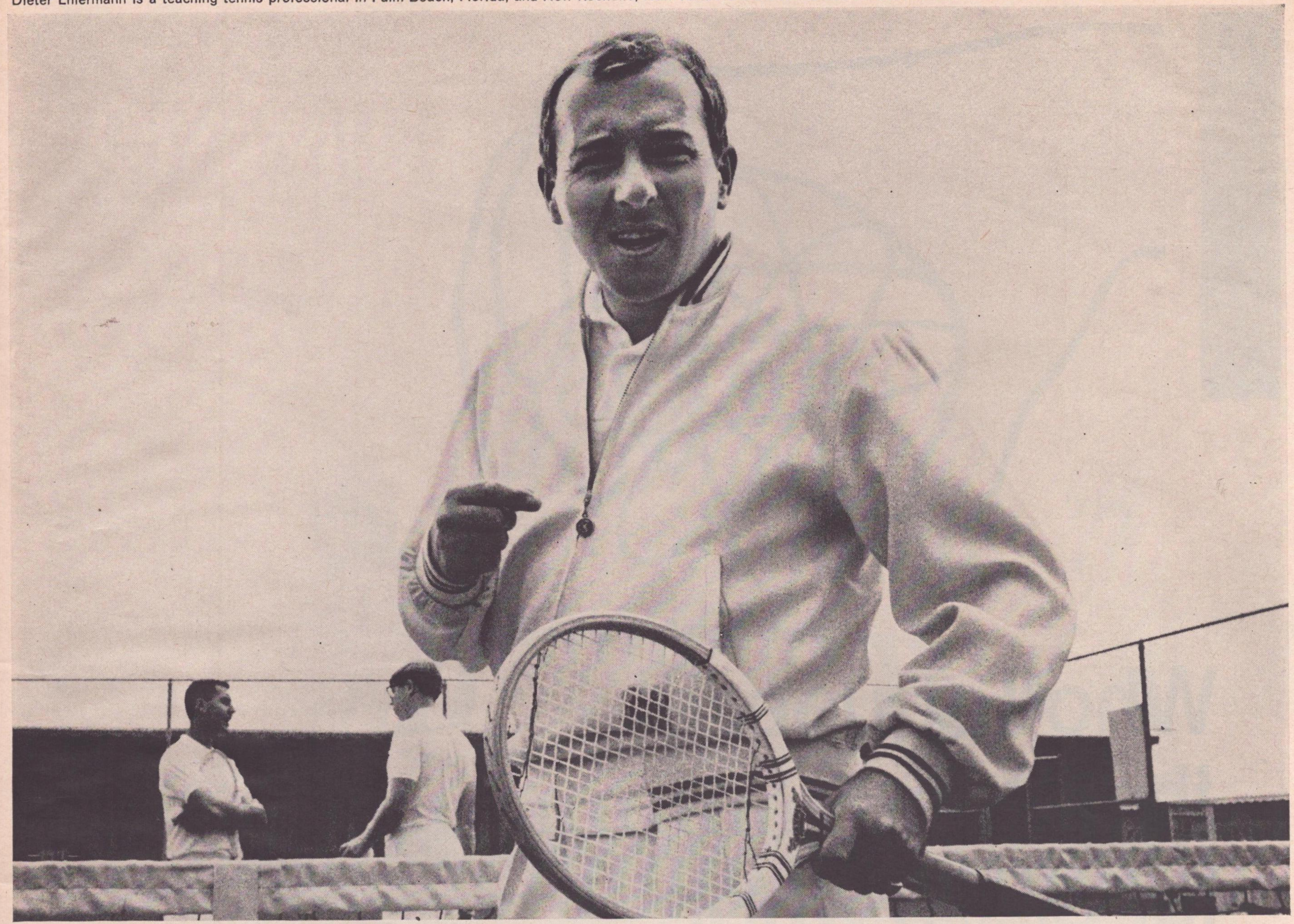
My favorite story in this genre involves the Gibson, which is a martini cocktail with a pearl onion instead of an olive. The American diplomat, Hugh Gibson (1883-1954), dismayed by the amount of liquor imbibed at diplomatic receptions, hit upon a clever way of copping out: He instructed his bartender to put water, instead of gin, in a regular martini glass. To make sure that the waiters would know which of the many glasses on the serving tray contained the water, the sagacious Gibson told the bartender to drop an onion, instead of an olive, therein.

Well, the diplomatic corps soon began to buzz about the phenomenal ambassador from the United States, who could slug down martini after martini, happy as a lark, without ever showing any lethal effects. Using not quite flawless logic, they concluded that an onion magically diminishes the hammerhead powers of gin—without affecting its salubrious effects. The discovery, hailed as a boon to mankind, spread like wildfire through the embassies of the world. Right and left, diplomats began substituting onions for olives in martinis. . . . They have not figured out to this day why Gibson never got drunk, but *they* got plastered. I am happy to end their puzzlement.

Thus, and deservedly, immortality came to Hugh Gibson. Even the Greeks do him homage. "A Gibson" is not Chinese to them. LEO ROSTEN

DRAWING BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

Dieter Ehlermann is a teaching tennis professional in Palm Beach, Florida, and New Rochelle, New York. He is a member of the U.S. Professional Lawn Tennis Association



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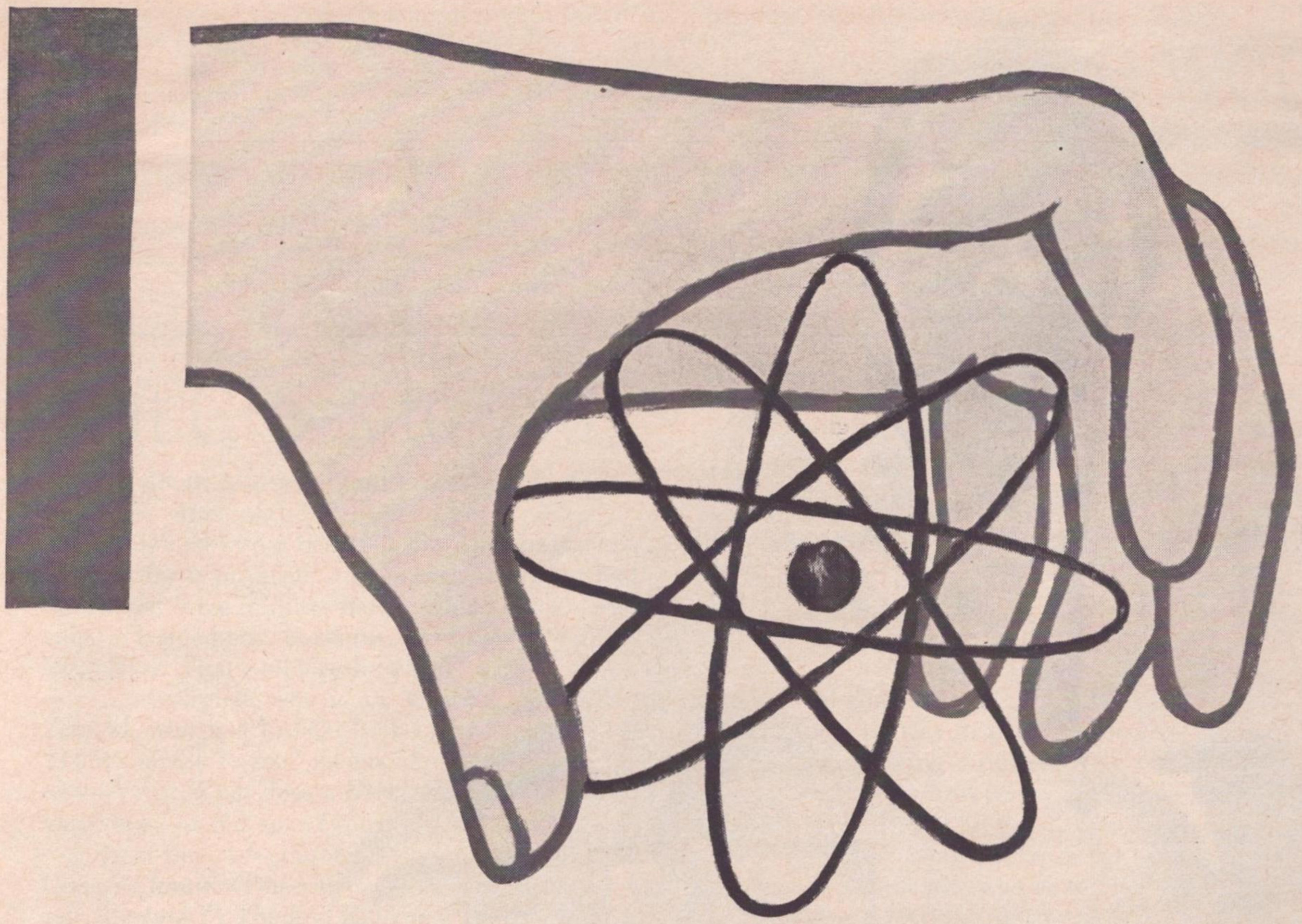

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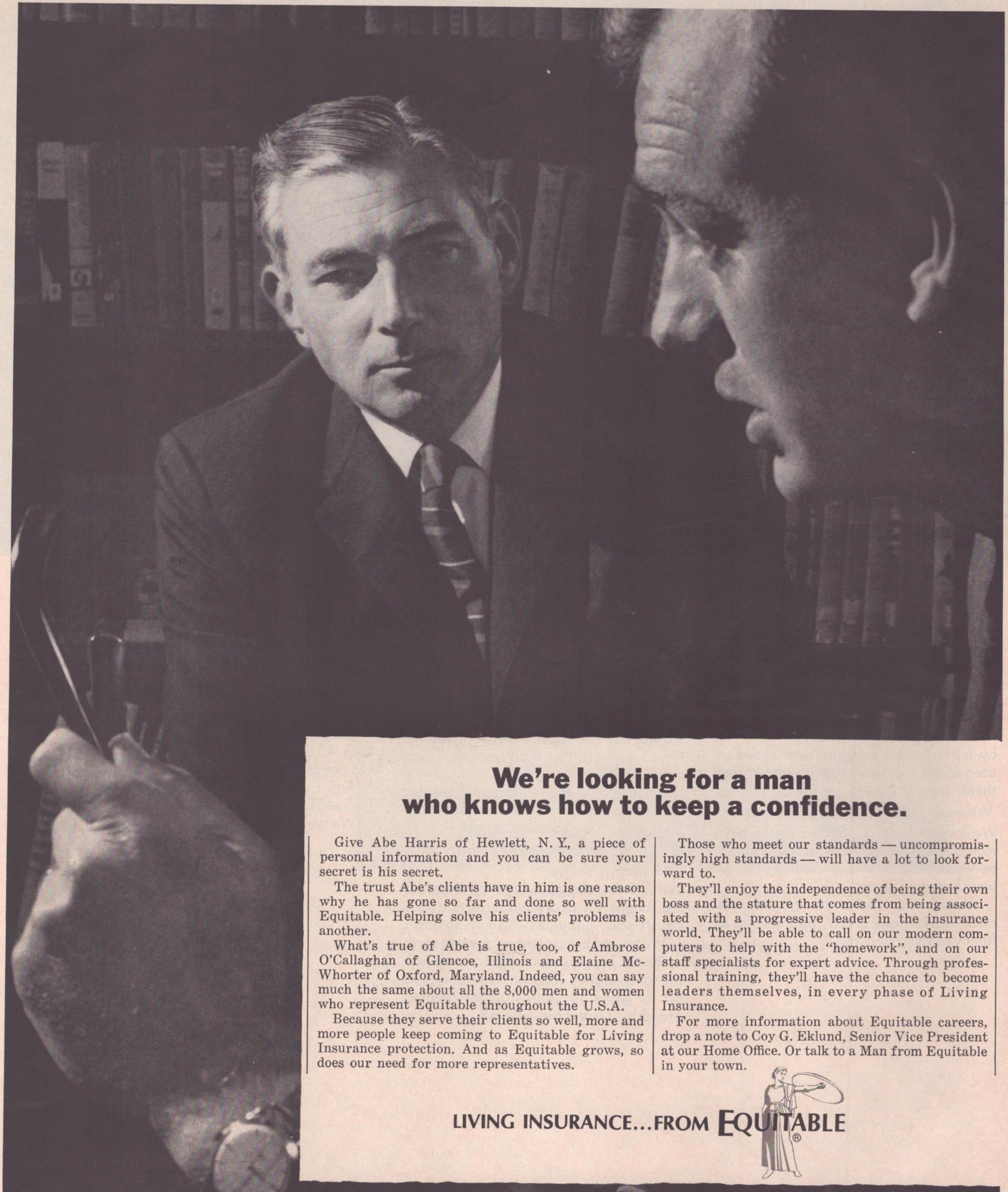

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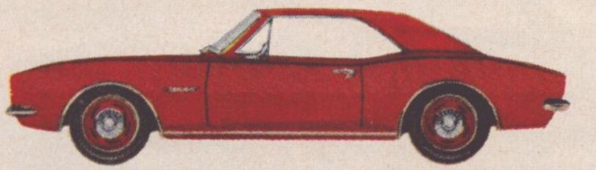

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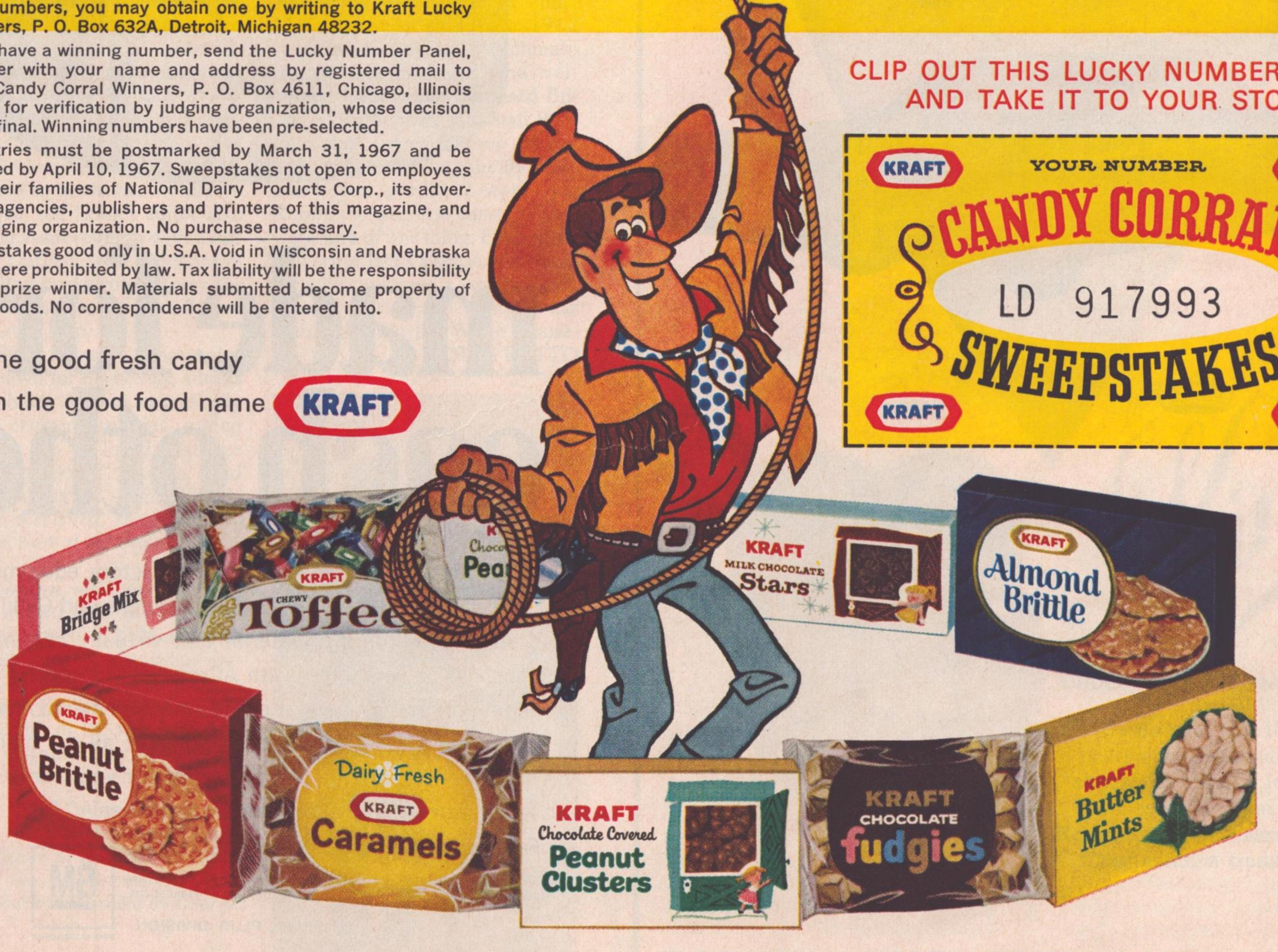
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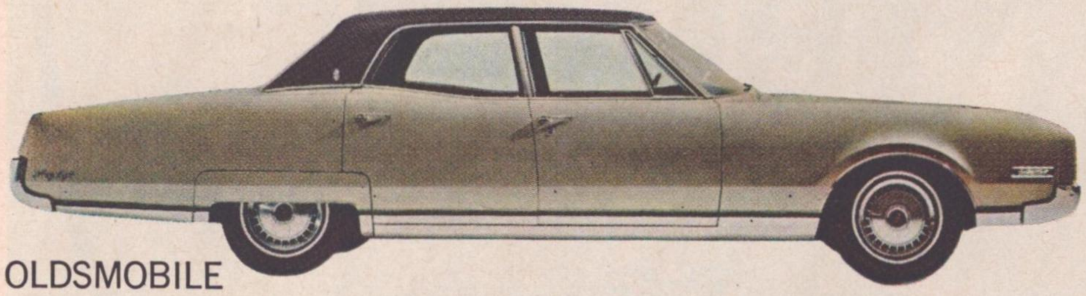
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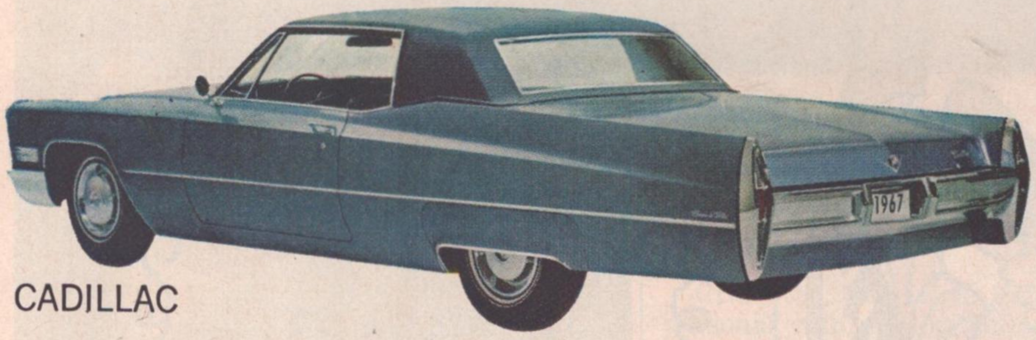
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LOOK

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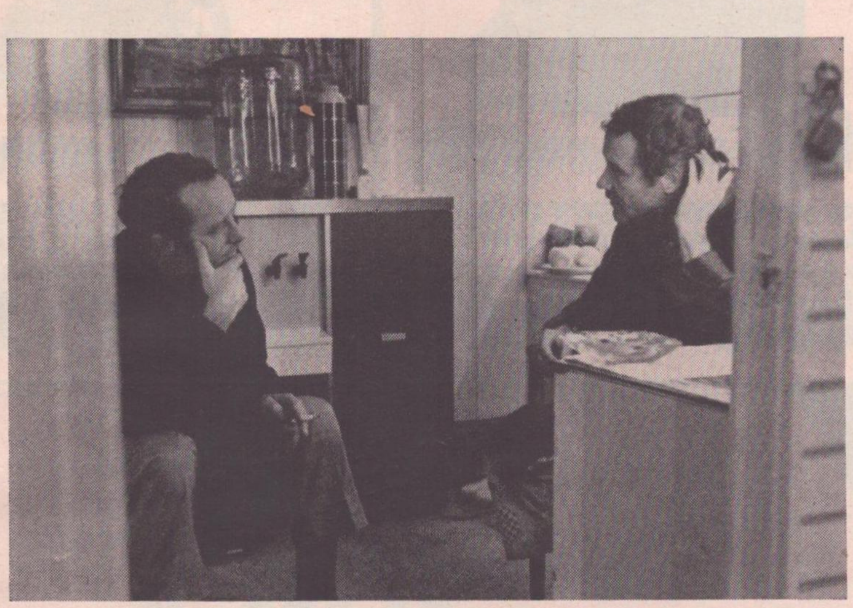

LOOK *Editor Chandler Brossard (left), who could almost pass for actor Jack Lemmon's stand-in, swaps anti-clichés with the star in his dressing room.*

"We wanted it to be more than just another personality piece on a movie star," says Senior Editor Chandler Brossard, "so photographer Richard Hewett and I used a cinematic technique to catch the seriocomic quality of Jack Lemmon." The stark, widescreenlike close-ups of the Hollywood actor on the set of his latest movie, *Luv,* and at home serve as larger-than-life illustrations for Brossard's analytical portrait: *Jack Lemmon: Most Serious Funnyman in the Flicks.*

"He's nicer, brighter and more believable than most stars I've met," Brossard reports, "and very dedicated to his work." While on the movie set, LOOK's editor also had a pleasant reunion with actor Severn Darden, who appeared in a play Brossard wrote—*Harry the Magician*—at the Crystal Palace in St. Louis, Mo.

Versatile Brossard, who is also well-known for his novels, admits that he hates the theater and only enjoys crummy movies, which turn him on. "I loved that one about Al Capone," he says, "and I keep waiting for sequels like *Al Capone Revisited, Mother of Al Capone, Son of Al Capone."*

Any woman who would turn down a $50,000 movie contract to marry a $125-a-month salesman must be either extraordinary or in love. Mrs. George W. Romney, née Lenore Lafount, who did this in 1931, is still both. She is extraordinary in her tireless speechmaking for her husband, Michigan's governor and leading candidate for the 1968 GOP Presidential nomination; and she is obviously still in love with the man who rose from aluminum salesman to president of the American Motors Corporation to national contender.

"It's fun to stand by your man's side when you believe in him," Mrs. Romney said in a 1962 speech. Recently, still speechmaking for her husband, she welcomed LOOK's Detroit-based Editor Al Rothenberg and Staff Photographer James Hansen on her bandwagon. By the time they finished their profile—*Lenore . . . Romney's "Secret Weapon"*—they were sure of one thing: Even if the Governor lacks a sense of humor, his wife possesses a wit that may someday drive the compact-car man right into the White House.

LOUIS BOTTO

In Lenore Romney's cleared driveway, LOOK *Editor Al Rothenberg learns the cold facts: The snow was shoveled by George.*

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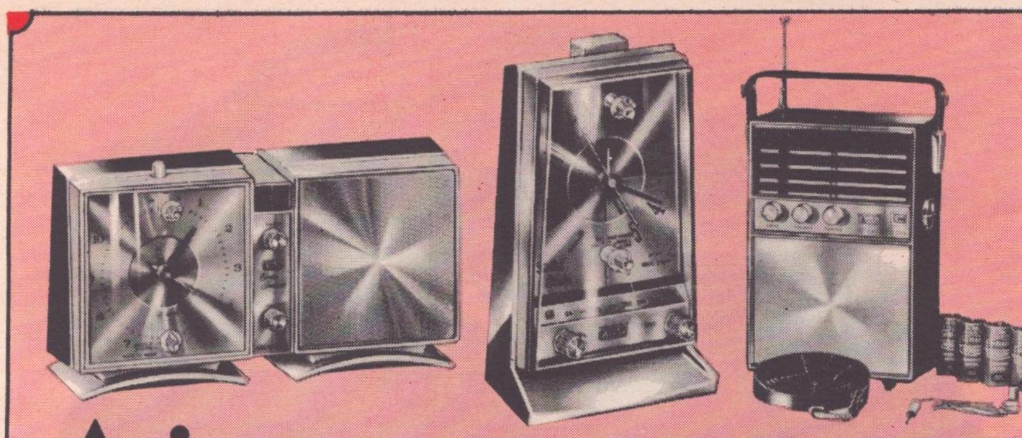

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Four-speed Swingmate portable goes where the action is. Automatic changer takes up to 6 records, can repeat last one or shut off. Instant-on sound, 45 rpm spindle/holder. V631 **29.88**

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Whips, beats, mixes, changes speed at the flick of a fingertip control. Weighs under 3 lbs., stands to store on vinyl base guard. Handy beater ejector. Powerful G-E motor. M17 **7.99**

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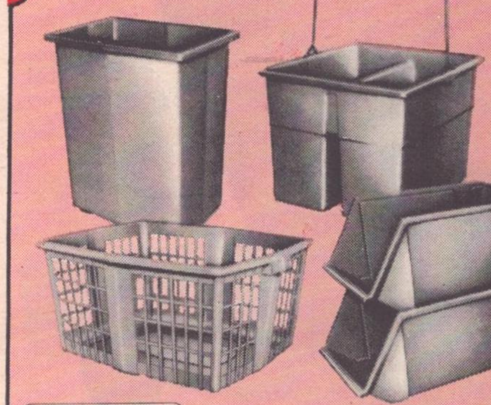

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Choose 1 or all of these popular helpers: big 28-qt. wastebasket, dual wash 'n rinse pail, 1½ bushel laundry basket, or stacking bin, 8½x16¼x7¼". Colorful, sturdy polystyrene. Each **99¢**

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WHITE SILICONE RUBBER
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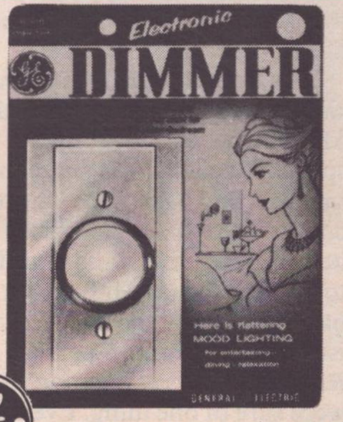

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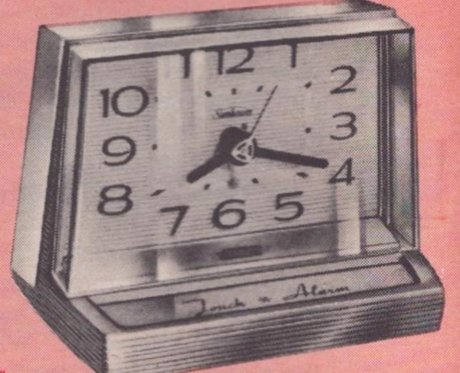

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Model with softly lighted dial. EB115X **9.98**

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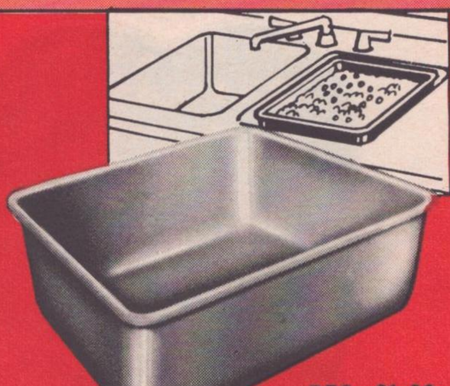

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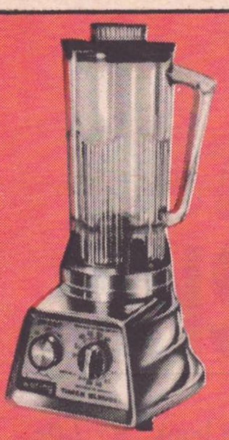

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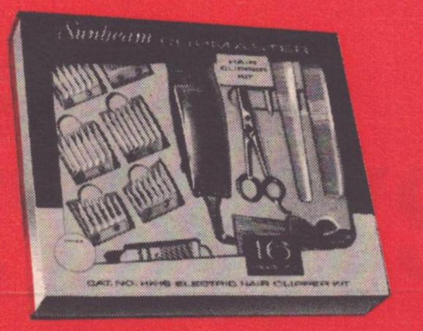
Makes frothy drinks, creamy frosting, delicious treats, even baby food. Excellent all around blender, automatic 60 second timer plus manual control. 4-cup cloverleaf jar. BL-4C **23.88**

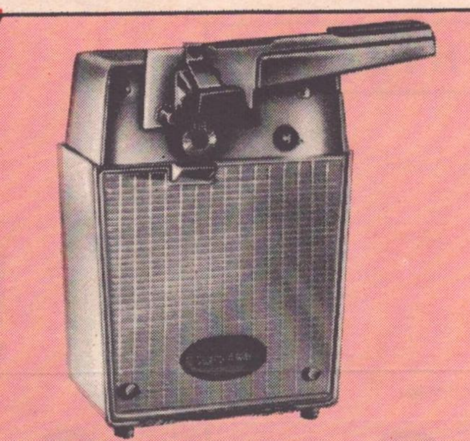
Sunbeam 4-TO-12 CUP PERCOLATOR

Be known as a superb coffee maker but let Style III do the work. Strength selector; coffee level gauge; twist-lock top; pop-up basket. "Ready" light signal. Gleaming chrome. AP73 **16.88**



Sunbeam 16-PC. HAIR CLIPPER KIT

Everything you need for easy home haircuts and trims: regular, butch, crew cuts; girls' short hair styles, bangs, bobs. Saves time, money. Incl. electric clippers, instructions. HK16. **8.88**



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It's easy to register—just complete the entry blank and deposit it at any V&S or True Value Hardware Store on or before March 18, 1967. Nothing to write...no purchase required. You may win—enter now!

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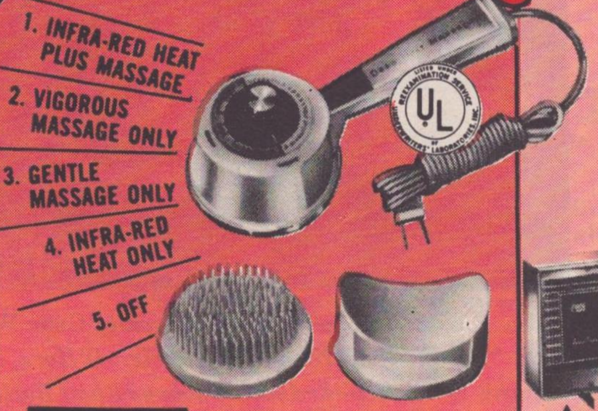
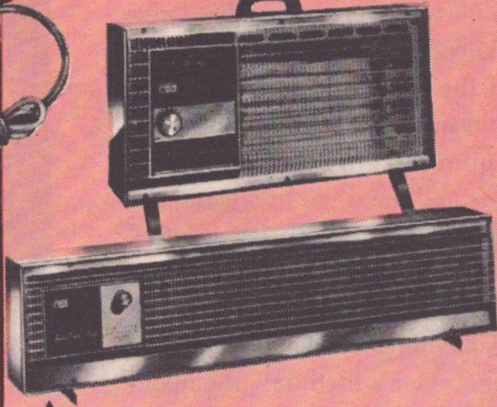
COMFORTLINE EXERCISERS FOR BABY

Washable fabric, chrome-finish steel frames. Jumper has safe smooth-action springs, folds to store at the touch of your toe **7.77**
Saf-T-Walker, the "first step" helper, with tip-proof frame, 2" easy roll casters . . **5.95**



Pollenex DEEP HEAT™ MASSAGER

Infra-red heat, massage for fast temporary relief of minor pains, tension. Scalp, chin & body contour attachments. HM-10A2 **8.88**
New 2-in-1 unit/2 sided action: deep heat, swedish-style finger massage. HM-80 **29.88**



Arvin ELECTRIC ROOM HEATERS

Radiant or fan-forced warmth where you want it. Automatic thermostats, no-tip designs. Your choice: Compact portable/2 instant heats, or 32" perimeter heater. 37H30, 44H34. **19.88**

Arvin WATCHDOG DOOR ALARM

Protect your home. Automatic alarm never sleeps. Once "on" button is set, it sounds, even if door knob is only jiggled. Easy to install, uses 2 ordinary "C" batteries (not incl.) **12.88**

DOES HUNDREDS OF EVERYDAY JOBS

RONSON VARAFLAME BUTANE TORCH

Adjust flame from pinpoint for soldering to blowtorch for thawing pipes, removing paint. Compact, can't clog. Great for hobbies, home repairs. **2.98**
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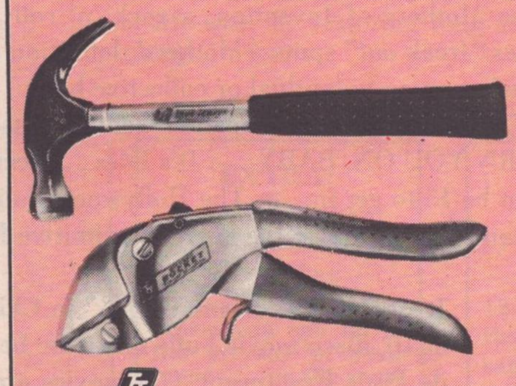
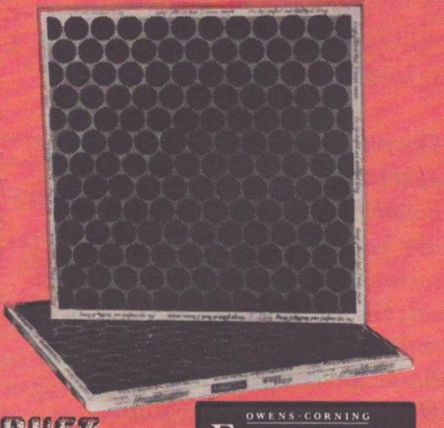


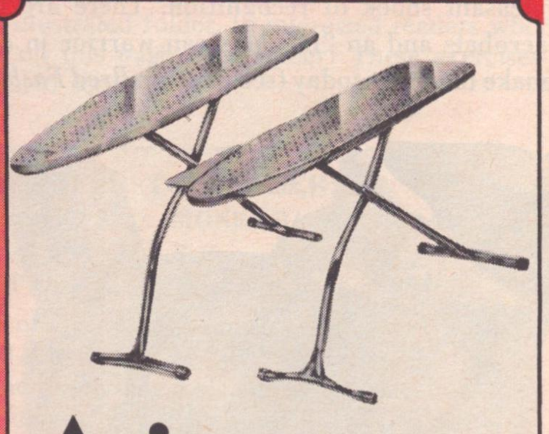
TRUE TEMPER. QUALITY HOME TOOLS

Jet Rocket® Hammer, favored by carpenters, has chrome-plated tubular steel handle **3.00**
Rocket Pruner is light, yet cuts through the toughest wiry branches with ease. Natural cutting angle, comfort cushion grips . . **2.69**



DUST STOP OWENS-CORNING **FIBERGLAS**

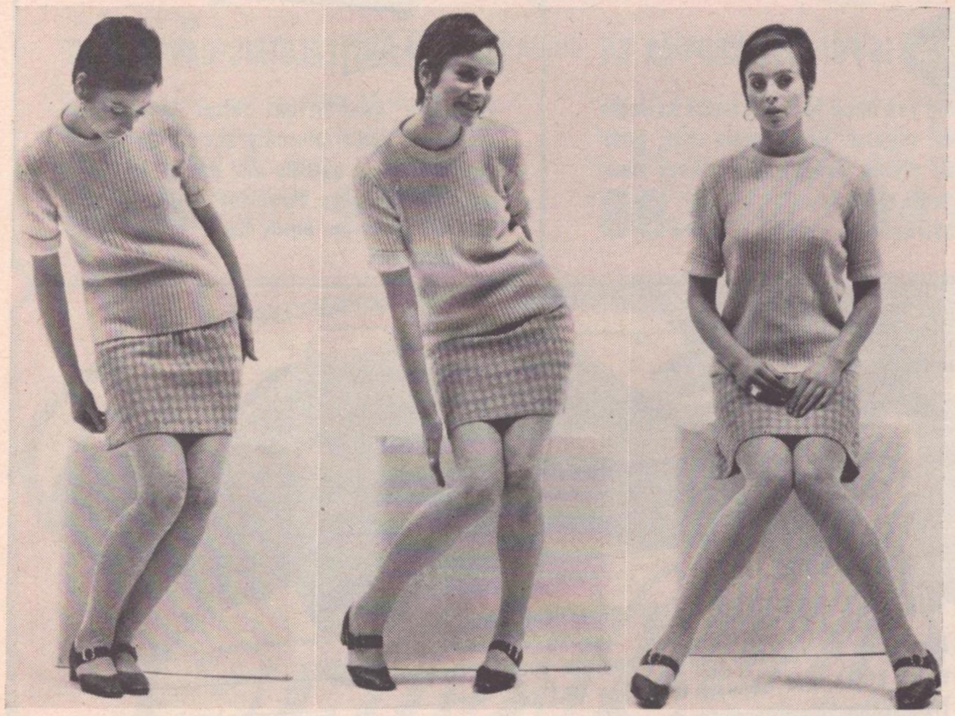
Enjoy a warmer, cleaner home. Frequent furnace filter changes provide more efficient heating. Special dust-catching adhesive eliminates excessive dust, grime from the air. Most 1" sizes, ea. **49c**



Arvin IRONING TABLES ADJUST

More sit-down room with contour-curved leg design. 325 perforations for cooler steam ironing. Exclusive lock-top. 87T37 . . . . **8.99**
Expand-A-Top gives bigger squared-off ironing area for fast flatwork. 97T47 . . . . . **10.99**

In the Know



British model shows how to keep your cool when sitting down in a mini-skirt.

For mini-mouses only: With mini-skirts on the rise, more and more women are discovering that wearing one takes courage, sitting down in one takes talent. The way British model Gai Wright does it (above), it could be a new discotheque dance. Her three steps: "Put your knees together and bend them, step back on your right toe, sit on the edge of the seat with knees together and feet apart. Your skirt will hang properly and not overly embarrass your escort." Reports Miss Wright: "When I wear a mini-skirt in London, nothing happens. In America, women cluck their tongues, tell me to go home and get dressed, tug on my skirt to make it longer. The men? They ask for a date."

New York's Larry Gore continues to keep Camp alive. First, he concocted the "1967 Catastrophe Calendar," which lists a past disaster for each day (like Elizabeth Taylor's birthday, the opening of the Radio City Music Hall, LBJ's ear-raising dog act). Now, he's compiled the first full-length movie short composed of original coming attractions for bad 1930-1940 movies. He calls his outfit Trailer Camp Productions. More Gore.

The hip quality of some of the primitive artifacts in the current exhibition —*Ancient Art of Latin America*—at The Brooklyn Museum, N. Y., offers a pleasant shock of recognition. There are thick-hipped ladies, ballplayers, acrobats and an "in" Mexican warrior in a feathered pants suit that could make the scene today (see *Feather-Bred Fashions*, LOOK, November 15, 1966).

The push-me-pull-you quality of this Peruvian animal ceramic with one head looking forward, the other backward, catches the now-and-then twist of the exhibition at The Brooklyn Museum (until March 5). Many of the Latin-American objects from banker Jay C. Leff's collection, though created in earlier times, have a comical "today" quality.

More amusing for its errata than its erotica, the book, *My Life With Chaplin*, by Lita Grey Chaplin (with Morton Cooper) not only makes an error, but it's a beaut. A photo supposedly of the ex-Mrs. Chaplin used in the book and on the back cover is not Lita at all, but actress Georgia Hale in *The Gold Rush* silent.

Talk of Tokyo these days is the Imperial Theatre's sumptuous stage version of *Gone With the Wind*. With two intermissions, the play runs for four and a half hours, ends with Scarlett's return to Tara after the burning of Atranta. The second part, same running time, will open in the spring. Yankee travelers who have caught the show claim it sticks close to Margaret Mitchell's original. You might not suspect it from the program notes. Some sample passages: Scarlett "is not sorry for her husband's death, but she is irritating as her beloved Ashley has gone away from her and she has to spend constrained days in mourning." Later, "coming back to himself, Ashley asks her to look after Melanie and walks out into the snow." (In Atranta?) The Japanese public, which helped cast the play, has plenty of yen to see the hit, but it's a harder ticket than *Herro, Dorry!*

In the Tokyo stage version of Gone With the Wind, *Ineko Arima plays Scarlett O'Hara, Kohji Takahashi makes like Clark Gable as Rhett Butler. Above, they dance at a bazaar. The Japanese program note on this scene states: "He is a hero, but still very eager to get her affection; and this time Scarlett takes an advantage of his offer and enjoys dancing with him to drive away her gloom being in mourning."*

West Coast junior hipsters are stepping on each others' boots trying to get a map that will never make the *National Geographic*. Charted and published by The Mothers of Invention, a rock 'n' roll group, the map locates Los Angeles "freak out" spots. (Mothers' definition of freak out: to practice free expression on an individual or collective basis.) Proceed to "The Red Velvet . . . HQ for the plastic & pompadour set with lotsa hard rock & blue-eyed soul to TURN YOU ON, BABY. . . . It's Boss . . . teenie-bopper heaven. You only have to be 15 to get in. . . . The Hollywood Police Station, a masterpiece of Etruscan architecture in the heart of primitive Hollywood."

It's go-go-go "cinematheque" in Chicago. On Wednesday nights at 10, disco-movie buffs make the best of two worlds at Maxim's de Paris Restaurant. Old movies are shown, and between reels, hostess Carmelita Gibbs, in rhinestone slacks, leads patrons in the latest writhing dances. Top wriggle is "The Outrageous," conceived by banker Robert F. McDonald, who calls it ". . . the greatest dip dance since Rogers and Astaire did 'The Piccolino.' "

367 TEST CASES PROVE

"INSTANT EXERCISE" WORKS!

Get the slimmer, healthier body you want with this fabulous new minute-a-day static short-cut... the most popular exercises ever developed in the U.S.

NEW YORK MODEL, TV personality and mother of 2 teenagers, Loree Thomas, slimmed down her waist, hips and thighs in just 15 days with Dr. Salls' almost effortless exercises.

Imagine! Now just one almost effortless exercise can help shape you up better than 24 push-ups a day! Six seconds of muscle magic can slim down a waistline by inches in days . . . and no diet! A single exercise can double strength with miraculous speed!

Now you can tone up and trim down in record time . . . without moving a muscle, without "working out" more than 1 minute a day. Doctors, nurses, athletes, insurance firms, citizens everywhere are turning to the amazingly simple isometric exercises developed by Alabama Doctor of Education, fitness expert and former coach, Donald J. Salls. The Navy and Marines have adopted this type of exercise, too. Even the astronauts use them!

Why? Simply because isometric exercises, better known to so many as Dr. Salls' "Static Exercises," really do work. They're so effective that fewer than 1% of the thousands who have purchased a set under his personal guarantee have asked for their money back. *Less than 1%!*

In fact, results have been so spectacular that skeptics asked for special effectiveness studies under independent professional supervision. But in test after test it's been the same dramatic story:

In one group of 253 girls, over 96% improved in physical fitness and over 50% had marked figure improvements . . . all in just 3 weeks, using Dr. Salls' motionless exercises for 1 minute per day.

Over 92% of another group had waistline improvements, decreases of up to 3¼ inches . . . thighs, 84% . . . hips, over 90%. Again in 3 weeks or less!

80% of still another group, measured periodically under the watchful eye of a physician, showed marked measurement improvements in less than 30 days.

A top university had one test group use isometrics for 1 minute daily while another worked on gym equipment for 45 minutes every day. When compared for fitness, the isometric exercisers scored highest in every test!

Here at last is one type of exercise that appeals to car-riding, machine-minded Americans . . . "weekend athletes," people who hate to exercise or don't have time. Here is the answer for the desk-bound man who wants to look trimmer, more muscular . . . for the modern woman who knows so well how important a slimmer, more attractive figure can be . . . for the oldster who seeks to improve fitness, figure and life-span by restoring long-neglected muscles without prolonged exercise.

Each of Dr. Salls' wonderfully simple basic exercises takes 6 seconds. All total just 1 minute per day. Instructions are graded for housewives, executives, teenagers and senior citizens, for superior fitness and prowess in such sports as bowling, swimming, golf. And you can do most of these exercises almost anywhere . . . at work, waiting for a bus, while shaving. No gadgets are required. There's no extreme exertion, not even heavy breathing!

The revolutionary principle Dr. Salls applies has the impressive support of highly respected educational institutions, leading physiologists, Olympic stars, fashion models, police groups, top pro and college athletes. And Time, Life, Reader's Digest, TV, newspapers, scientific journals have called attention to the exciting concept.

Followers of Dr. Salls' muscle magic report surprising results. For example, the stronger, tighter muscles resulting from his minute-a-day plan can lead quickly to a slimmer figure . . . even without weight reduction!

Mrs. P. McMorrow of White Plains writes, "I reduced my waist 2 inches, my hips 2 inches — all in 2 weeks, a minute a day, with your exercises."

John B. Villano, Denver, reports: "Excellent results! My waist has gone from 36½ to 32—down 4½ inches. My chest increased from 41 to 43 inches."

Mrs. E. V. Smith of Madison writes that with Dr. Salls' exercises she's trimmed down her waist from 33½ to 28½, her hips from 43½ to 39½.

Carlyle Hall, Springfield, 91 years old and "still very active," says: "Your exercises are worth a hundred times their cost. They certainly work for me."

So many users of Dr. Salls' exercises also exclaim: "How much better . . . more alive, more alert, more youthful . . . I feel!" But specifically, he offers:

stronger, firmer muscles • slimmer waist, hips, thighs, calves, upper arms and neck • better muscular coordination • stronger back • improved posture.

Results are controlled primarily by the individual's own desires. If a man wants weight-lifter's strength, he can simply concentrate more often on certain of Dr. Salls' exercises. If a housewife seeks a more shapely midriff, a few weeks with several of his 6-second workouts is indicated.

Yes, now you can have a stronger, slimmer, healthier body without the strain or boredom of old-fashioned exercises! Dr. Salls will send a complete set of his instructions, in a large, fully illustrated folder, to interested readers who use the coupon on this page. Remember! These exercises are *different:* just 6 seconds each!

EXTRA!

For People Who Can't Run Miles Every Day

A single, simple exercise you can do in the privacy of your home . . . for the same heart/endurance-building benefits as the "daily jog" so many doctors now recommend.

EXTRA!

A Remarkable New Facial Beauty Aid

12 static exercises that fight off facial sagging, bagging and double chin by firming up soft, flabby skin. Less than 2 minutes every day!

Both of the above are yours at no extra cost if you order Dr. Salls' Instant Exercises NOW!

LIMITED OFFER TO READERS

SET OF 10 EXERCISES ONLY $2 . . . MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

MAIL TODAY TO: Dr. Donald J. Salls
P.O. Box 610; Anniston, Alabama 36201

Please send me . . . . sets of illustrated instructions on your 10 Static Exercises in 1 Minute at $2 per set. $ . . . . . is enclosed.

I understand that if I'm not more than satisfied after a daily, 3-week trial, I can return these instructions immediately for a full refund.

NAME (please print)

STREET

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

(Sorry! No stamps or C.O.D. orders accepted) L

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America's most talked-about filter cigarette...

TRUE
CIGARETTES
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CLASS 'A'
TRUE
CIGARETTES
FILTERS
TRUE

TRUE Blue:
Average yield per cigarette—12.9 mgs. tar; 0.8 mgs. nicotine. And just as important—TRUE has taste... and easy draw.

Shouldn't your brand be TRUE?

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Letters to the Editor

> "I dropped out my junior year of high school because I felt there was nothing important left to learn."

WOMEN OF VIETNAM

Women of Vietnam [LOOK, December 27] brought back memories of my stay in Vietnam from September, 1963, to September, 1964, as an Army advisor. The problems were similar then.

It is ironic and terrible that many widows of South Vietnamese government soldiers find they must turn to prostitution . . . to support their families. . . . Now, the widespread use of artillery and air strikes is . . . generating hordes of refugees. Somehow, it seems that we cannot afford to give these people minimum shelter, food and medical care. The war was lost by the time I left. As a nation, . . . we seem to lack the understanding that basic humanity is a fundamental prerequisite to success. We could easily have doubled the number of doctors in Vietnam; the economy could have benefited from civilian aid intelligently administered. . . . If we must fight, let us woo the population with food, shelter and medical care.

LEE ALLEN BERTMAN
Ithaca, N. Y.

Poor lonely Madame Ky is probably the most envied woman in the Orient, with all the luxury and comforts any woman could ask for. She has her husband home nights, and that is much more than can be said for wives in this country who have husbands fighting for a lost cause over there. . . . And the semiprostitute (whatever that is): [Vietnam is] not unlike Korea and Japan [where] girls . . . flocked to this lucrative profession. I have never met one who cared about marrying any man of her own country . . . after getting a taste of the Yankee dollar. Their prime aim is to marry a GI for a one-way ticket to the "Land of the big PX."

ROBERT L. JOHNSTONE, M/Sgt. (Ret.)
Omaha, Neb.

I could not agree more with Laura Bergquist's comparison of Cao Ky and his Air Force buddies with Dominican Republic Air Force pilots. [In] fact, Ramfis, Rafael Trujillo's son and former general of the Air Force, looks very much like Premier Ky: good-looking, big mustache, sunglasses, chaser of beautiful ladies.

LUIS N. CASTRO
New York, N. Y.

LEARNING

I may be suffering from . . . "Tunnel Vision," but I'm afraid I can't see Mr. Bean's Fifteenth Street School [*The Moment of Learning*, LOOK, December 27] ever being any more than an expensive private school. . . . It would be a total disaster to apply those methods of teaching in our public-school system, such as it is today, simply because [it is] lacking one important principle upon which mass education thrives, namely, discipline. . . . In *What Your Child Can Teach His Teacher* [LOOK, December 27], this "painful self-awareness," which you seem to perceive in the fourth-grade classroom, is that discipline . . . at work. It is also, perhaps, a . . . maturity that comes even to the nine-year-old when discipline has been carefully taught. It certainly hasn't dulled my inquisitive nine-year-old's mind.

MRS. LOUIS SPITZ
Canoga Park, Calif.

I do want my children to learn the meaning of responsibility, but wish it were possible without losing all their childlike freedom of thought. My first grader's class is considerably less stiff and formal than the one I remember, yet still too confining for his exuberant nature. How about a follow-up article telling what we parents can do to keep our children's interest in learning stimulated?

MRS. R. L. HOLLEY
Norman, Okla.

If I had had such a wonderfully free introduction to school and the learning process, I feel I would have wanted to learn more than I did. I dropped out my junior year of high school because I felt there was nothing important left to learn.

NAME WITHHELD

With 38 years of teaching behind me, I have seen some of the "freedom schools" where everyone breaks up when the children slide under the table. There is just one little problem that develops: By the time the kids get to junior high school, they can't read.... Of course, those children who learn, in spite of the teacher, do all right, but the majority fail to develop the skills necessary to succeed in secondary school or college. Certainly, the first-grade rookie has lost some of this beginner enthusiasm by the time he enters the fourth grade, simply because he realizes that reading, writing and arithmetic require not only the developmental skills, but [also] thinking (which is hard work). . . . His astuteness isn't limited to spontaneity and imagination. . . . The football coach can glibly say, "don't gimme nobody without desire." In the final analysis, it is this desire and determination and not teaching gadgets, gimmicks, facial illumination and education illusions.

WADE L. DAVIS, Principal
Kramer School
Little Rock, Ark.

How long do you think a teacher would last in the Los Angeles City

School District using more relaxed and positive learning methods? I lasted one month, in Watts. I was told by the principal to maintain an absolutely quiet classroom or leave. I left. So don't blame the teachers.

Daniel P. Goodwin
Torrance, Calif.

THE MONKEES

When I saw the Monkees [*TV's Swinging Monkees*, Look, December 27], I died. I love them, and when I saw their pictures, OH! boy.

Maria Peppas
Joann Panteles
Anne-Marie Sansone
New York, N. Y.

Thank you for revealing, to many unsuspecting teens, the musical fraud known as the Monkees. . . . It is a shame producers Schneider and Rafelson did not put their efforts into developing the musical talents of Peter Tork, Mike Nesmith, Davy Jones and Micky Dolenz, after [picking] such vibrant and genuine personalities.

Holley A. Linscott
Concord, Mass.

I learned things I didn't know about their lives. Thanks for . . . a groovy story.

Linda Smith
Albany, Ind.

GRENADA MINISTER

Thank you for the powerful and courageous article by the Rev. C. B. Burt [*From Grenada, Mississippi, a Minister Warns Christians: "Stand Up or Get Out!"* Look, December 27]. This is the kind of forthright stand needed everywhere in our land. In our Northern suburbs, and Western ones, too, we don't beat little children with clubs and chains. We merely shut them out by many and devious means. We, too, must repent. . . . Both laity and clergy must bear the blame for the church's failure to put its action where its mouth is. The real civil-rights battle has just begun, as Americans . . . decide whether they are going to *permit* the enforcement of civil-rights . . . laws.

The Rev. William C. Walzer
Garden City, N. Y.

We must admire the Rev. C. B. Burt for his strong stand against racial prejudice. But does he really get to the root of the trouble? When the Supreme Court gave its decision in 1954 that all schools must be desegregated and the races mixed, I stated that the decision would cause more . . . racial conflict that any other since the Dred Scott decision. The Court was wrong at that time and was wrong again in 1954. The question of whether the cause of education can be advanced best by integrated or separate schools should be left entirely to the local school board elected by the people. In many localities, the races can be mixed with . . . no difficulties. In others, the differences in mental and moral standards are so great that a racial explosion would take place if the races were forcibly mixed. It is not so much racial prejudice as an entirely different way of life.

George Alt
Sturgis, S.D.

This kind of a stand taken by a Southern white clergyman has been long overdue. His words of action should serve as a challenge to churches of every denomination. . . . A problem does exist, though, with the layman. . . . Church leaders must realize . . . that man is usually reminded only once a week of his moral obligations. The remainder of the week, [he is] engulfed in a very materialistic society. . . . When worldly pleasures fascinate man, he is easily led away from the problems of his fellowman.

Samuel C. Evangelista
Wakefield, Mass.

The Rev. C. B. Burt deplores the hypocrisy of some of the Christians in Grenada, Mississippi, yet he may well be just as guilty when he says in his article: "I looked out my church window . . ." and saw violence on the streets. Why wasn't the Rev. Mr. Burt out on the streets then, doing what he could to prevent the violence? A time of moral crisis is the very time when a religious leader ought to lead.

Gordon S. Stein
Columbus, Ohio

The fine and courageous article by the Rev. C. B. Burt . . . ought to be read in every pulpit in every church. . . . If others in his position would do [like the Rev. Mr. Burt], there would be no . . . talk such as "God is dead."

Jack Nagg
Kettering, Ohio

P. L. TRAVERS AND SMITHS

In the December 13 issue of Look, I read Joseph Roddy's article, *A Visit With the Real Mary Poppins*, based on an interview of P. L. Travers, author of the Mary Poppins books, who is currently residing at Smith College. [I found] the representation of the Smith girl ("Smiths?") alarming. . . . We don't always wear near-mini-skirts and neat tweeds; some of us think in our levis. And what is the "dangerous radiance around the eyes"? Smeared mascara? LSD? . . . Between "shiny collegians" and "dangerous radiance," we sound like a campus of walking flashlights. I realize that Mr. Roddy is giving his impression of just those Smith girls who came to Miss Travers's open house the night of the interview, but no one not connected with Smith will . . . consider that. As far as the reading public is concerned, this is the Smith girl. There are all sorts of girls at Smith, not just tweed-wrapped, beamy-eyed mannequins wanting to know if a crone is a crony.

Gail L. Wilson, '68
Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

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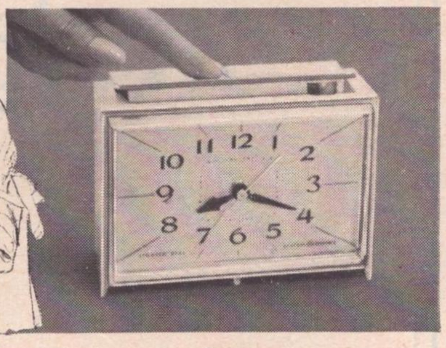

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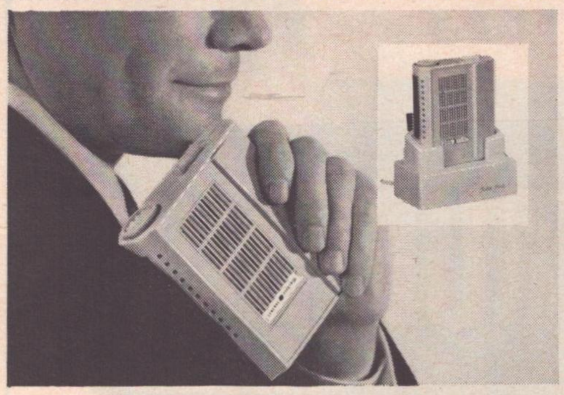

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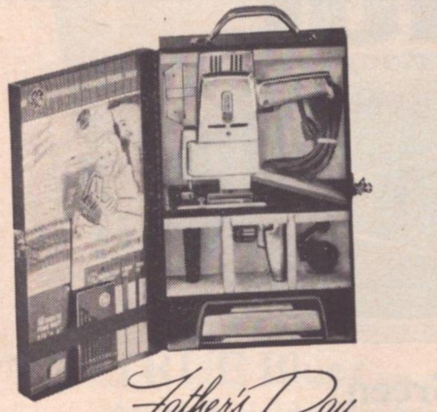

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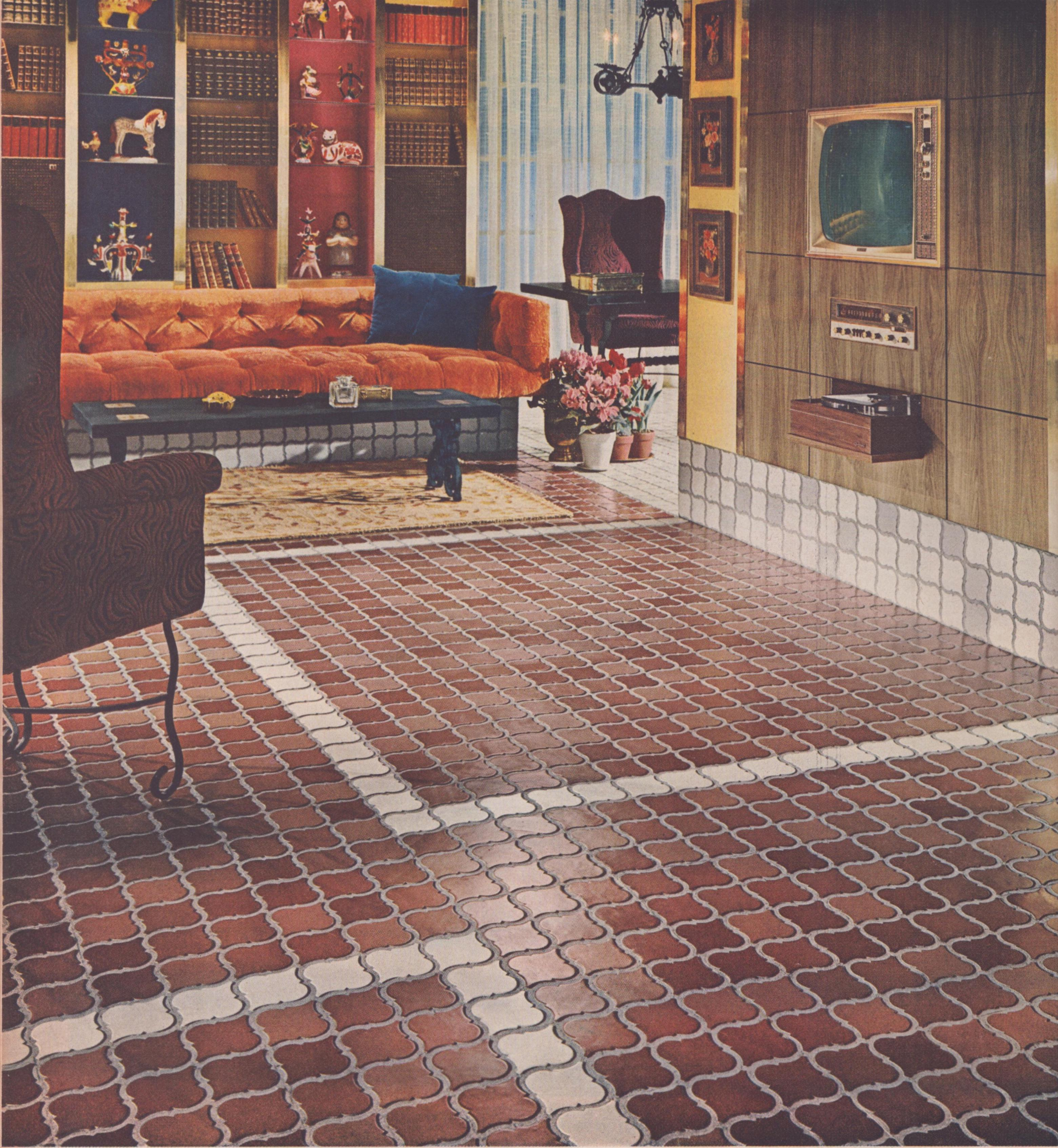

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LOOK ■ FEBRUARY 7, 1967 Volume 31, No. 3

THE RESTLESS CLERGY

Why some ministers and priests organize against their "bosses"

BY GEREON ZIMMERMANN LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

"WE MAY HAVE TO THROW a few more bodies against the wall before we get this thing moving," the president of the American Federation of Priests says and turns to answer the telephone in the one-room, $85-a-month office in Santa Monica. This is AFP national headquarters. Looking down from 216 Pico Boulevard, you can see yellow-haired kid surfers in black-rubber suits heading for the ocean.

President William H. DuBay is 32, sturdy, and moves quickly. He is a scuba diver. He has a wisp of blond hair, green eyes that gleam behind half-horn-rimmed glasses. When he speaks slowly, he speaks well. He is a suspended Roman Catholic priest, and so an extraordinary variety of people pray for him or pray that he will shut up and go away on a very long retreat. James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, 80, ordained William DuBay "a priest forever" in the Cathedral of St. Vibiana in Los Angeles, April 30, 1960. His Eminence suspended Father DuBay from priestly duties February 25, 1966. "Spoiled priests" are tragic scandals. Their names get uttered after nervous coughs or dry sighs. Father DuBay is not one of such. He has become, wittingly, the symbol of the crisis between ecclesiastical authority and freedom.

Bill DuBay, whose mother is a convert, was an altar boy at St. Athanasius in Long Beach, attended public and parochial schools, entered the Los Angeles College Junior Seminary at 13. Six years later, he matriculated at St. John's Seminary in Camarillo. His marks were "about B-plus." He was fondest of Scriptural studies, unaware of the avant theologians (mostly European), whose thinking blew the fresher airs of inquiry and reform through the massive nave of St. Peter's during the sessions of Vatican Council II. He looked forward to teaching and the pastorate.

Sixteen young men of his class were ordained. They were schooled in a seminary renowned for its cloaked conservatism, cooling swimming pools, green playing fields and handsome dormitories. The Cardinal sees St. John's as a jewel in his miter. Father DuBay says, "We all knew we had trouble ahead in our pastoral missions. But we figured there would be a way to get *around* it, that as curates, we could make the teachings of the Church a reality in, say, civil rights. Since, all the people I admired—and the rebels—are in the missions. Or they are chaplains. The rest sold out and became canon lawyers for the chancery."

Father DuBay says his father, a sign-painting contractor, is "a very independent guy." His mother once told her sons (older brother John is a Medford, Ore., attorney): "Never let me catch you beating up on a Negro or a Japanese." And: "She told us of Pius XII, who gave us a new image of the Church as the mystical body of Christ, after Pius IX had left us with a Management Church."

As a curate, Father DuBay could not "get around" the chancery of the Los Angeles diocese. Committed to the primacy of his own conscience (this doctrine is a nettle for Rome), he deplored the treatment of racial minorities and accused the Cardinal of indifference. He was transferred twice and admonished to silence and censored. On June 10, 1964, he became an international sensation: He wrote Pope Paul VI, asking that the Cardinal be removed for "malfeasance of office." Using publicity in "secular" media, a democratic technique, Father DuBay at least embarrassed a monarchical institution. Once again, Cardinal McIntyre shifted him and limited his activities.

Father DuBay first proposed the idea of a priests' "union" at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions on February 14, 1966. He cast the Roman Catholic Church in the role of an employer who offers its priests commands but no "due process" of appeal. The idea of a union for Roman Catholic priests seems to have begun a little earlier with Father Paul Zeller of Astoria, Ore. Episcopal priests in Northern California formed an association in May, 1966. As Father DuBay has developed his union—complete with newspaper (*The Union Priest*), $25 memberships, organization tactics, constitution, convention procedures, etc.—he has had the counsel of Roger P. Kuhn, a former Maryknoll seminarian and a national representative for the American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO. Father Brendan Nagle, a 1960 ordinate from St. John's Seminary, whose

continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL FUSCO

father is a Los Angeles Archdiocese employee, is the AFP's secretary-treasurer. He, too, is under ecclesiastic censure, but he can celebrate Mass. He does not because he sees the conditions as onerous. What Father Nagle does, effectively, is remind Father DuBay that AFP is not in the "celebrity business." Father Nagle attends USC, aims for a doctorate in history and shares a $125-a-month beach house with Father DuBay.

The chancery office acted after Father DuBay, a press-conference devotee, talked to news media about his union of blue-collar Roman collars. He was given five conditions to meet if he was to remain a priest in good standing: that he submit to obedience, silence and censorship, that he make a retreat and then leave the diocese for an "indefinite period. . . ." In 1963, Father DuBay asked for a mission assignment in Kenya. He went begging. He has since taken suspension and now seeks resolution with the Vatican from his AFP office in Santa Monica.

Father DuBay's book, *The Human Church*, published without permission, also brought reprimand. He writes: . . ."reform would necessarily include the abolition of such malicious and anachronistic laws . . . which prohibit legal action against clerics and bishops, and Canon 2222, which allows disciplinary action to be taken against clerics without due process. The star-chamber proceedings that take place in our chancery offices should be quickly eliminated before they are declared unconstitutional by the American courts."

Canon law and civil law are something of myrrh and water. Father DuBay, who presses Rome for a trial, contends that these systems can and *must* mix in a democracy. The Jesuit magazine *America* believes his union idea is "preposterous," but does state: "American lawyers are invariably shocked when they learn that, as an ordinary matter, canon law makes no use of confrontation, cross-examination or oral argument. Virtually all canonical trials are by brief. This might have made sense in centuries past. . . . It does not make sense today. . . . But when the differences reach to the quick of conscience and neither side is free to accommodate, there must then be a procedure beyond reproach for the resolution of the controversy. No such procedure exists at present, as a matter of right, in the ordinary course of canon law. . . . For Father DuBay's sake —even more, for the Church's sake—he should be given due process of law."

Father DuBay wants contracts to define and humanize the working relationships between bishops and priests. Although ways exist to resolve differences between priest and prelate (more so in the orders), no *court* of appeal exists. Most Catholics idealize this priest-bishop relationship as "fraternal" and "paternal." They never heard a curate moan, "We have to watch TV with the Old Man. It is an act of *obedience*." (Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., surveyed 980 big-city priests, and 57 percent of them replied that their bishop had little or no "positive or personal interest" in them.)

The biggest U.S. archdiocese is Chicago. Its leader is Archbishop John Patrick Cody, who succeeded the late Albert Cardinal Meyer in 1965. New brass always shoots jitters through a huge organization; there are about 3,000 priests in Chicago. Cardinal Meyer was diffident, almost detached. Archbishop Cody excels in energy and assertiveness. "He came here to rule like a king," a Chicagoan says. "But now he operates like a big-city politician, a Mayor Daley."

The power of his own priests seems to have changed Archbishop Cody. They have formed an "association," as opposed to a union, and they have pledged fealty to him. He has accepted it. Scorning the union label, the Association of Chicago Priests is a professional group. Its concerns include communication between pastors and curates, the care of retired and ailing priests, postordination training, personnel placement, the priest's role as a pastor in a changing society, priestly celibacy and the parish's place in the world.

Why did the Chicago priests risk their collars to band together?

"Without Archbishop Cody," one says, "this thing might never have come about." The Archbishop has a steamroller style. He effected many improvements (better salaries and hospitalization plans, new leadership at St. Mary of the Lake Seminary). But his methods of personnel shifts, inquiry and censorship frightened his clerical community, not so much, however, that it forsook its liberal history and knowledge of political clout. Almost immediately after he arrived, grapevines grew. Early last year, 12 priests met to discuss the widening moat between chancery and priests. Another meeting, attended by about 400, followed.

The crucible was the huge McCormick Place convention hall on October 24. Secret and nervous meetings and mailings preceded it. The founders even shared strawberry shortcake and coffee with His Excellency. Both sides were unsure of their positions, but the priests were not about to back off. The "conciliar spirit" of Vatican II gave them every right, and duty, to counsel their archbishop, in manner fraternal. The mass meeting might be compared to a conclave of 1,000 Pentagon lessers gathering to advise a three-star general that he needed their counsel. And the general would have been informed that the press and TV awaited the session's decisions. It would never happen in the military. (Or, *Freak out, lieutenant!*)

But something happened in McCormick Place. The steering committee sweated as it counted heads, and each one must have seemed like St. John's. "At 10:10 a.m.," a priest says, "900 priests were there. We knew we were home free." It is believed that the Archbishop had planned to leave town that Monday, but he appeared at the huge hall shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon. Thunderous applause from 1,300 greeted him. "That applause was the message," a priest says, "and he got it. He is a realist. Confront him with power, and he responds—he doesn't explode."

The association has formed committees on personnel policies and retirement plans. The Archbishop agreed that he will consult with his priests on these matters, but he is in no way bound by canon law to do so. "Rome is watching us," one Chicago priest says. That scrutiny has brought prudence. The association now has an "official spokesman," and keeps the actual number of its members confidential.

Some priests and nuns active in civil rights, pacifist causes or labor disputes (such as at St. John's University in New York) get spanked. They have little chance for redress. They just take their lumps. The Institute for Freedom in the Church has been formed to mediate for them. Almost exclusively a lay organization, it publicized the sudden "transfer" of Daniel Berrigan, S.J., to Latin America; he had protested U.S. policy in Vietnam. He has since returned as an associate editor of *Jesuit Missions* in New York City. The Institute believes it helped create a climate of return. Institute Chairman Dr. Eugene Fontinell, head of the philosophy department at Queens College, says: "Father Berrigan's case was symbolic and symptomatic of something unhealthy. Historically, freedom has meant something *negative* for the Church. I foresee similar conflicts between priests and the hierarchy. The Institute hopes to reduce their number and the bitterness they bring."

"Priests may have to chain themselves to the chancery the way suffragists chained themselves to the White House, and why not? They have nothing to lose but their skirts," declares Nancy McCormick Rambusch, Institute member and educator. "Priests who surface with dissident ideas get shot and sunk. The hierarchy may consider them expendable. The crisis in the Church is one of authority, not celibacy. Bishops are nervous about the wrong things. Priests with ideas don't want to go, they want to stay. That's the amazing thing. Perhaps the American Civil Liberties Union can help them someday.

"This is also a revolution for the Catholic woman, especially those in religious orders. The suffragist thrust works there too. My God, how long will it take to get them out of those policeman's shoes? Yes, some nuns, like some married women, want to be obliterated, but let those women be obliterated. Let quality come through!"

If the Church is utterly dependent upon the nuns because they comprise half of its teaching talent, it seems unaware of the nun as a person. The "new" nun, with her specialized education, awes many parish priests. Yet the Church's women have no voice in Church government. None are in the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of the Affairs of Religious. While there were laywomen and religious as observers at Vatican II, Mrs. Rambusch says, "Catholic 'women' are esteemed only for quantitative maternity or qualitative virginity."

Mother Mary Jogues, of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, says, "Despite the Council, we still have to ask permission to ask permission. It is only ostensibly easy to change one tittle of an order's constitution. There is conflict caused by the natural timidity of women, enforced by Church tradition, and the inability of the Church to let go of masculine tradition of rule."

Sister Mary Olivia, president of Saint Xavier College in Chicago, says, "As nuns, we are no longer on a pedestal. We've stopped watering sticks as a discipline. I find the younger sister more 'open' than the younger priest. I think we judge the present in terms of the future, and in that sense, we are *existential*. If bishops don't listen to the communities which offer ideas for changes, many communities which have long had the power of numbers and never used it may be forced to do so in a *real* dialogue. That would not be a power play—it would be action taken for survival."

The pariah (read "layman") leans against the hierarchy also. In some parishes, laymen are active in pastoral councils. But they have no "bill of rights." Daniel Callahan writes in his *The New Church: Essays in Catholic Reform* that they need ". . . specific institutions to promote and insure freedom. There is considerable merit in the numerous suggestions for giving laymen a legally established and guaranteed right to be heard. . . .

"Little imagination is required to envision the possibility of another generation of popes and bishops deciding that the laity ought, once again, to be seen and not heard. There is nothing in the juridical workings of the Church to prevent such a reversal. . . . That possibility entails the necessity of written rights and guarantees."

Father DuBay has raised a new host, even though his own union has only 30 members. No other unions have been formed, but more than 50 dioceses now have senates or associations of priests. Even the American bishops have reorganized their national council. Archbishop John Dearden of Detroit was selected president; there is a 40-member, elected administrative board. Structured democracy seems the new wild flower everywhere. Father DuBay says, "Diocesan senates and associations are company unions that will fade away. A management take-over is inevitable."

"I know of no other corporation in the United States with 10,000 employees and no central personnel department," says Episcopal priest Lester Kinsolving of Berkeley, Calif. "And [our] church *is* a corporation. Every diocese is incorporated, and so is the National Episcopal Church. We have many priests who are marooned, some who are ill or alcoholic. Humane personnel policies would rescue them. There is now a surplus of clergy in our church, a situation that will be reversed in ten years, but some bishops now shoot their priests about like cereal from a popgun."

Father Kinsolving is president of the Association of Episcopal Clergy. It has about 125 members (wives are eligible for membership). The group seeks standard denominational contracts between clergy and church boards and/or bishops; contracts that would give a clergyman civil legal redress if desired; opportunity to bargain for better salaries, pensions and wage supplements. (The association has already helped to bring about a more complete accounting from the administrators of the Church Pension Fund, whose assets reportedly exceed $160 million.)

The average Episcopal priest's salary is about $5,600 a year. He gets a minimum car allowance and, in most cases, the use of a house, in which he has no equity, or a modest housing allowance.

"We never had secret meetings," says Father Kinsolving. "They were open to every member in the California diocese. We debated whether or not we would picket a church if grievances were not resolved after proper investigation. After all, many of us have demonstrated for civil rights. If the case were raunchy enough, I think we would hit the bricks. The congregation would not be deprived—we could get a lay reader and have a guest priest conduct the services. But all you need is five persons picketing in front of a church and your point can be made."

Bishop Clarence R. Haden of Northern California has advised that the priests' association is not welcome. The priest says, "I do not worry that we are not welcome. We are already there."

Father Kinsolving is today a writer and co-chairman of the legislative division of the California diocese. He says that he never feared Episcopal reprisal because of his association activities. "It would have been a mistake," he says, "to look for my own future as a clergyman where you attain a measure of success by becoming the rector of a wealthy church or by becoming a bishop. Use that measure, and you must judge Jesus Christ a failure."

"I was shocked by the enthusiasm for the association in the California diocese," says the Rev. Robert Morse, 42, the vicar of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Oakland. "If you try to bureaucratize an institution, you play it down. You reflect a breakdown in a community of love when you start organizing it, you drive out its mystique. Too many priests want to be Shintos: They are obsessed with ritual and their leading role in it. After all, someone has to say something during that awful moment when the coffin is in the ground and mourners wait for the first shovel of dirt to hit the crypt. Like the Shintos, priests who join associations have sold out to the culture."

Restiveness about God's existence has forced church administrators to scrutinize the restive existence of those in His service. The Rev. Ross P. Scherer pictures the minister ". . . as the last publicly *kept* man in American society. He is the last unorganized man, and he is often buried in denominational structures. This frequently results in a demeaned or stunted form of self-respect."

A Presbyterian, the Rev. Henry B. Adams of the National Council of Churches, says, "We are all in the midst of ferment. Our personnel systems, generally, are archaic. Our church has 9,000 pastors, but no one really knows who is available for a call from another congregation. In fact, we must have about 15 percent [unemployment] to assure mobility for our pastors."

The Ministers' Council of the American Baptist Convention organized in 1931 and has 3,500 dues-paying members. The Rev. Robert D. Rasmussen, director of the ABC Commission on the Ministry, says: "We have always pretended that we do not recognize the career concerns of the individual minister. But those concerns are there always, and now we must act with awareness of those aspirations. Our placement methods must be revised. We must assure that their education will continue, and not end at the seminary gates."

In a fragmented society, formal religion is a large fragment. President Johnson is observed at worship on most Sundays, and he lighted the nation's Christmas tree. Chaplains succor souls of the American military in Vietnam. Storefront churches beckon in the ghettoes, cathedrals adorn boulevards. Americans contribute more than $5 billion each year to their churches. No other nation has as many seminaries and convents. Nowhere else is religion such an easy and frequent a punching bag for comedians or absolutist atheists.

Americans respect the clergy. In rating the status of occupations, Professor Theodore Caplow places them fourth (bankers, college professors and physicians are super totems, in that order).

The old status is not enough for the restless clergy, who want to be better witnesses.

"I have been through a kind of death and come through," says a Roman Catholic priest who has been "disciplined" repeatedly for his engagement with causes. "But I believe we can love the Church without submitting to illusions. We can no longer use the 'sacred' to cover up the dignity of human life. We live in this world. Such unusual people started out in my seminary. I could point to 20 people who had potential to become moral revolutionaries. They had passion, youthful idealism. The mass of them has disappeared. People like myself may be like the Negroes in America. Their revolt is far ahead of the reforms." END

WILLIAM DUBAY

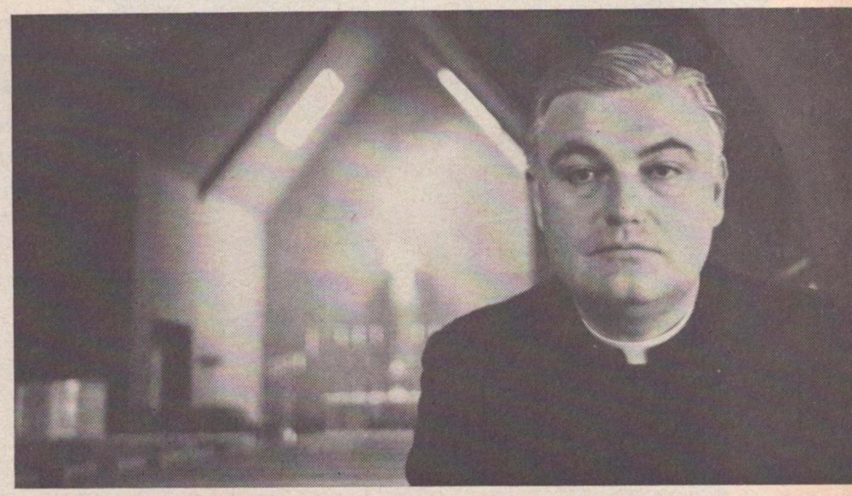
answers reporters in Montreal. His message: "I want to make chancery offices respectable. You meet power by establishing your own power. That is how American society operates. If I am excommunicated, the movement would be hurt. But my allegiance is to God, and to Him first."

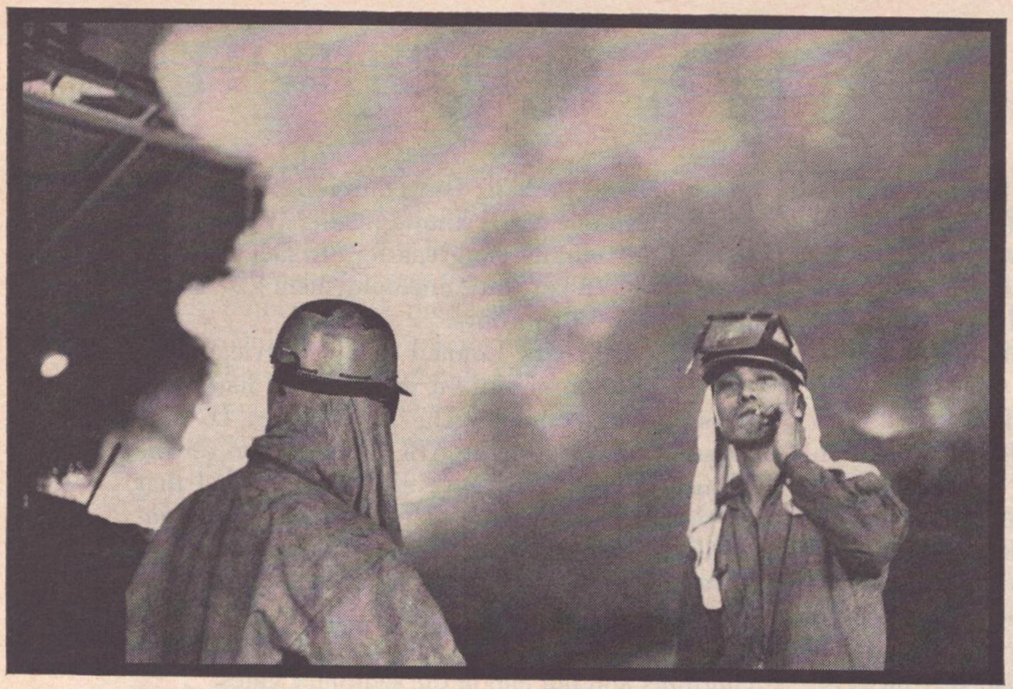
LESTER KINSOLVING

gathers with his family. Episcopal priest Kinsolving, 39, is the president of the Association of Episcopal Clergy, the first group of its kind in the U.S. "Since we organized," he says, "we have had a stabilizing effect. No one is in terror anymore. Vicars know they can't be shoved out."

ROBERT MORSE

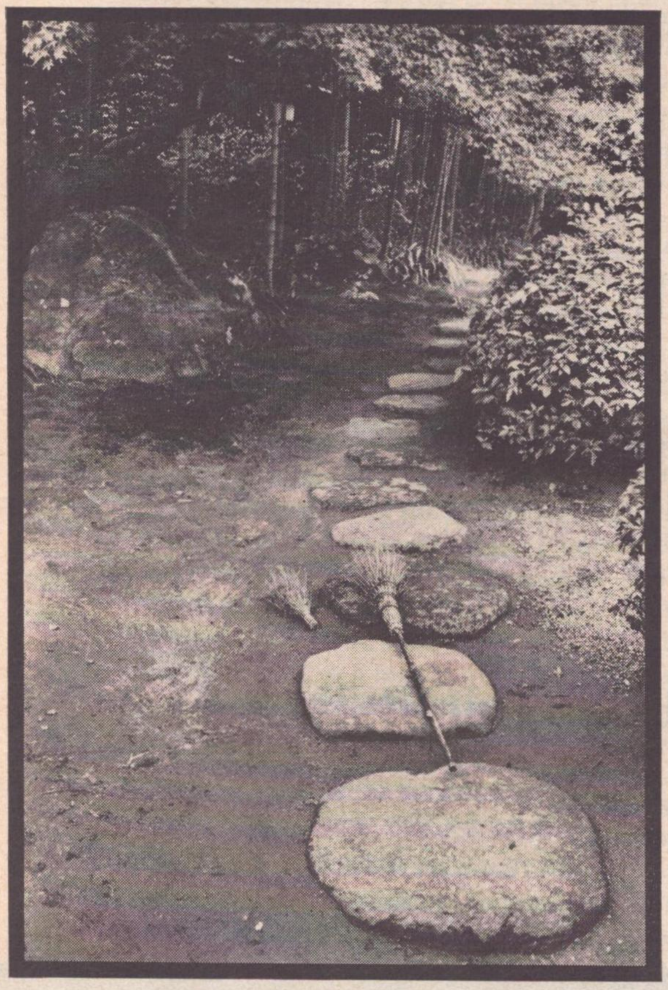
believes, "Priests' unions or associations demean the clergy. We are tied up with the intangible realities of faith. Those who joined were willing to sell out so quickly. They want to be 'other men', but a priest is another man . . . how can anyone organize a part of a dynamic mystery?"





Henri Cartier-Bresson's

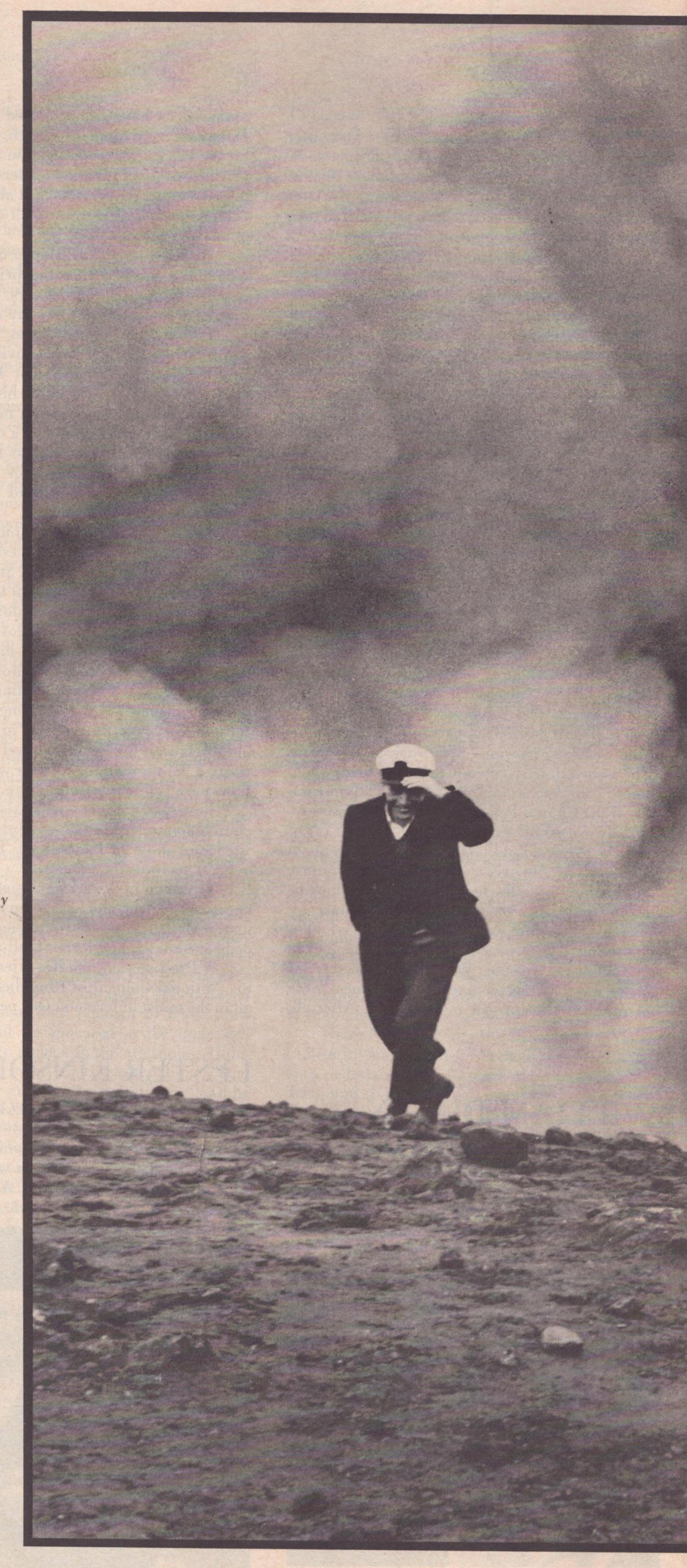
JAPAN



The Japanese are no more inscrutable than we are. They are a closed society to Westerners. But among themselves, they are quite revealing, says Henri Cartier-Bresson. For six months, the French photographer moved among them, muted by austere clothing, a false name and the soft manner that has helped him compile his unequaled diary of man.

Cartier-Bresson's Japan is as old as the smoking Kyushu volcano at right, as modern as the Yawata steelworks above.

His Japan is a clash of contradictions —and yet as certain as the sense of order in a Kyoto gardener who has carefully placed his brooms.



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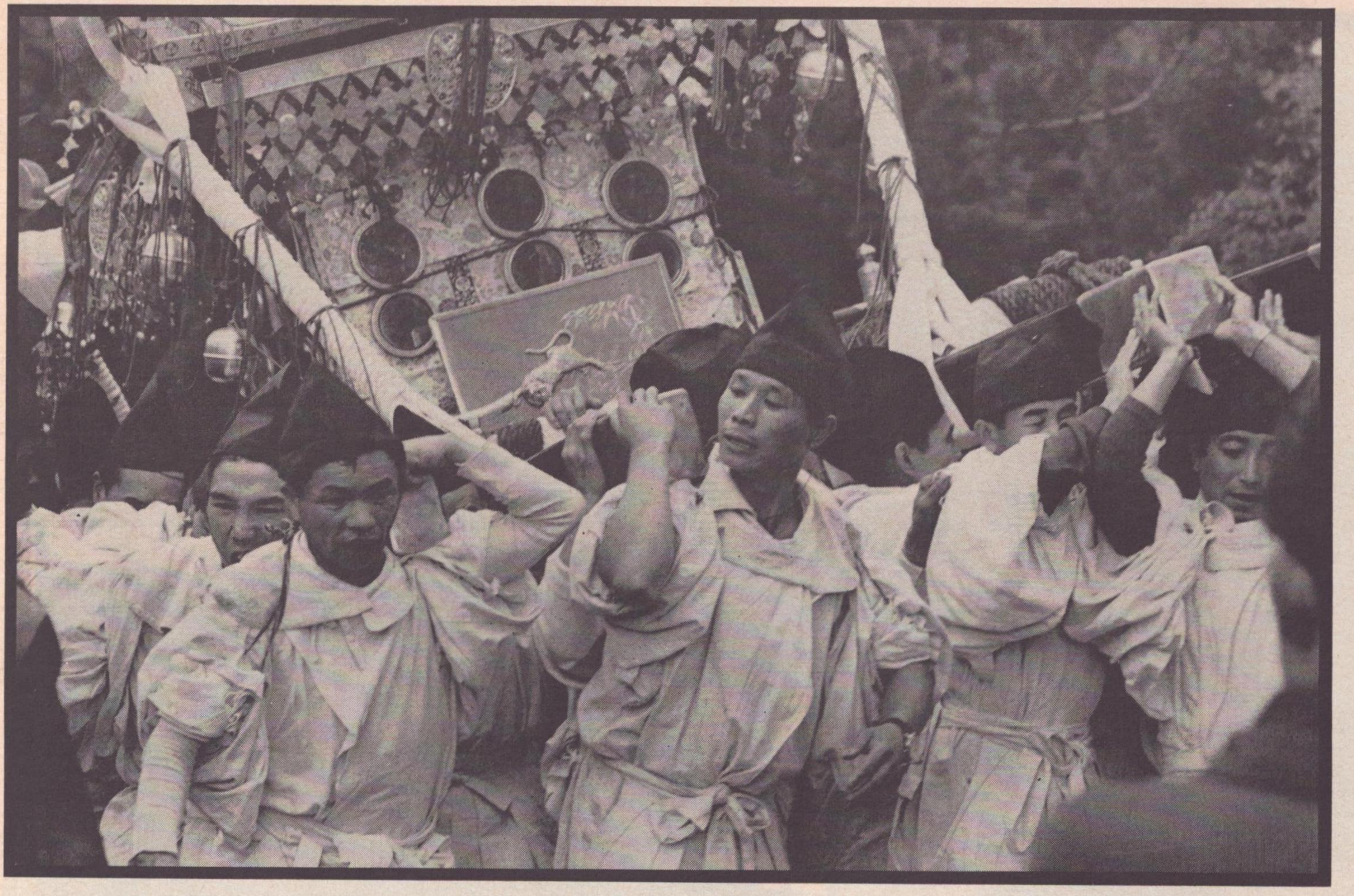
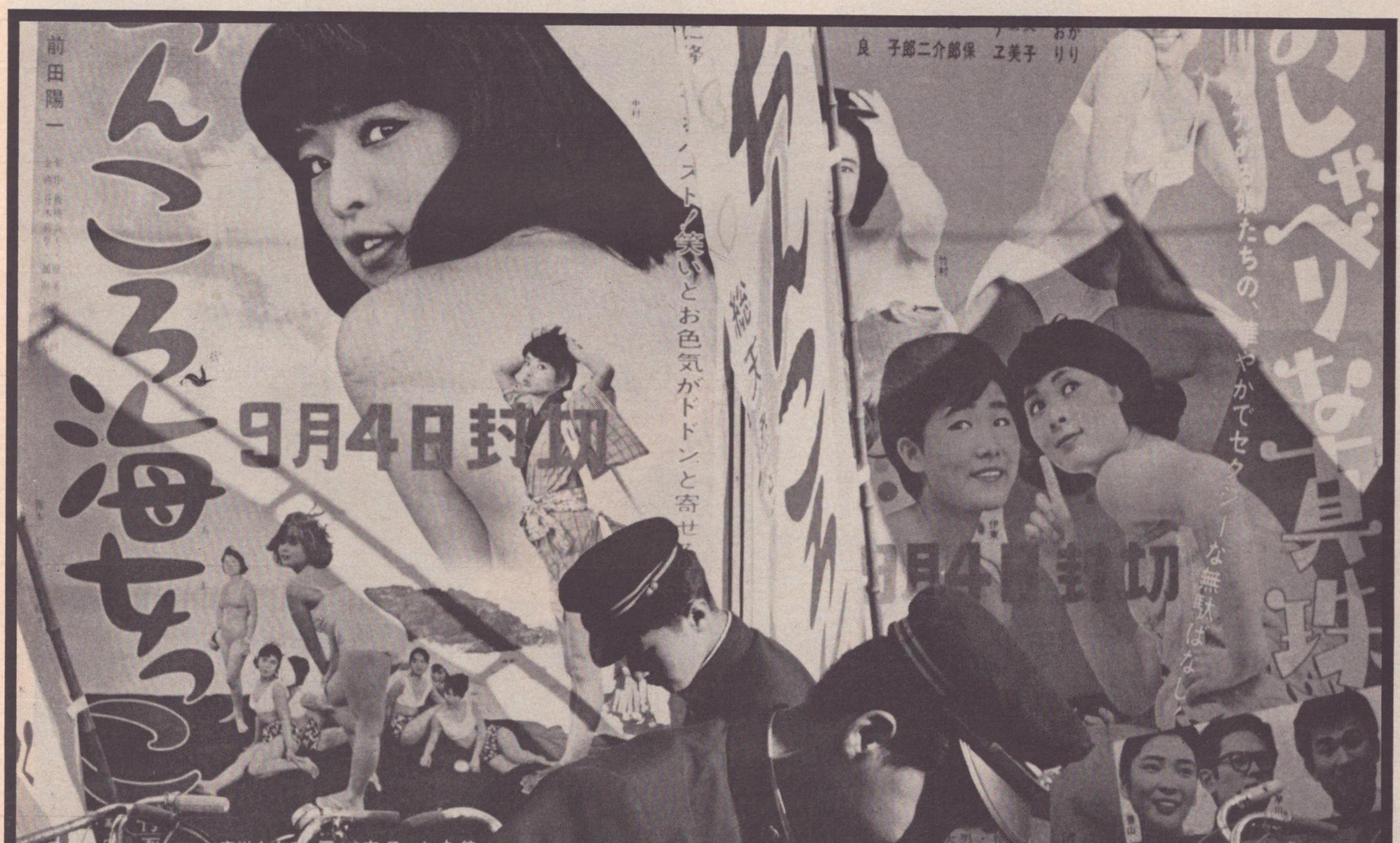
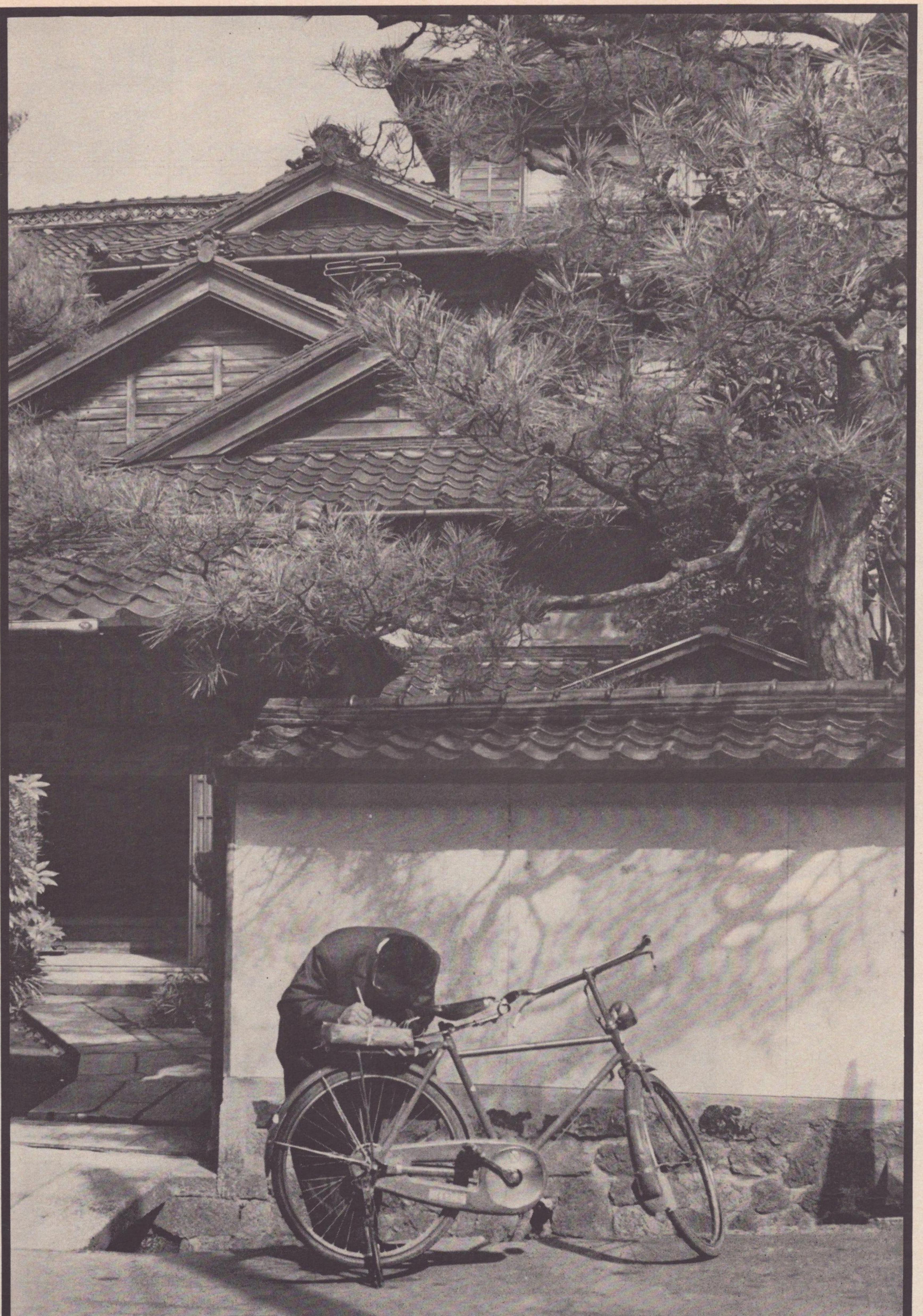


"They're so afraid that one will make fun of them," Cartier-Bresson says. He lived their way and found that Japan was "the things you see and also the things you don't see. The Japanese are Americanized—but they are not Americanized. They wear American styles at business, but at night, they're themselves. They will never lose their traditions no matter how strong a case is made for modern Japan. They have nothing in common with any other country."

Below, students park their bicycles beneath inducements to passing fancies. Shinto procession, left, points to more enduring concerns.


前田陽一
笑いとお色気がドドンと寄せ
9月4日封切
春川ますみ・扇町京子・ホキ徳
9月4日封切



As a tree leans into a dwelling, so a bill collector bends to his work. Cartier-Bresson sees a profound connection between what the Japanese are and what they make. "They are miniature people, and they know it."

As their gardens are formal and ordered, so are they. They need authority, the photographer says. "They are artists coming out of their finger-tips. But they work for big firms, go together on vacations, move in herds. The whistle blows, the leader shouts, 'Look at that rock, take your pictures.' Horrible. It's crippled, it's cramped, there are no curves, everything's in wood. Buddha releases all those cramped values."

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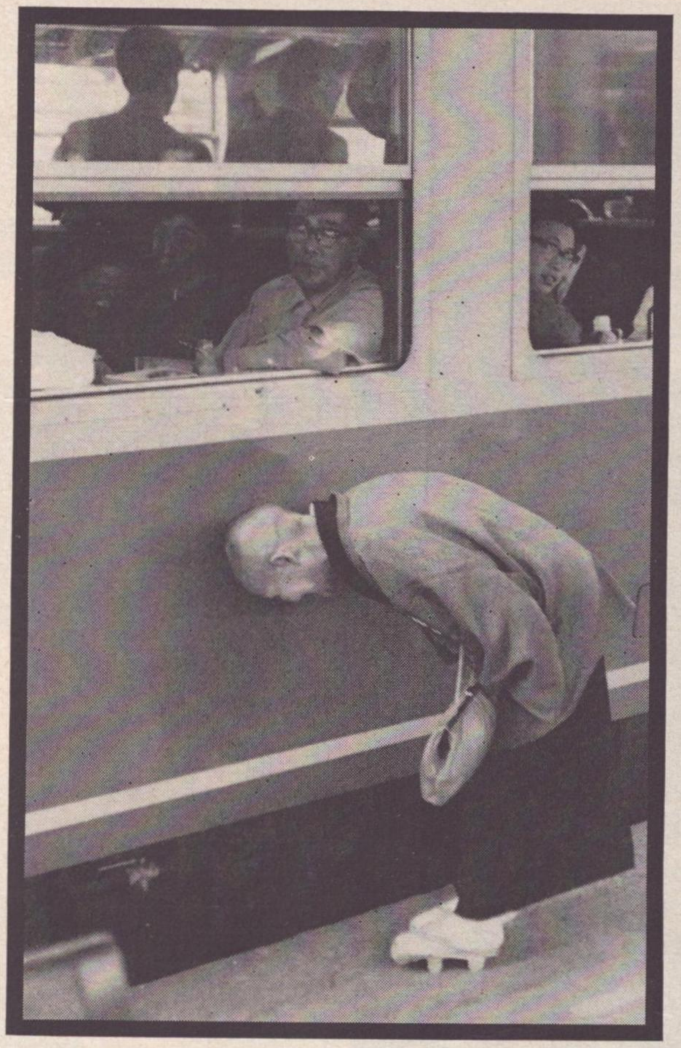
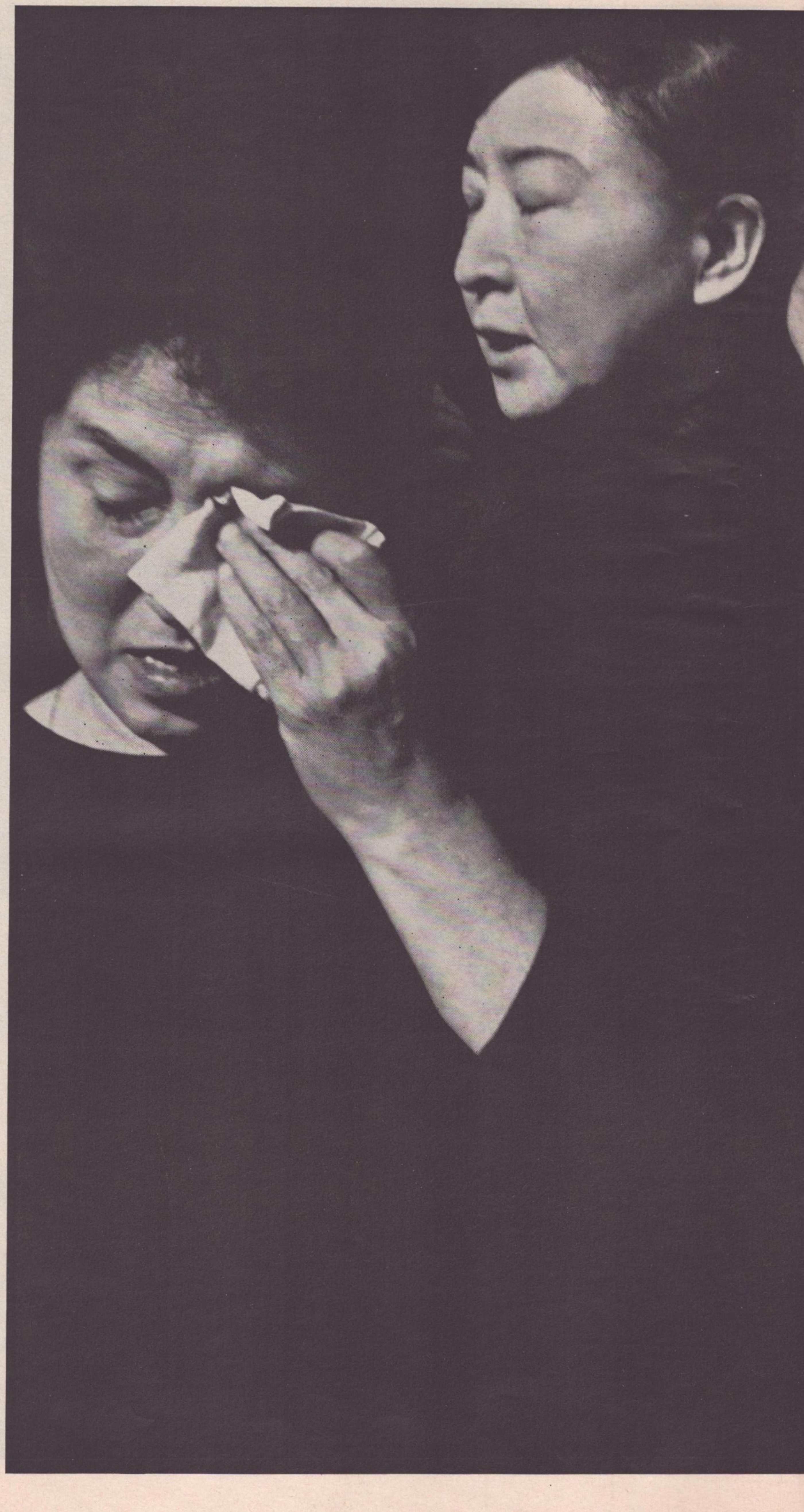
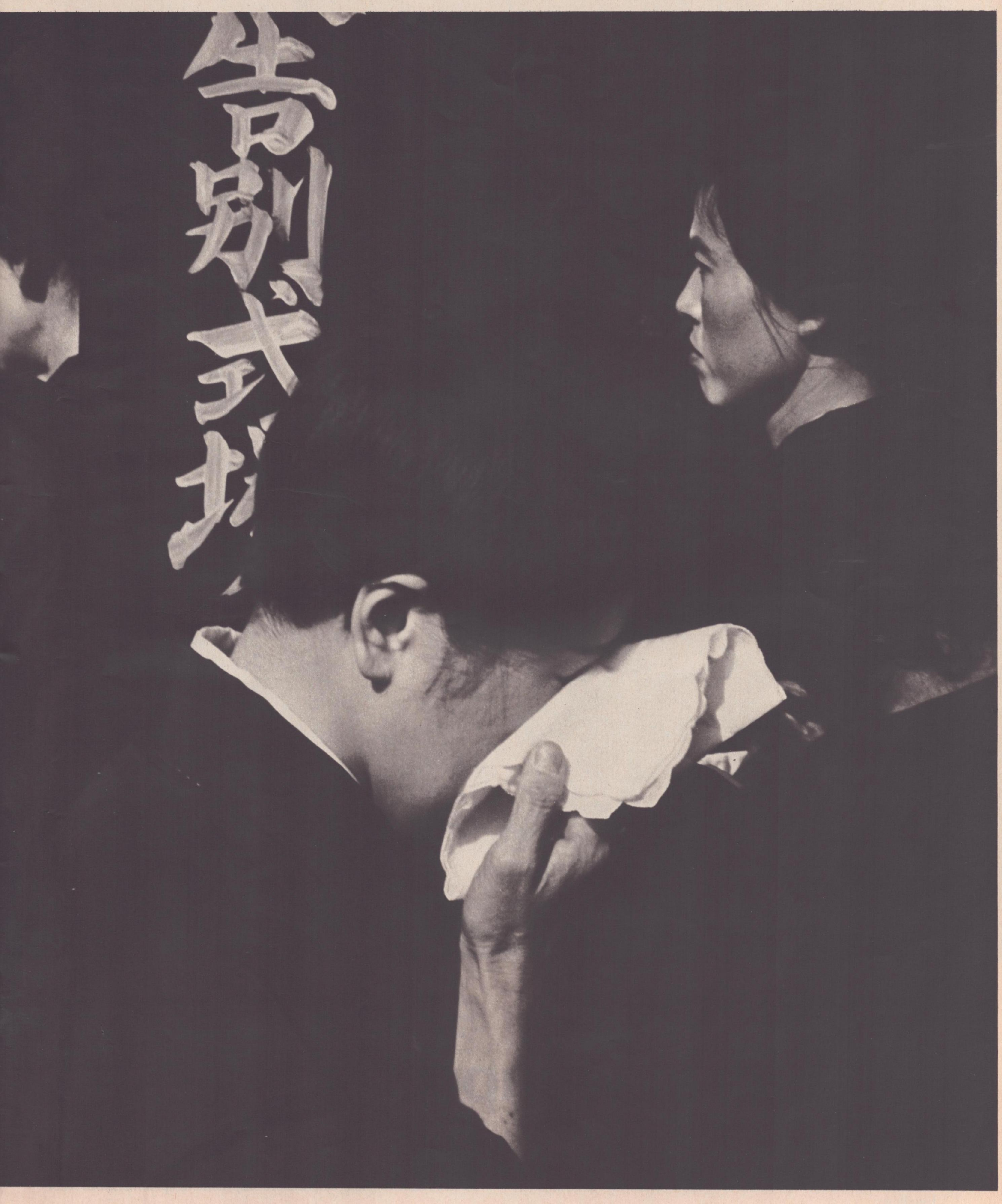


"It's always yes and no in Japan. You never get a clear-cut answer," says Cartier-Bresson. "'Yes, but, . . .' That's what the Japanese say."

In Fukui railway station, above, he found a nun's pain in parting hidden by a ceremonious bow and a smile.

But at funeral for Kabuki actor Danjuro, right, he photographed friends, fans and family in an open outpouring of grief. "Japan is ugly, and beautiful, poor and picturesque," he concludes. "You get irritated all the time, but you leave it with a tremendous nostalgia."





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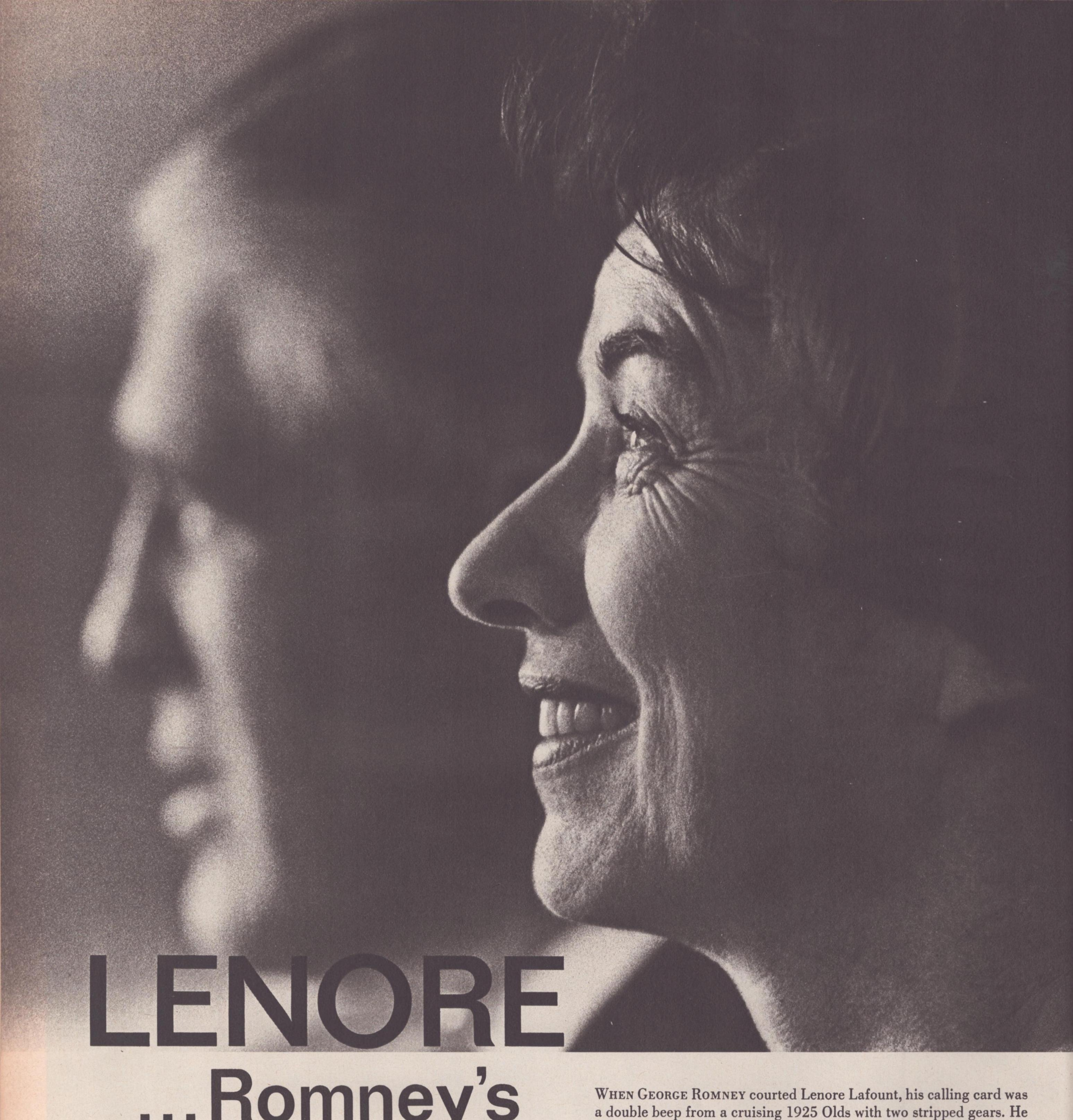


LENORE

...Romney's "secret weapon"

WHEN GEORGE ROMNEY courted Lenore Lafount, his calling card was a double beep from a cruising 1925 Olds with two stripped gears. He didn't dare stop unless another car stood by to push. On his second sweep past her home, Lenore dashed and leaped onto the running board of the chugging coupe. Since their wedding in Salt Lake City's Mormon Temple 35 years ago, bride-eyed Lenore has shared the front seat with Michigan's governor on a hell-bent-for-election track. En route, he paused to sell aluminum, manage the Automobile Manufacturers Assn., rescue ailing American Motors and rewrite a state constitution. Romney, short-shot favorite for the 1968 Republican Presidential nod, calls Lenore "my secret weapon." The Governor

PRODUCED BY AL ROTHENBERG PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES HANSEN

Relaxed Romneys review TV tape. Lenore urged him to speak to camera. He did. In a long-ago high-school play, Romney exploded when script called for Lenore to kiss her leading man. She did.

"Every abuse against humanity starts with an idea in the home. This is the crux of a lot of our dilemmas."

gushes: "I don't think anyone anticipated a woman could be so effective as a political speaker. I can make a commitment, find I can't keep it and send my wife. Many people are delighted I am unable to attend."

Bible-and-classic quoting Lenore smoothly merges dramatic training (New York and Hollywood) with wit, wisdom, sensitivity and Loretta Young tones. As an often-used crowd warmer, she laughingly recalls a time when laryngitis had silenced her husband. Lenore substituted. A heckler greeted her: "We'd rather look at him than listen to you." In the eight-week stretch run to election day last fall, Lenore trouped down a private campaign trail to give the Romney ticket an extra ride. She read, reread clips from the daily press between a half-dozen scheduled stops and talked an hour and more (off the cuff) on politics, religion, civil rights, delinquency, youth, taxes and women.

The 5′ 6″ grandmother of nine always has voted Republican in a Presidential contest. "Yes, I voted for Barry [Goldwater]." Though this frail brunette has a President Taft-sized appetite for the battle of the ballots, she refuses to consider elections a matter of life or death. "I cannot imagine weeping if my husband lost." A national poll shows Romney running ahead of even Lyndon Johnson, but Lenore says she hopes Nixon leads in convention-delegate strength, wonders why anyone would want the job. She admits: "Sometimes, press speculation carries you along to a point where you start believing it and go with the tide." Openly, Mrs. Romney yearns to stay in Michigan, tend her sprawling Swiss-style, split-level chalet in "rich-like-Rockefeller"

continued

Billy (left) and Brett Keenan, in a rare visit to Grandpa's office, munch sandwiches with "Barta" Romney and "Mahzey," who packs a daily lunch for her Governor.

ROMNEY'S "SECRET WEAPON" CONTINUED

How do you slow a husband down? "...If I nagged him to relax, George would be miserable and so would I."

Bloomfield Hills and take an occasional dip in a neighbor's pool.

Lenore's convictions match her devoutness in intensity, but if Romney wants to be President, the lady from Lansing will be in there punching. She vows: "Whatever George believes in and wants, I believe in and want, too, because I believe in him." It would not be unusual for her to woo votes in Wisconsin while Romney combed Connecticut. The Governor, a robust 59, enjoys extraordinary health, but his wife worries that the White House has a record of aging its tenants fast. Michigan's First Lady (a term she dislikes) knows better than anyone how Romney hits the golf course at 5 a.m., wields a quick dining fork, gets by on only six hours of sleep. Three nurses tending her cancer-stricken father 13 years ago in Bloomfield warned: "Slow your husband down." Her answer: "I couldn't do that. If I nagged, told him to relax, George would be miserable and so would I." When Romney sought his first term four years ago, friends cautioned, "His opponents will cut him into little pieces." Unconcerned, Lenore snapped back, "They can't hurt him because my husband wears an armor of righteousness. That takes away a lot of the sting because I realize that no matter what people might say, I know what he is. . . . They can't tear that out."

The former Hollywood bit player hero-worships only one man, has collected only two autographs in her 57 years—those of astronauts James McDivitt and Edward White. After Lenore whizzed through a four-year George Washington University course in three years, she took a fling at the flicks. "I thought it would be interesting to see how films were made, but I quickly became disillusioned. You do a scene here, a scene there, and you don't get continuity. And the riffraff of extras did nothing but gamble and things that were anything but uplifting." Talented Lenore earned a shot at a potential $50,000 movie contract after scouts watched her perform in a New York dramatic school. "The stage helped me to be informal in front of people. We had to do such things as simulate a sea animal or a melting ice-cream soda. I think it all made me a better public speaker." More recently, she wrote a magazine article on religion and the home, admittedly earned a rejection slip.

Lenore would rather read than orate. When asked about White House first ladies she has studied or met, she has no favorite. "I don't sense superficiality in the Presidents' wives I have known or observed. Mrs. [Eleanor] Roosevelt, for whom I had great respect, genuinely cared for people and wanted to help the downtrodden. The only thing I could say that wasn't the most complimentary is that maybe she wasn't able to be home as much as her growing children needed her. I haven't had this pull because my husband was not in government when my children were young. Mrs. Kennedy, radiant and lovely, used her beauty to inspire people. Her adoration for her husband at the time of his tragic murder made women relate themselves to her. Mrs. Coolidge was always gracious, charming and regal."

President Coolidge appointed Lenore's father, Harold A. Lafount, to the original Federal Communications Commission. Romney's father-in-law was his first political champion. Well before the Governor became the miracle man of American Motors, Lafount investigated Mexican-born Romney's eligibility for the Presidency. The Salt Lake City Lafounts, backed by real-estate investments and a radio-earphone manufacturing company, had piled up considerably more wealth than George's family ever did. Reading a press account stamping her husband pompous, Lenore exploded: "My husband was on

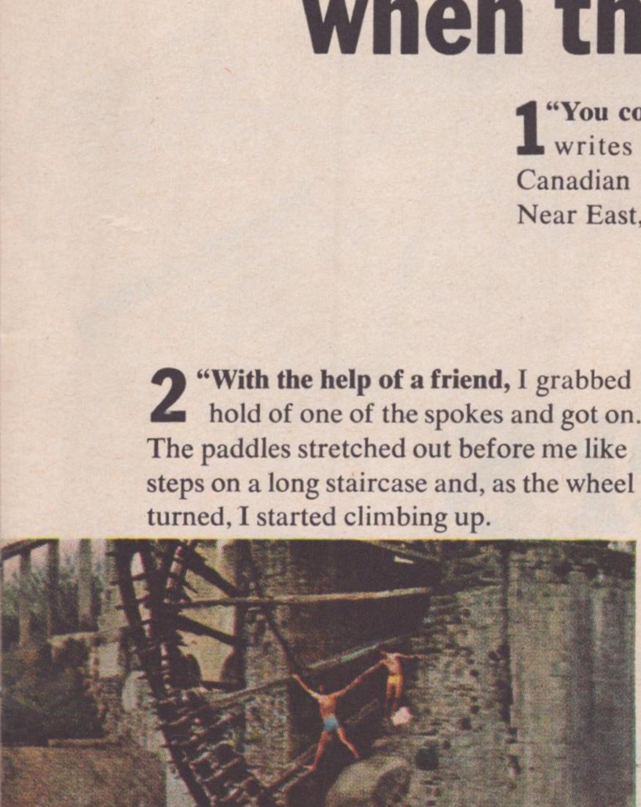
continued

I had just climbed up the water wheel, when things took a turn for the worse.

1 **"You could hear it groaning** a half mile away," writes Bill Tracy, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Last summer, while touring the Near East, I came upon an ancient water wheel in Hama on the Orontes River. It reminded me of an old Ferris wheel back home, especially when I saw some local boys swinging around on it. I couldn't resist taking a ride.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2 **"With the help of a friend,** I grabbed hold of one of the spokes and got on. The paddles stretched out before me like steps on a long staircase and, as the wheel turned, I started climbing up.



3 **"As I neared the top,** I stretched out my arms like a tightrope artist balancing himself. Suddenly, the wheel stopped! I found myself high atop a swaying wheel, in the middle of nowhere. I panicked—and jumped!

4 **"After drying off,** I went with my friend to a tavern for a relaxing game of backgammon and a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—tonight.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Vietnam: "Does it have the willingness and strength to fight?"

We can provide money and training for our problem children, but unless a child has self-esteem and esteem from others, his heart and soul will be assassinated."

Somebody is teaching children cynicism, telling them perversion is not bad."

Our national political conventions have all the atmosphere of a high-school carnival instead of the serious background needed to nominate men to high office."

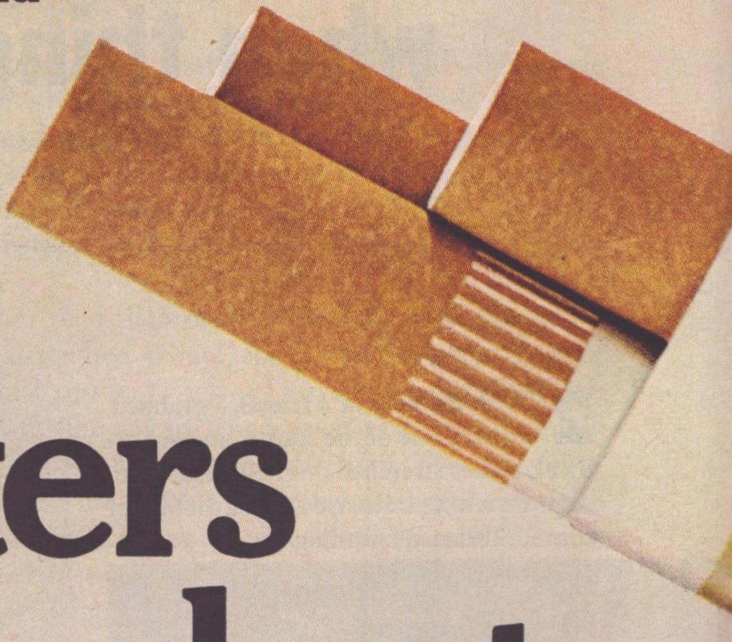
Unwed motherhood and delinquency are products of our cut-flower civilization."

relief, fed and housed by the United States Government after his family moved out of Mexico. His father went broke four times. You don't become pompous with that kind of background."

The Michigan Romneys, in the eyes of their son Scott, have been strict compared to other parents. "Mother and Dad laid down the principles they wanted me to live by, but insisted that I make my own decisions," says the Harvard Law School freshman. "She is a happy woman who has an illness few know about. [Lenore admits to a severe calcium deficiency, is allergic to milk, chocolate, seafood, and needs a lot of rest.] My mother has tremendous faith in God and Dad—this is her rock." Younger son Mitt is a freshman at Stanford University, currently on leave as a Mormon missionary in France. Daughter Jane is the wife of an Ann Arbor surgeon, and Lynn Romney Keenan's husband works in a Detroit bank, goes to law school at night.

Lenore thinks Scott, 25, and Mitt, 19, should serve in a branch of the armed forces if they are qualified. "About Vietnam, I don't know too much, but I feel we had our great chance to help freedom survive in Hungary. We didn't, and this was tragic. I'm not sure the Vietnamese have the strength and the willingness to carry on and fight as the Hungarians did. The whole story has yet to be unraveled—whether we should have ground troops or whether we could accomplish as much by encouraging other Asiatic nations to help them with the support of our air power."

The war, inflation, state vs. Federal power, Republicans vs. Democrats are the facts of life in the five-day week George and Lenore Romney spend at a rented home in Lansing. On Sundays, in Bloomfield Hills, politics is taboo. She teaches an adult class at the nearby Mormon Church to 60 students, including pet pupil George. All the children learned the Scriptures from their mother, who has conducted Sunday classes for 18 years. Romney critics have arrowed their darts at the Mormon attitude on Negroes. An angry Lenore counters: "If my church taught me anything other than that the Negro is equal in every way to any other person, I could not accept it. Who can say a person is inferior when the Lord said: 'I am the judge, and judge not lest ye be judged.' This, I believe completely. The Negro cannot attain the priesthood, and I am sorry, but he will get it. He has all the bless-



"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"

Lucky Filters will show you plenty.

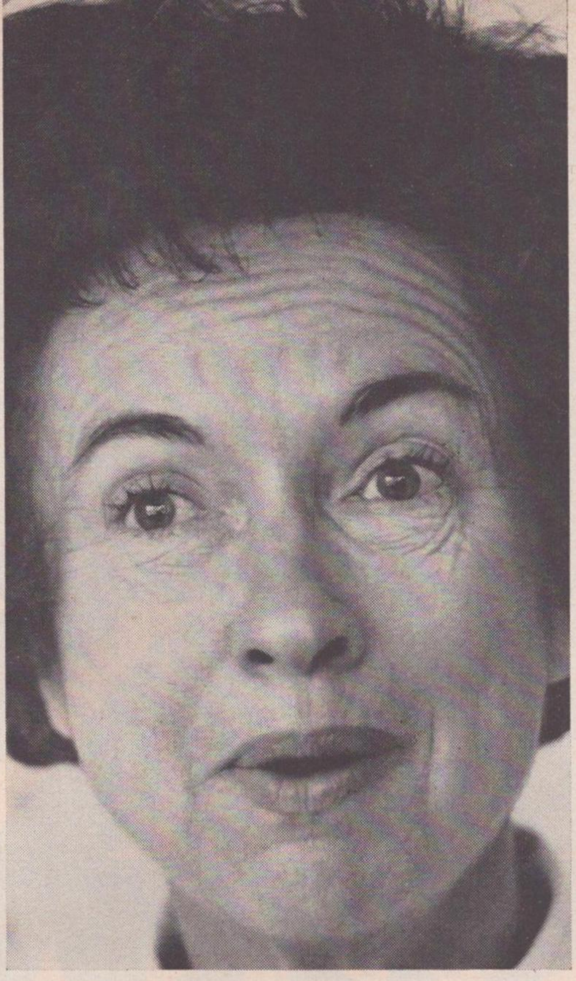
Plenty of smooth flavor. Plenty of fine, mild-tasting tobacco, too.
It's the filter cigarette with fine tobacco.

It isn't going to be too important who first places a man on the moon or how often we circle the globe with our ballistic missiles. We are going to be known by the way we treat other human beings."

We may have different color skin because we must learn to accept one another."

I've always had much to say, but few listened until George became Governor."

This is the age of women who don't just feed the mouths of babes with Pablum and cod-liver oil, but also their minds and hearts with self-esteem."



A political party cannot cater to one group any more than can the eye say to the foot, or the foot to the eye, 'I have no need of thee.' "

Sometimes his opponents call him St. George. Better that than Mephistopheles."

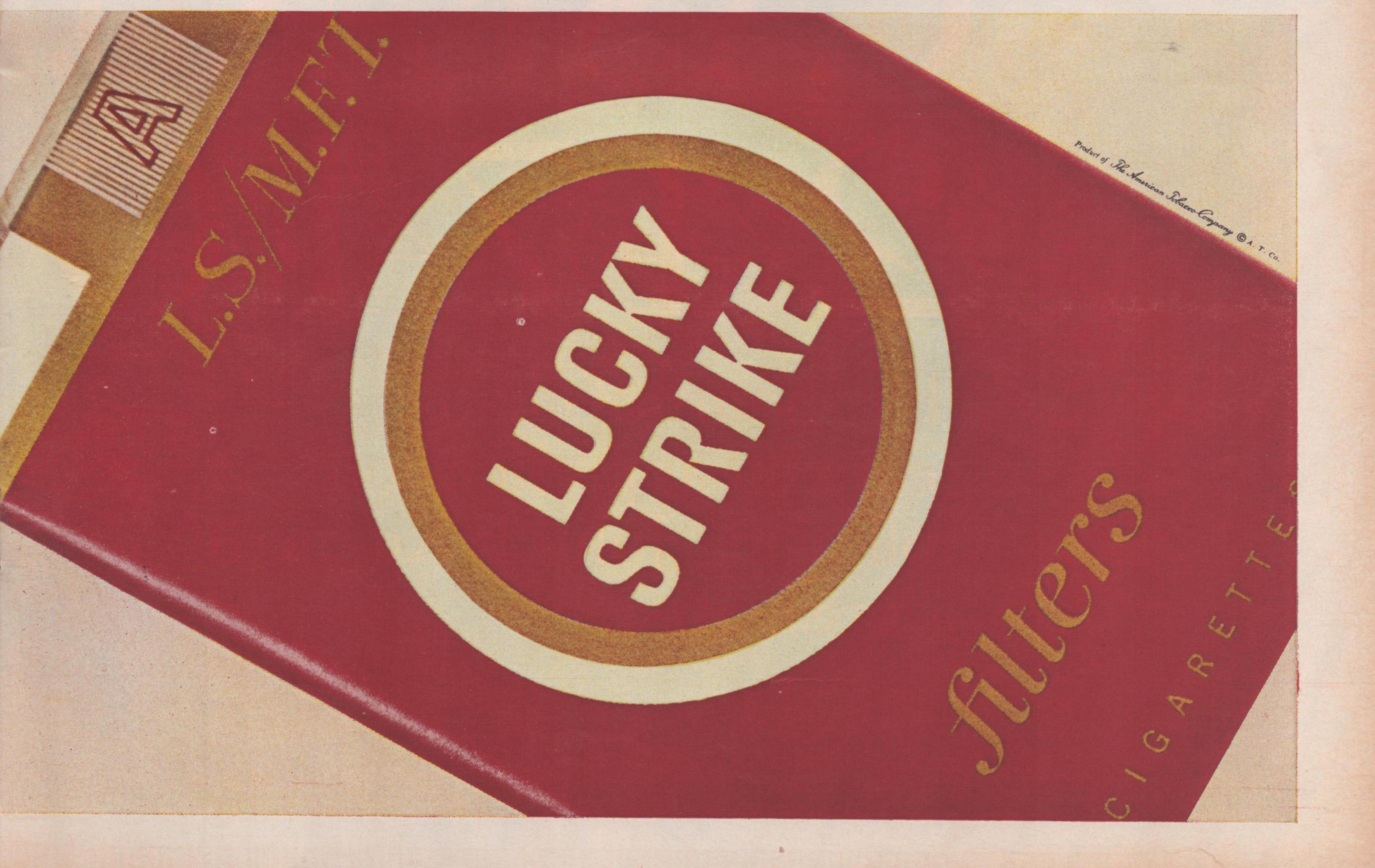
I don't like to hear 'press the flesh.' Why can't we just say 'shaking hands?' "

We have become so enamored of things and goods, so afraid of losing them, that we have become permissive. There is no real basis for authority in our homes, and our children need guidance."

ings and can go straight to the celestial heaven [highest plateau in the Mormon hereafter]. I just can't believe any inferiority, and it makes me very cross when some commentators say we think Negroes inferior. Good grief. Nothing could be further from the truth."

A close friend, wife of an auto-industry executive, describes Lenore as "frugal, but not to the point of being ridiculous. She knows what she spends. If my husband asked me to host a dinner for 100, I'd call a caterer. Not Lenore. She and her daughters would work half the night." Mrs. Romney employs a housekeeper four days a week, shops for food in a 1965 Rambler Ambassador. As Mormons, the Romneys shun liquor, tobacco and coffee, but serve alcoholic drinks to their guests. An evening with Michigan's first family might include charades, penny poker or other parlor games.

The Governor's lady describes her clothes as "conservative but colorful" and adds, "I buy on sale, think it's silly to pay full price if I don't have to." She limits jewelry to a pearl necklace and plain arm bracelet. She is trusting: An ex-convict conned her out of $40. And she is trusted: She became confidante to a Jewish woman who immigrated from a Nazi concentration camp. Says an old friend: "Lenore's Christianity is complete in every act without being wishy-washy." END



PARKLAND HOSPITAL: CASE No. 24740

The hours of chaos,
fear and apprehension
following John F. Kennedy's
assassination

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

BY

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

PART TWO

MARINA OSWALD awoke at 6:30 on November 22, 1963, in Irving, Texas. She nursed the baby while her husband stood at the foot of the bed, dressing in a work shirt and gray trousers. For the last time, Lee Harvey Oswald said he really wanted her to buy things—clothes for herself, shoes for little Junie. She ignored him. Silently, she went back to sleep. Before departing for his job in nearby Dallas, he slipped off his wedding ring and left it in a little china cup. This was the day the chronic failure was going to demonstrate that he could succeed at something, that he was a man and did not deserve contempt. In the bedroom, he left $187 in bills. He kept $15.10. That wouldn't take him very far. But he knew he wasn't going far.

He walked a half block eastward on Fifth Street, carrying the rifle and telescopic sight in the brown-paper wrapping he had brought from the Texas School Book Depository in Dallas the previous afternoon. Wesley Frazier joined Oswald outside his house. As he slid behind the wheel, he noticed the bundle on the back seat. "What's in the package, Lee?" he inquired. "Curtain rods," Oswald replied curtly. It was 7:25.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, in Fort Worth, the Chief Executive's leisurely valet entered the Hotel Texas's Suite 850 and tapped on the door of the master bedroom.

"Mr. President," George Thomas called gently. He heard a stirring of covers and crossed the threshold. "It's raining out," he murmured. "That's too bad," John Kennedy said groggily.

Unlike Dwight Eisenhower, who had ignored newspapers, Kennedy scanned the leading dailies every morning soon after waking up. He was naturally alert to reactions to the tour's first day. He found them, and he found that the feud between conservative Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., and liberal Sen. Ralph Yarborough had become the biggest political story in the nation. Texas papers were giving it special prominence, and the Dallas *News* led the pack with two abrasive stories on the front page—"STORM OF POLITICAL CONTROVERSY SWIRLS AROUND KENNEDY ON VISIT" and "YARBOROUGH SNUBS LBJ." A third, inside, was headed, "PRESIDENT'S VISIT SEEN WIDENING STATE DEMOCRATIC SPLIT."

Kennedy angrily thrust the paper aside, missing, for the moment, the inflammatory ad on the next page, ominously bordered in black, like an announcement of mourning. Under the sardonic heading, "WELCOME MR. KENNEDY TO DALLAS . . . ," an organization styling itself as "The American Fact-Finding Committee"—a local coordinator of the John Birch Society and Nelson Bunker Hunt, the son of H. L. Hunt, it later developed, were the committee's most prominent members—asked the President 12 rhetorical questions. The ad accused him of responsibility for the imprisonment, starvation and persecution of "thousands of Cubans," and declared that he was selling food to Communist soldiers who were killing Americans in Vietnam. It hinted strongly that he had reached a secret agreement with the U.S. Communist party.

The stories Kennedy had read convinced him that the political bloodletting had become serious. Seizing the phone, he told his aide, Ken O'Donnell, that he wanted Senator Yarborough to ride in the Vice-Presidential car today, and no excuse would be accepted. O'Donnell and his fellow aide, Larry O'Brien, must spell out the alternatives for Yarborough—either he rode with Lyndon today, or he walked.

Stepping into the hotel corridor, the President was still frowning. He spotted Clint Hill and Muggsy O'Leary at the Secret Service post and stepped over to them. "Mary Gallagher wasn't here last night to help Jackie," he said tartly, referring to Mrs. Kennedy's private secretary. "Mary hasn't any business in motorcades. She's supposed to reach hotels before we do, and so far, she's batting zero. Get her on the ball."

His flash of temper was over. He saw an elderly woman in a wheelchair, a resident of the hotel, and paused to speak gently to her.

In the hotel lobby, his entourage swelled. He crossed Eighth Street and waded happily into the crowd, disregarding the drizzle, which had now become a fine mist. Secret Service Agent Bill Greer had brought a raincoat for him and held it aloft, but Kennedy shook his head. Laughing exultantly, he mounted the flatbed truck. Not everyone there felt so enthusiastic. Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine was struck by the difference between the President's mood and the Vice-President's. Sidey wished Lyndon Johnson a good-morning. Johnson's answering greeting, he noted, was "perfunctory."

ORGANIZING HERSELF at her dressing table and listening to her husband's voice booming over the PA system below, Jacqueline Kennedy was pleased that it was raining; she hoped the top would be on that car, she was concerned about her hair becoming disheveled. She didn't want her husband to be ashamed of her. She knew she looked tired. She carefully inspected her face. To Mary,

continued

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she moaned, "Oh, gosh. One day's campaigning can age a person thirty years."

THE RAIN LIFTED as Wesley Frazier entered the outskirts of greater Dallas, and before parking two blocks north of the Book Depository, he switched off his windshield wiper. The time and temperature sign overhead revealed that he had arrived in good time, so he let his engine idle for several minutes on the theory that he was charging the battery. Then Oswald impatiently got out, carrying his package. Frazier's attention was diverted, and he followed slowly. By the time he reached the building, Oswald had climbed the loading platform and vanished inside.

Oswald's movements in the next few minutes are a matter of conjecture, based solely on circumstantial evidence. Superintendent Roy Truly later recalled meeting him by a book bin, saying, "Good morning, Lee," and receiving the customary reply, "Good morning, sir." But Truly was vague, and he had no recollection of the package. It is quite possible that he was thinking of another morning—that Lee had already ascended to the sixth floor, using one of the two freight elevators or the enclosed stairway in the northwest corner of the Book Depository, to conceal his weapon near the site he had selected.

There, as in so many ways, blind chance had played into his hands. The old flooring had become oily. Truly, observing that books stored there frequently became stained, had ordered it replaced with battleship-gray plywood. Half the floor was to be redone at a time. In preparation for the work, the rear, or northern, area had been largely cleared of cartons, while the southern side, which would face the passing motorcade, was a crowded jungle of cartons and wheeled book trucks. Concealment was easy, and it was there, sometime during the morning, that Oswald built his sniper's perch of boxes in the southeast corner, from which the President would be seen approaching dead ahead and then departing to the right front. One pile of boxes hid him from anyone looking out the windows of the Dal-Tex Building on the opposite side of Houston Street. Others would serve as props when he aimed. Still others would be used to provide a backstop against which ejected shells would bounce as he worked the bolt for each fresh shot.

ACROSS HOUSTON STREET, Abraham Zapruder strode into the office of his garment business on the fourth floor of the Dal-Tex Building.

"Where's your camera?" his secretary demanded severely.

"At home," he said timidly. They were good friends and often played this private game, pretending that she henpecked her boss.

"Mr. Z, you march right back there. How many times will you have a crack at color movies of the President?"

Zapruder fingered his bow tie and protested weakly, "I'm too short. Probably I wouldn't even get close."

"The crowd'll be light downstairs," she said, and when he hesitated, she added firmly, "Hurry up! You can make it in twenty minutes."

He turned back to the elevator on his short legs. It was 9:23 a.m.

CHAPTER TWO

AT THE BREAKFAST in Fort Worth a few minutes later, the hosts had boots for Jacqueline Kennedy and a five-gallon hat for the President. To Ken and Larry, who were watching the ceremonies on television, this was a moment of high mirth. They knew how the President always avoided queer costumes and wondered how he would get out of this one. He sidestepped the problem deftly by announcing that he would put the hat on in Washington Monday. But his wife was hoping he would wear it sooner.

As he began his address, she thought ahead to tomorrow on the LBJ ranch. Lady Bird had asked her to ask the President if there was anything special he would like there. "I'd like to ride," he had replied. She remembered now what a good rider he was, and how, during the summer of their engagement, he had galloped bareback through the fields of Newport on a workhorse. That Stetson would be decidedly becoming when he mounted an LBJ horse, she reflected. She thought he looked silly in ordinary hats, but anything picturesque—his naval officer's cap, the silk hat at his Inaugural—was splendid on him.

Although she had not seen the ranch, she vividly recalled her husband's account of his visit there eight days after his election to the Presidency. It had been a singular experience, and in one respect, a distressing one. The afternoon they arrived, the Vice-President proposed a dawn hunt the next day. To Kennedy, shooting tame game was not sport, and he had tried to bow out gracefully. To him, all killing was senseless. But how do you explain such scruples to a gracious host? You don't. He would never understand. He might even think you squeamish, and that was the crux of Kennedy's problem. As a national leader, he was obliged to resolve any doubts about his mettle. Besides, Lyndon had been dogged. He was determined to be cordial, and this was the finest treat his ranch could offer. Had he dreamed that his hunting invitation might give offense, he would never have mentioned it. To Johnson, Kennedy's reluctance seemed only a polite gesture, like demurring at a second helping.

So at 6 a.m. on November 17, 1960, they had turned out, yawning, by the ranch's fieldstone facade. Johnson wore a stained, shapeless cowboy hat and a weather-beaten leather jacket. Kennedy donned a checkered sport coat and slacks—a fellow guest, peering at him sleepily, thought he looked like a football fan. The mechanics were relatively simple. To him, hitting a bull's-eye wasn't much of an accomplishment. Only in hunting animals, that isn't all. There is one other matter, one fraction of a moment that to this hunter was anguish. It is the confrontation, when the killer faces his prey. In that instant, in the season before his Inaugural, John Fitzgerald Kennedy had squinted down the barrel of a high-powered rifle and looked into the face of the life he was about to take. He had committed himself; he couldn't flinch. He fired and quickly turned back to the car. Yet he couldn't rid himself of the recollection. The memory of the creature's death had been haunting, and afterward, he had relived it with his wife, trying to heal the inner scar.

Nor had that been the end of it. Early in the new administration, Lyndon had had the trophy mounted—not just the antlers, but the face too—and one morning, after a legislative leadership breakfast, he crossed the South Lawn of the White House, lugging it under his arm. Why not display it on the wall of the Presidential office? he suggested. Kennedy, feigning interest, was inwardly appalled. After the Vice-President had departed, he ordered the head put away and forgotten. It wasn't forgotten, though. Lyndon telephoned a jovial inquiry from his suite in the Executive Office Building, just across West Executive Avenue from the White House. Where was that deer? When was it going up? Later, he mentioned it again, and then again. Eventually, the trophy, like any other gift that has been repeatedly declined, became an issue between them, and once more, Kennedy acceded. The specimen was hung, not in the oval office, but in the nearby Fish Room. The President had granted a favor—how great a favor only the First Lady knew—and his Vice-President had been genuinely pleased. Give and take; win a few, lose a few; that was the strategy of public office.

In one version of his pet joke, the last line of which could be adapted to the occasion, he used to tell his friends that "The three most overrated things in the world are the state of Texas, the FBI and mounted deer heads."

The First Lady felt buoyant, and back in the suite, she decided to reassert her determination to make every political trip between now and next November. The President was on the phone, summoning O'Donnell. Hanging up, he told her they wouldn't have to leave until 10:40. "Do you mean we have a whole hour to just sit around?" she asked incredulously. "Oh, Jack, campaigning is so easy when you're President. Listen, I can go anywhere with you this year." As Ken came into the drawing room, Kennedy said, "How about California in the next two weeks?" "Fine. I'll be there," she promised, and was rewarded with one of O'Donnell's rare smiles.

Today was the ninety-fifth birthday of John Nance Garner. At 10:14 a.m., while her husband called Uvalde, Texas, to wish the former Vice-President a pleasant anniversary, she strolled through their rooms. She returned with an astounding discovery. In the fatigue of last night and the haste of this morning, the Kennedys had not noticed that they were surrounded by a priceless art exhibition. On the walls and tables were a Monet, a Picasso, a Van Gogh, a Prendergast and 12 other celebrated oil paintings, watercolors and bronzes. A catalogue, which had also been overlooked, disclosed that the exhibit was in their honor. "Isn't this sweet, Jack?" she said as he hung up on Uvalde. "They've just stripped their whole museum of all their treasures to brighten this dingy hotel suite."

He knew it had been for her; she was the patroness of the family. Taking the catalogue, he said, "Let's see who did it." There were several names at the end. The first was Mrs. J. Lee Johnson III. "Why don't we call her?" he suggested. "She must be in the phone book." Thus Ruth Carter Johnson, the wife of a Fort Worth newspaper executive, became the surprised recipient of John Kennedy's last telephone call.

O'Donnell had a far less agreeable surprise for the President. While Kennedy was speaking in the ballroom, Mac Kilduff, acting press secretary, had leafed through the Dallas *News,* found the ugly advertisement and brought it directly to O'Donnell's rooms. Now Kennedy saw it for the first time. He read each word, his face grim, and handed it to Jackie. Her vivacity disappeared; she felt sick. The President shook his head. Slowly, he said to her, "Oh, you know, we're heading into nut country today."

The President prowled the floor. Abruptly, he paused in front of his wife. "You know, last night would have been a hell of a night to assassinate a President," he murmured. He said it casually, and she took it lightly; it was his way of shaking off the ad. He had what she called "a Walter Mitty streak." Like a little boy, he would watch a passing jet from the fantail of the *Honey Fitz,* wondering aloud if he could fly it, picturing himself wrestling with the controls. "I mean it," he said now, building the daydream. "There was the rain, and the night, and we were all getting jostled. Suppose a man had a pistol in a briefcase." He gestured vividly, pointing his rigid index finger at the wall and jerking his thumb twice to show the action of the hammer. "Then he could have dropped the gun and the briefcase" —in pantomime, he dropped them and whirled in a tense crouch—"and melted away in the crowd."

Lyndon Johnson came in immediately after this 007 caper. His sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Birge Alexander, were with him; they wanted to shake hands with a President. Lyndon introduced them and then, respectful as always, quietly withdrew, motioning them to accompany him. But his visit had reminded Kennedy of the party's fratricide; the President ordered Ken to call Larry immediately and tell him Yarborough must ride with the Vice-President even if the Senator had to be picked up and thrown into the back seat. At the end of the call, he snatched the phone from O'Donnell and said deliberately to O'Brien, stressing each word, "*Get him in the car.*"

Ken left to join Larry, and Jacqueline Kennedy examined the still-uncertain sky. She hoped it would darken. It would be ridiculous to spend all that time getting ready and then ruin everything in a 45-minute ride in an open car. "Oh, I want the bubble top," she said wistfully.

The issue was being resolved against her at that very moment. The President, anticipating the result, was changing to a lightweight suit in his bedroom. He had a hunch they were heading into more hot weather. Down the hall, O'Donnell was on the phone with Roy Kellerman, the ranking Secret Service agent. On another line, Kellerman was holding Agents Forrest Sorrels and Winston Lawson, who were standing by in Dallas. They were at Love Field with the top. Should it go up? Ken asked how things looked over there, and Roy relayed the question. The weather bureau had hedged, and the Dallas *News* had predicted rain, but Sorrels felt positive the wind would blow the storm eastward. "If the weather is clear and it's not raining, have that bubble top off," O'Donnell said. Then they all crossed their fingers. But not for long. Awaiting Yarborough in front of the hotel, O'Donnell and O'Brien anxiously scrutinized the clouds, and as they watched, their spirits lifted. In the distance, a thin ribbon of lemon-colored light appeared. O'Donnell took a deep breath. There would be no bubble top. O'Brien winked at him and said, "Kennedy weather."

The motorcade to Carswell Air Force Base was ready. The press buses had filled early because none of the reporters wanted to miss Ralph Yarborough's exit. Yarborough trudged out, deep in thought. O'Brien darted to his side.

"We wish you'd reconsider, Senator," he began. "The President will be very pleased if you ride with the Vice-President." Yarborough was about to shake his head. O'Brien scanned the press buses. He said swiftly, "They're watching us, you know. This is their big story." The Senator planted his legs and intoned, "I'll be proud to talk to them about proof of the President's popularity, Larry." He glanced up. It wasn't taking. Larry was just standing there stolidly.

"Look," Yarborough said. "I'll issue a statement." Impassively, Larry replied, "You can issue a statement of ten thousand words, but nothing will be as effective as you getting in that car." Out of the corner of his eye, he observed the Johnsons emerging from the hotel. It was 10:40. They were ready to go. Unexpectedly, Yarborough then capitulated. "Well, if it means that much—" he began resignedly. "It does," said O'Brien, cutting him off. Turning to Johnson, he muttered, "The Senator is riding with you and Mrs. Johnson." In an undertone, the Vice-President replied, "Fine."

An incident of *opéra bouffe* followed. O'Brien escorted them to the car. Yarborough was behind the driver, Lady Bird in the middle, Lyndon on the right. Just as Larry was about to close the Senator's door, a National Committee advance man appeared on the other side with Nellie Connally. The five-passenger Lincoln assigned to the President for the drive to the airfield would accommodate only the Kennedys, the Governor, and Kellerman and Greer of the Secret Service. The Governor's Lady had to go elsewhere. To the advance man, this seemed the logical place, and he started to put her in the back beside Johnson. But there was room for just three people in the rear. As the Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson slid over to make room for the new arrival, Yarborough, on the far side from Nellie, was being inexorably squeezed out.

Recognizing a blessing in disguise, he began edging off the seat and back toward the sidewalk. Larry thought bitterly, *There goes the old ball game.* In desperation, he resorted to physical force. Blocking the Senator's broad shoulders with his own stocky hips, he flapped his hand frantically at the advance man, who got the message. Without explanation—there was really nothing he could have said—he plucked Nellie out and escorted her to the front seat. Puzzled, the Governor's wife found herself riding between the police driver and Agent Rufus Youngblood.

At Love Field in Dallas, security was tight. Armed policemen stood on every rooftop of the airport's eastern concourse, and an elderly, hawk-faced agent was chasing a photographer back behind the barrier. But to pilot Col. Jim Swindal, it looked like another *viva* throng. Viewed from his cockpit, the people seemed to be typical Texans, ready to give Kennedy his most boisterous reception since San Antonio.

It wasn't that simple. In San Antonio, the President had been greeted by an entire city. Here, the greeters were members of the local underground. Liberals were making a valiant showing, here and all along the route. A row of school truants held an American flag and a brave "We Love Jack," and a little Negro boy waved a square of cardboard reading "Hooray for JFK." In numbers and noise, the liberals were anxious to outshout Kennedy's audiences in Houston and Fort Worth. The very fact that they were swamped in Dallas elections, estranged from the majority and scorned by the city's most powerful men had kindled a special fire in them.

Yet this crowd wasn't the voice of Dallas. Liberal Texas Congressman Henry Gonzalez noticed how people would start to wave, then jerk their hands back and glance nervously over their shoulders.

The 12-man official reception committee reflected the peculiarities of Dallas. Not a single representative of organized labor was present, which for a Democratic President was extraordinary. The local unions had been eager to participate in the ceremonies here and at the luncheon, but after a series of exasperating encounters with the Republicans and right-wing Democrats who dominated the host committee, they had given up. The delegation waiting to greet the President consisted of nine Republicans, two Dixiecrats and a lone liberal, Barefoot Sanders.

Appropriately, the first man to bound through their reception line was not the President, but Connally. The Governor was violating protocol, but this, after all, was his handpicked team, just as he was their man. Kennedy couldn't carry Dallas. The Democratic Governor, how-

continued

ever, was a local hero.

Kennedy stepped out on the top step, narrowing his eyes as he sized up the crowd in one sweeping glance. Mrs. Kennedy appeared beside him, and the underground roared its approval. At the bottom, the Johnsons had been waiting patiently for five minutes. For the fourth time in less than 24 hours, they were welcoming the Kennedys to a new city in their best nice-of-you-to-come manner, and both couples felt slightly silly. Moreover, there would be two more such landings today, at Bergstrom Air Force Base near Austin and at the ranch. Lyndon looked up at Jackie, shrugging comically at the absurdity of it all, and she laughed.

Once the reception line broke up, the Vice-President's Dallas work was done. His next scheduled performance wouldn't come until 3:15, when they reached Bergstrom. The massed cheerers on the other side of the chain fence were for the President. The Vice-President, after a token appearance, led Lady Bird to the gray four-door convertible. He was so depressed by the continuing feud in the local party that he ordered the car's commercial radio turned on full blast, to drown out the noise of the crowd.

Aboard Air Force One, George Thomas was sorting out clothes. On the inboard bunk, he laid out a complete change for the next stop, Austin: shirt, socks, shoes and a lightweight blue suit. Then, reflecting that the President would be tired when he returned to the plane, he thought it would be nice to leave a reminder that tonight at the ranch, there would be a respite from speeches and parades. Beside the shirt, he put a pair of khaki pants, a sweater and a sport shirt.

At the fence, Roy Kellerman remained inches behind the President, studying faces and cameras. A local reporter told a Washington correspondent, "The Dallas police have learned their lesson. After Kennedy leaves here, they won't let anybody within ten feet of him." The Chief Executive continued down the line. Ronnie Dugger of the *Texas Observer* wrote in his notebook, "Kennedy is showing he is not afraid."

As the moment for the departure of the motorcade approached, there was an undignified scramble for seats, and Dr. George Burkley, the President's personal physician, wound up in the lowly VIP bus. The doctor wasn't concerned about status, but he told Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary, "I don't see why they can't put me in that lead car. I wouldn't mind sitting on an agent's lap."

Of course, there was only an outside chance that he would be needed. But that chance was Dr. Burkley's sole reason for being here.

O'BRIEN had assumed that the Yarborough problem was solved. Suddenly, he realized that the Senator had mentioned nothing about riding with the Vice-President here. Simultaneously, O'Brien saw Kennedy staring at him and cutting his eye meaningfully toward Yarborough, who appeared to be looking for another car. Larry grabbed the Senator's arm, shoved him onto the seat beside Lady Bird, and slammed the door. The motorcade was beginning to move.

CHAPTER THREE

ALL MORNING, the floor-laying crew had been working on the cleared section of the Texas School Book Depository's sixth floor. Now, it was time for a midday break, sandwiches, and afterward, the spectacle at the front door.

Feelings about the motorcade were mixed. There was little sympathy among the employees at the Book Depository for the President's uncompromising stand in behalf of equal rights for Negroes. Roy Truly, who didn't believe the races were meant to mix, later doubted that "half my boys would have gone out to see the parade if it hadn't been lunchtime." He explained, "Except for my niggers, the boys are conservative, like me—like most Texans." Still, a parade was a parade. Fifteen minutes before noon, the men used both of the building's antiquated elevators to race to the street level. As they passed the fifth floor, Charles Givens saw Lee Oswald standing by the gate, watching them go. Their departure left the top stories unoccupied. In effect, the upper part of the warehouse had now met the Secret Service's definition of the classic sniper's perch—it was a deserted building.

Yet no gunman can be certain that he will not be interrupted by a casual intruder whose memory will later place the killer at the scene. It happened to Oswald. Givens discovered that he had left his cigarettes in his jacket pocket. He came back and encountered Oswald on the sixth floor. "Boy, aren't you coming downstairs?" he asked, surprised. "It's near lunchtime." "No, sir," replied Oswald, respectful as always.

Possibly to allay suspicion, more likely to prepare the way for his escape, he said, "When you get downstairs, close the gate to the elevator." He meant the west elevator, which could be summoned from above only when the gate was down. "OK," said Givens, turning away. Now Oswald was alone, with over a half hour for his final preparations. Downstairs, Givens discovered that he couldn't close the west elevator's gate. The elevator wasn't there. It was stuck upstairs somewhere. Givens strolled away, thinking no more about it. It is his recollection that the time was 11:55 a.m.

Twenty minutes later, Roy Truly and his boys were in front of the Depository, listening for the growl of approaching motorcycles. At that moment, an alert policeman, scanning windows, could have altered the course of history. For Lee Oswald was in position now, clearly visible to those below. A youth named Arnold Rowland, who knew guns, had been watching from below with his wife since 12:14 p.m. He saw Oswald silhouetted in the window, holding what appeared to be a high-powered rifle mounted with a telescopic sight. One of Oswald's hands was on the stock; the other was on the barrel.

A police officer stood 12 feet from the Rowlands, but it never occurred to Arnold to speak to him. Assuming that Oswald must be protecting the President, he said to his wife, "Do you want to see a Secret Service agent?"

"Where?" she asked.

"In that building there," he said.

On the west side of Houston Street, Robert Edwards and Ronald Fischer had been waiting since 12:20. Suddenly Edwards pointed and said, "Look at that guy." Fischer followed his finger. The weapon was below their line of sight; what had attracted Edwards's attention was Oswald's stance. Fischer agreed that it was peculiar. The man they saw was transfixed, staring to his right, away from Main. To Fischer, it seemed that "he never moved, he was just gazing, like a statue."

The closest known eyewitness, Howard Brennan, a frail pipe fitter, had headed for the plaza at 12:18 p.m.—the time-and-temperature sign on the Depository roof pinpointed the moment—and settled down on a three-and-a-half-foot high white-cement wall on the edge of the plaza, directly across from the warehouse entrance. Brennan was 40 yards beneath Oswald. Waiting in the sun, he dried his forehead on the sleeve of his khaki work shirt and then peered up, hoping the sign would tell him the temperature. But that part of it was obscure from here. His eyes dropped to the warehouse's sixth floor, to the pinched face of Lee Oswald, now in profile. He, too, wondered why the young man was standing stock-still.

There was a sound of distant shouting from Main Street. Brennan, Rowland, Edwards and Fischer forgot the strange figure in the open window and pivoted. Edwards said excitedly, "Here it comes."

AT 12:24, Jim Hosty, an FBI agent who was in charge of the Bureau's current investigation of Oswald, watched Kennedy from the curb and then stepped into the Alamo Grill for lunch. He had seen the President. His day, he felt, was made.

WHEN THE motorcade reached Main and Market at 12:28, it occurred to Yarborough that anyone could drop a pot of flowers on Kennedy from an upper story. Beyond them, the green of Dealey Plaza was visible. *My, that open sky looks good;* the Senator thought.

AT HOUSTON and Elm, Agent Sorrels radioed the Trade Mart that they would reach there in five minutes. Then Agent Lawson automatically scanned the overpass. There were railway workmen on top, a security breach. Through the windshield, he motioned urgently to a policeman there in a yellow rain slicker, indicating that he wanted the area cleared. The officer was unresponsive.

He didn't understand.

Agent Greer, recovering from the difficult turn, started to relax. The strain was over. Then he, too, noticed the workmen. Puzzled, he studied the unfamiliar street to see whether he could veer at the last minute if necessary and take the President beneath a deserted part of the span. The Lincoln was now passing a pine oak that momentarily screened John Kennedy from the muzzle in the sixth-floor corner window. Abe Zapruder, hunched over his Zoomar lens, was photographing the Presidential car—SS 100 X in Secret Service code—as it approached him. Nellie pointed to the underpass and said to Jackie, "We're almost through. It's just beyond that." Jackie thought how pleasant the cool tunnel would be. Everything seemed very quiet here. She turned to wave to the left. In the front seat of the follow-up car, Agent Emory Roberts radioed the Mart, "Halfback to Base. Five minutes to destination." He then wrote in his shift report, "12:35 p.m. President Kennedy arrived at Trade Mart."

Mac Kilduff, misreading the sign on the front of the warehouse, said to Washington correspondent Merriman Smith, "What the hell is a Book Repository?" Further back in the motorcade, Evelyn Lincoln was saying, "Just think—we've come through all of Dallas and there hasn't been a single demonstration."

The Lincoln moved ahead at 11.2 miles an hour. It passed the tree. Zapruder, slowly swinging his camera to the right, found himself photographing the back of a freeway sign. Momentarily, the entire car was obscured. But it was no longer hidden from the sixth-floor corner window. It had passed the last branch.

Spectator Charles Brend's five-year-old boy timidly raised his hand. The President smiled warmly. He raised his hand to wave back. There was a sudden, sharp, shattering sound.

Most of the hunters in the motorcade identified the sound immediately as rifle fire, but the White House detail was confused. The agents were unaccustomed to the bizarre effects created when small-arms fire echoes among unfamiliar structures, such as the buildings around Dealey Plaza. Secret Service Agents Kellerman, Lawson, Greer, Ready and Hill all thought the sound they heard had been caused by an exploding firecracker. It was only when he saw the President lurch forward and grab his neck that Clint Hill, who had extraordinary reflexes, leapt out of Halfback, as the follow-up car was known in Secret Service code, and charged forward toward SS 100 X. The reflexes of the agents nearest the President were crucial in those seconds after the first shot was fired. There are standardized tests to measure this ability, and any jet pilot who fails such a test is grounded. However, Presidential bodyguards were not required to take them.

In addition, a man's reflexes slow down as he ages, and the pace at which he lives may slow them further. The Secret Service pace was furious. Men assigned to the White House detail averaged from 50 to 80 hours overtime every month. "At forty," they said among themselves, "a man on this detail is old." Yet Service tradition dictated that the posts closest to Kennedy should be reserved for senior men. Greer, the President's driver, was 54. Kellerman, who sat beside Greer, was 48. They were in a position to take evasive action after the first shot, but for five terrible seconds, they were immobilized.

IN THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL car, Yarborough thought he smelled gunpowder. "My God!" he yelled, "they've shot the President!" Agent Rufus Youngblood hurtled over the front seat toward Johnson. He was less positive than he seemed; he was thinking that this was going to be very embarrassing if he were wrong. But his voice was firm. "Get down!" he snapped at Johnson.

In the VIP bus, Dr. Burkley was staring out absently at store windows. The President's physician had heard nothing. He was too far back in the motorcade.

THE PRESIDENT was wounded, but not fatally. A 6.5-millimeter bullet had entered the back of his neck, bruised his right lung, ripped his windpipe, and exited at his throat, nicking the knot of his tie.

In the summer of 1966, a former Cornell graduate student published a dissertation that suggested that this first bullet followed a different trajectory. The implication was that a second assassin had aided Oswald. The issue is resolved by the X rays and photographs which were taken from every conceivable angle during the autopsy on the President's body. Robert Kennedy has decided that this material is too unsightly to be shown to anyone, including qualified scholars, until 1971. He has turned it over to the National Archives with that restriction. Although this writer has not seen the material, he interviewed three people with special qualifications who examined it before it was put under seal. None of them knew the other two, but all three gave identical accounts of what they had seen in the photographs and X rays. The X rays show no entry wound "below the shoulder," as argued by the graduate student. Admittedly, X rays of active projectiles passing through soft tissue are difficult to read. However, the photographs support them in this case—and clearly reveal that the wound was in the neck. Finally, the recollections of all doctors present during the autopsy, including the President's personal physician, agree unanimously with this overwhelming evidence.

Continuing its flight, the bullet had passed through Governor Connally's back, chest, right wrist and left thigh, although the Governor, suffering a delayed reaction, was not yet aware of it.

AS THE LINCOLN emerged from behind the freeway sign, Abe Zapruder, the amateur movie photographer, saw the stifled look on the President's face and was stunned. Nellie Connally twisted in her seat and looked sharply at Kennedy. His hands were at his throat, but he wasn't grimacing. He had slumped a little.

Roy Kellerman thought he had heard the President call in his inimitable accent, "My God, I'm hit!" Roy looked over his left shoulder. Greer was looking over his right shoulder. The car, wobbling from side to side, slowly veered out of line—and both saw that Kennedy was hit.

At this instant, the impact of John Connally's wound hit him. He pitched forward, saw that his lap was covered with blood, and toppled to the left, toward his wife.

Suddenly, the Governor felt doomed. He panicked. "No, no, no, no, no!" he shrieked. "They're going to kill us both!"

Jacqueline Kennedy heard him. In a daze, she wondered, *Why is he screaming?* Already she had started to turn anxiously to her husband.

Greer turned back to the wheel. Kellerman, hesitant, glanced over his shoulder again. Neither had yet reacted to the crisis.

And now it was too late. Spectator Howard Brennan, openmouthed, saw Oswald take deliberate aim for his final shot. Crooking his arm, Oswald drew a fresh bead with his Italian rifle. His target, startlingly clear in the crosshairs of his telescopic sight, was 88 yards away. He squeezed the trigger again.

The First Lady, in her last act as First Lady, leaned solicitously toward the President. His face was quizzical. She had seen that expression so often, when he was puzzling over a difficult press-conference question. Now, in a gesture of infinite grace, he raised his right hand, as though to brush back his tousled chestnut hair. But the motion faltered. The hand fell back limply. He had been reaching for the top of his head. But it wasn't there any more. . . .

THE INTERIOR of the Presidential Lincoln was a place of horror. The last bullet had torn through John Kennedy's cerebellum, the lower part of his brain. Leaning toward her husband, Jacqueline saw a piece of his skull detach itself. At first, there was no blood. And then, in the next instant, there was nothing but blood spattering her, the Connallys, Kellerman, Greer, the upholstery. Gobs of blood as thick as a man's hand soaked the floor of the back seat. The President's clothes were steeped in it, the roses were drenched. Motorcycle Police Officer Bobby Hargis was doused in the face by a red sheet. To Kellerman, it appeared that the air was full of moist sawdust.

John Connally screamed again and again in agony; in terror, Nellie began to scream too; they were saturated. Jacqueline rose on her stained knees, facing toward the sidewalk, and cried, "My God, what are they doing? My God, they've killed Jack, they've killed my husband. Jack, Jack!" There was also a reaction in the front seat of SS 100 X. "Move it out," Kellerman told Greer. Into the intercom microphone, he said, "Lawson, this is Kellerman. We are hit. Get us to a hospital."

The back of the Lincoln was equipped with metal grips on the trunk for agents and a step on each side of the spare tire. Clint Hill had his fingers in the left grip and his toe on the left step 1.6 seconds after the last shot. He had just begun to surge up when Greer rammed the accelerator to

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the floor. The Lincoln sprang forward, dislodging Clint's foot. He was deadweight, and dragging. Mrs. Kennedy pivoted toward the rear and reached for him; their hands touched, clenched, and locked. It is impossible to say who saved whom. Neither remembers, and the film taken by Abe Zapruder is inconclusive. Mrs. Kennedy, who was in deep shock, has no recollection of being on the trunk at all.

She drew Clint up, and he, vaulting ahead, pushed her down until she tumbled back into the car, and he spread-eagled his body across the back of the Lincoln. He could hold on now, but that was small consolation. From the street, he had seen Kennedy's head wound. He knew it was mortal, knew the Secret Service had failed; and in anguish and frustration, he hammered the trunk with his free hand.

As the Presidential car raced toward the hospital, Governor Connally lapsed into unconsciousness. He believed he was dying. So did his wife. Putting her mouth to his ear, Nellie whispered, "It's going to be all right, be still." Yet she didn't believe it. She doubted that anything would ever be right again. For a while, she thought he was already dead. Then one of his hands trembled slightly. Quickly, she put her own over it.

Nellie heard a muted sobbing from the back seat. In a strangled voice, Jacqueline Kennedy was saying, "He's dead—they've killed him—oh Jack, oh Jack, I love you." There was a pause. Then she began again. Nellie and Clint could hear Mrs. Kennedy, but she could not hear herself.

Reality came to her in dim flashes. She had heard Kellerman on the radio and had wondered why it had taken the car so long to leave. Next, in her red daze, she had become preoccupied with the President's head.

Huddled on the ruined cushion, cradling his shoulders in her arms and his head in her gloves, she crouched over him. Trying to heal the unhealable seemed to be all that mattered; she couldn't bear the thought that others should see what she had seen.

CHAPTER FOUR

ONE OF THE earliest consequences of the catastrophe was to become one of the most searing: a schism among those who were close to the Presidency. The loyalists, mourning John Kennedy, could not adjust to Lyndon Johnson. Realists accepted the succession, sometimes with astonishing alacrity. Within the first minutes after the final shot was fired, the split between loyalists and realists began to tear the Secret Service asunder.

The first realist was Agent Emory Roberts, who made the switch in allegiance while Kennedy's heart was still beating. Roberts had seen the last shot strike Kennedy's skull, was certain the wound was mortal, and had assessed the implications at once. Like every other agent, he carried in his pocket a commission book directing him "to protect the President of the United States." Since a dead man could not serve as President, the Vice-President, Roberts reasoned, was already the new Chief Executive.

His decision had come too late to stop Clint Hill, but when Jack Ready was about to leap after Hill onto the Presidential car, Roberts shouted, "Don't go, Jack!" Ready hesitated, then drew back. As the car picked up momentum, Roberts said to Agent Bill McIntyre, who had been standing behind Clint Hill: "They got him. You and Bennett take over Johnson as soon as we stop."

AS THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL car drew up at Parkland Hospital, the dominant sound was the squawky commercial radio on Hurchel Jacks's dashboard. After an interval of utter pandemonium, with studio furniture toppling in the background and technicians calling to one another in hysterical stage whispers, a breathless announcer had pulled himself together. He was beginning to fit together bits of information after those first moments of total confusion. He said nothing about firecrackers. He was talking about gunfire.

The announcer's source was Mac Kilduff's press-pool car, fifty feet behind the Vice-Presidential car. Earlier, the correspondents there had been even closer. After the motorcade passed the Trade Mart, the press car had lost ground and was now weaving dangerously. The chauffeur was doing well to keep the road. He was driving in the middle of a furious fistfight.

Merriman Smith had seized the car's radiophone receiver while they were still on Elm Street. His Dallas UPI bureau heard him bark: "Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas." That first bulletin was on the UPI printer at 12:34. Before eyewitnesses could collect themselves, it was being beamed around the world. To those who tend to believe everything they hear and read, the figure of three seemed to have the sanction of authority, and many who had been in the plaza and had thought they heard only two reports, later corrected their memories.

The other wire-service reporter in the car was Jack Bell of AP. Smith was the senior wire-service man, and his seniority had given him a clear beat, the greatest in his career. The longer he could keep Bell out of touch with an AP operator, the longer that lead would be—so he continued to talk. Indignant, Bell demanded the phone. Smith stalled. He insisted that his Dallas operator read back the dictation. The wires overhead, he argued, might have interfered with his transmission. Everyone in the car could hear the cackling of the UPI operator's voice.

The relay was perfect. Bell, red-faced and screaming, tried to wrest the radiophone from him; Smith thrust it between his knees and crouched under the dash, and Bell, flailing wildly, was hitting both the driver and Kilduff. Finally, Smith surrendered the phone to Bell, and at that moment, it went dead.

THERE WASN'T a hospital attendant in sight. Kellerman, Sorrels and Lawson looked at one another, aghast. "Get us two stretchers on wheels!" Roy bawled.

The Dallas police had tried to alert Parkland, but the police dispatcher's equipment was not operating properly. That failure, one of many on November 22, played no role in the passion of John Kennedy. Had his injuries been less grievous, the delayed alarm would have become a proper matter for a searching inquiry. So would the decision to put Dr. Burkley at the end of the motorcade. But the Chief Executive was past saving, and had been now for six minutes. Had he been anyone but the President of the United States, the first physician to see him would have tagged him DOA—Dead on Arrival. There was no discernible respiration. His pupils were dilated and fixed. His brain was destroyed.

Nellie Connally had become visibly agitated. As long as they were moving, her self-discipline had been admirable, but now a pendulum was swinging within her. To her, the situation here seemed obvious. The man behind her was dead. She had seen the gore; no one could live after that. Yet everybody was fussing over the back seat. They were fretting over a corpse and paying no attention to her John. They were just letting the Governor of Texas lie there bleeding while they poked and fooled around, and it was outrageous.

The focus of attention was, in fact, the President, but no one was ignoring the Governor. They couldn't: Even if they had been indifferent to his suffering, the stark fact remained that he was in the way. Therefore, attendants, who had appeared at last, were leaning over Nellie from her side while Dave Powers, choking back his tears, lifted out Connally's legs. The transfer was easily accomplished. His condition was far less serious than it then seemed. The Governor's muscles were tense; he could brace himself and, being conscious, he could help his bearers. They placed him on the first of the two stretchers and carried him inside, Nellie stumbling after them.

Now it was the President's turn.

Mrs. Kennedy hadn't budged. Bowing her head, she continued to hold her husband. If she released him, the harrowing spectacle would reappear, and she couldn't endure that. Avoiding the faces around her, she crumpled lower and lower, pressing his stained face to her breast. The men could hear her making little weeping sounds.

"Please, Mrs. Kennedy," Agent Clint Hill said. He touched her shoulders, and they trembled convulsively. Four seconds passed, then five. "Please," Clint mumbled again. "We must get the President to a doctor."

She moaned, "I'm not going to let him go, Mr. Hill."

"We've got to take him in, Mrs. Kennedy."

continued on page 51

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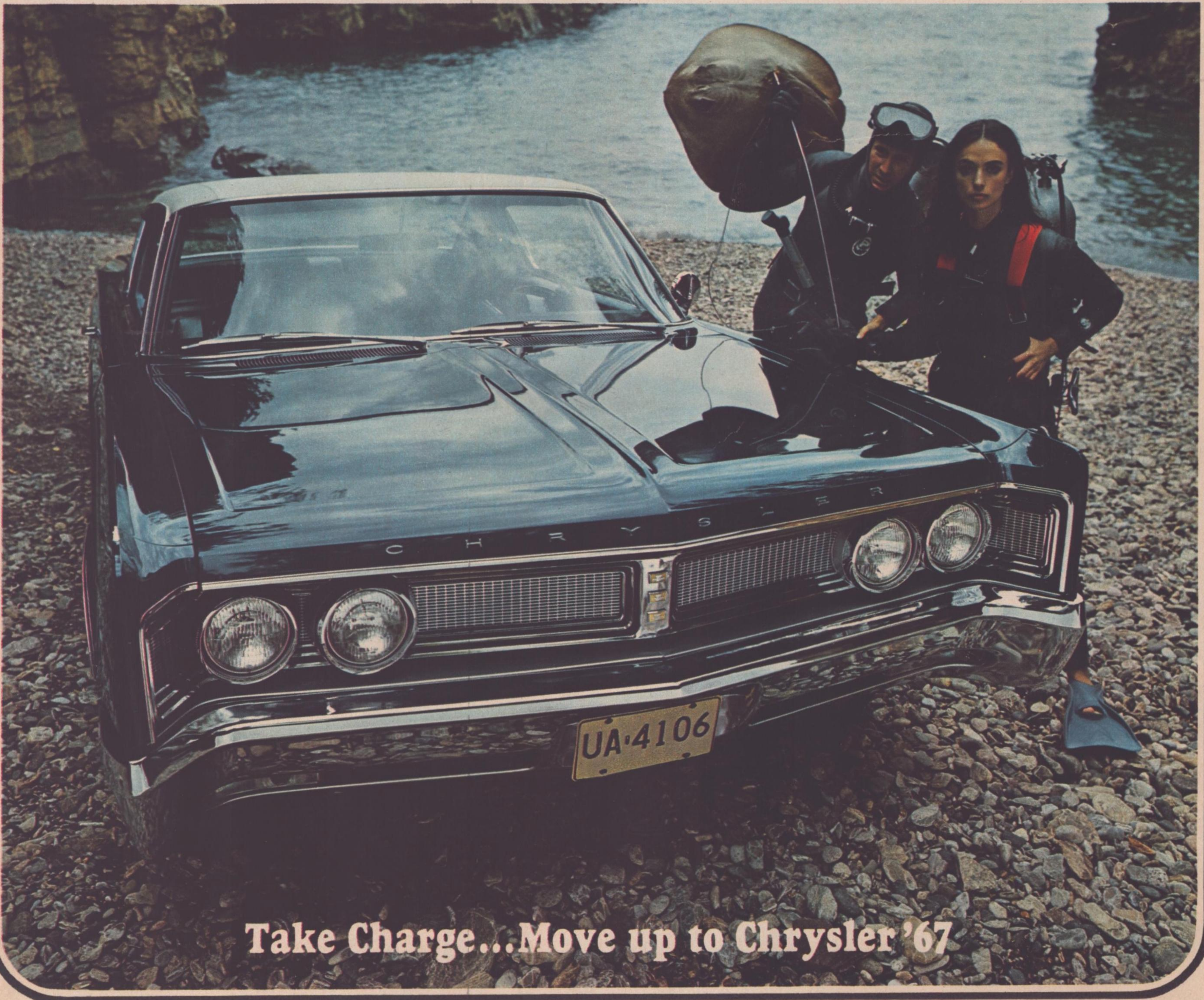

Illustrated above, Newport 2-Door Hardtop in Regal Blue Metallic. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, in color, Wednesdays... NBC-TV.

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"No, Mr. Hill. You know he's dead. Let me alone."

Suddenly, Hill realized what was troubling her. He ripped off his suit coat and laid it in her lap. Tenderly, she wrapped the President's head in the lining as five Secret Service agents drew him toward the second stretcher. She had another, brief moment of panic; they were moving too fast, the coat was slipping away. Scrambling along the wet seat, she seized it in white-knuckled fists while they grappled with his hips and thighs. It was a formidable struggle. Unlike Connally's, his body lacked tension. It was rubbery, and as a former practicing lawyer, Senator Yarborough recognized the signs. Horrified, he thought, *His legs are going every whichaways.*

Now he was on the litter, and they were rapidly wheeling him past a black No Loitering sign, through a scuffed wide door. Beyond lay another world. There was no sunlight. The air reeked. The corridor was walled in dreary tan tile, the floor was a dingy brownish-red linoleum.

In Trauma Room No. 2, John Connally was groaning. Nellie stood silently in the doorway, her face swollen, her eyes averted. The President was wheeled right, into No. 1. An arm seized Jackie, and there, on the threshold, she relaxed her grip on Clint's coat and stepped back. Her hopeless vigil had begun.

THE REPORTERS who did not travel with Mac Kilduff in the press-pool car were in two press buses. These buses unloaded as scheduled between the Furniture Mart and the Apparel Mart, on Industrial Boulevard. The bulk of the White House press corps showed their Polaroid passes to Dallas policemen, entered the Trade Mart, and heard the news either from officers or luncheon guests who had picked up Merriman Smith's flash over transistor radios.

Among the last to learn that anything had gone awry were the passengers on the hapless VIP bus. They had been instructed to go directly to the rear of the Trade Mart, but there were no Dallas policemen at the rear entrance. The guards were Texas state policemen who weren't tied into the radio network and didn't know what had happened. None of them, moreover, had ever seen a White House pass. They had been told that Secret Service agents would vouch for bona fide Kennedy people. But most of the agents had left for Parkland after picking up Kellerman's distress signal over the Charlie network.

The result was an icy reception for Dr. Burkley, the President's physician, and for Evelyn Lincoln, Pam Turnure, Mary Gallagher, Jack Valenti, Liz Carpenter and Marie Fehmer. A Ranger who knew Barefoot Sanders offered to admit him. No one could go with him, however. As a Texan, Liz was mortified. "This is Evelyn Lincoln, the President's personal secretary," she said indignantly, thrusting Evelyn forward. The guard inspected Evelyn's pass and handed it back to her. He said impassively, "I'm sorry, lady."

Suddenly, Dr. Burkley sensed that something terrible had happened. The atmosphere was ominous. Strangers were reeling around in circles. Doug Kiker of the New York *Herald Tribune* was sobbing passionately, "The goddamned sons of bitches." The doctor flagged Agent Andy Berger, who was about to leave in a police cruiser. The physician had just tossed his black bag on the floorboard when Chuck Roberts of *Newsweek* ran up. "Let me go with you," Chuck begged. Burkley, usually gentle, slammed the door in his face; the cruiser skirred into Harry Hines Boulevard and dropped the doctor outside Parkland's emergency entrance minutes after the President's disappearance within.

Parkland's emergency area had been overwhelmed. A metropolitan hospital is better equipped to handle a panic than almost any other public place, but no institution in the world could have weathered this one satisfactorily. There were too many people with too much rank, and there was an almost total collapse of discipline.

Jack Price, the hospital administrator, found himself begging his staff members to return to their own wards. Ambulatory cases were hobbling in every door, deaf to entreaties to turn back. One man told a nurse, "If the President's dead, why can't we see him? A dead body won't know the difference." Unwisely, she suggested that Mrs. Kennedy was entitled to privacy. "Jackie's here?" he cried. "Where?" He had to be restrained.

The Secret Service should have thrown up a security screen. But the disaster had exposed a hidden weakness—the allegiance of individual agents to a man, not an office. As long as Kennedy had been in command, the lines of authority were clear. Now, the old order had been transformed into hopeless disorder. Theoretically, Roy Kellerman was still the agent in charge. Emory Roberts had already defied him, however, and when Roy issued instructions that all the agents who had been riding in Halfback were to guard the hospital's entrances, nobody bothered to point out that Roberts had undercut him by reassigning them. In fact, few agents bothered to tell Roy anything, which was probably just as well, inasmuch as a showdown would have led to no real decision. Since Presidents pick their chief bodyguards, and since Kellerman was a stranger to Lyndon Johnson, Kellerman was already a lame duck. The identity of his successor was not so clear. Roberts was with Johnson, but Youngblood had been there before him and was a Johnson protégé. Thus the Secret Service, which should have been a symbol of continuity, was riven by disunion. The agents were as leaderless and perplexed as the rest of the Presidential party. Kellerman and Hill remained near Kennedy. Youngblood, Roberts and Lem Johns went with Johnson. Most were following personal loyalties. There was no overall plan, no design, and the inevitable consequence was anarchy.

During that first hour, hysteria was far more widespread than men could bring themselves to acknowledge. In retrospect, many later constructed accounts of how they felt they ought to have behaved—with emotion, but with control. The facts are more jagged. There was little control, and there were many aberrations that made no sense whatever. Nearly everyone in Parkland's emergency area in the minutes before or after one o'clock acted in a fashion that on any other afternoon would have been considered most odd. None of their quirks deserves ridicule, yet a few examples are useful, otherwise an understanding of the general mood is impossible.

Consider Maj. Gen. Ted Clifton. He was a general officer, a combat veteran, the President's senior military aide. Of all the men there, Clifton should have been the likeliest to grasp the capabilities of the Signal Corps. In fact, he forgot Signal entirely. Instead, he presented a credit card to a Parkland operator and told her that he wanted to make a long-distance call to the White House. Miraculously, he got through. On being connected, he asked the Situation Room to phone Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. O'Donnell and inform them that their husbands were uninjured. That urgent business out of the way, he instructed the operator to switch him to Bromley Smith, Executive Secretary of the National Security Council, and inquired of Smith, "Is there any intelligence on this?" The General's order of priorities was staggering. Only after wives had been reassured could he deal with the possibility of a plot against the United States.

Or take Clint Hill, a man of exceptional presence of mind, who had just demonstrated it on Elm Street. Roaming the emergency area, he realized that he was without his suit coat. It suddenly seemed important that he be properly dressed, and he approached a member of the hospital's administrative staff who was just his size and asked to borrow his coat. The public-relations man promptly surrendered it, though he wondered—quite reasonably—what possible difference shirt-sleeves could make at a time like this.

Dallas Police Sgt. Bob Dugger was worried sick about an automobile. He had heard the news at the Trade Mart and had driven here in the deputy chief's car. There hadn't been time to acquire permission, and now anxiety was gnawing at him. What would the chief think? Would he report a stolen vehicle? Would charges be filed? This was a serious matter.

A message for Anne Clifton; a clean coat for Clint; a chief's borrowed car—thus men turned from the unwieldy central event and seized upon details with almost pathetic gratitude. One by one, they could wrap them with understanding and tuck them away on the narrow shelves of the mind, postponing that awful moment when all the wrapping and tucking would be done and the enormous fact that would not fit must be faced. Individual conduct varied wildly in situations that were virtually identical. Jacqueline Kennedy and Nellie Connally stood a few feet apart, awaiting news of gravely wounded husbands. Both knew that the President's injuries had been mortal, and if there is such a thing as decorum in these circumstances, the Governor's wife should have been the first to speak. She wasn't. Jackie gently inquired about Connally. At first, Nellie said nothing. She was thinking that this

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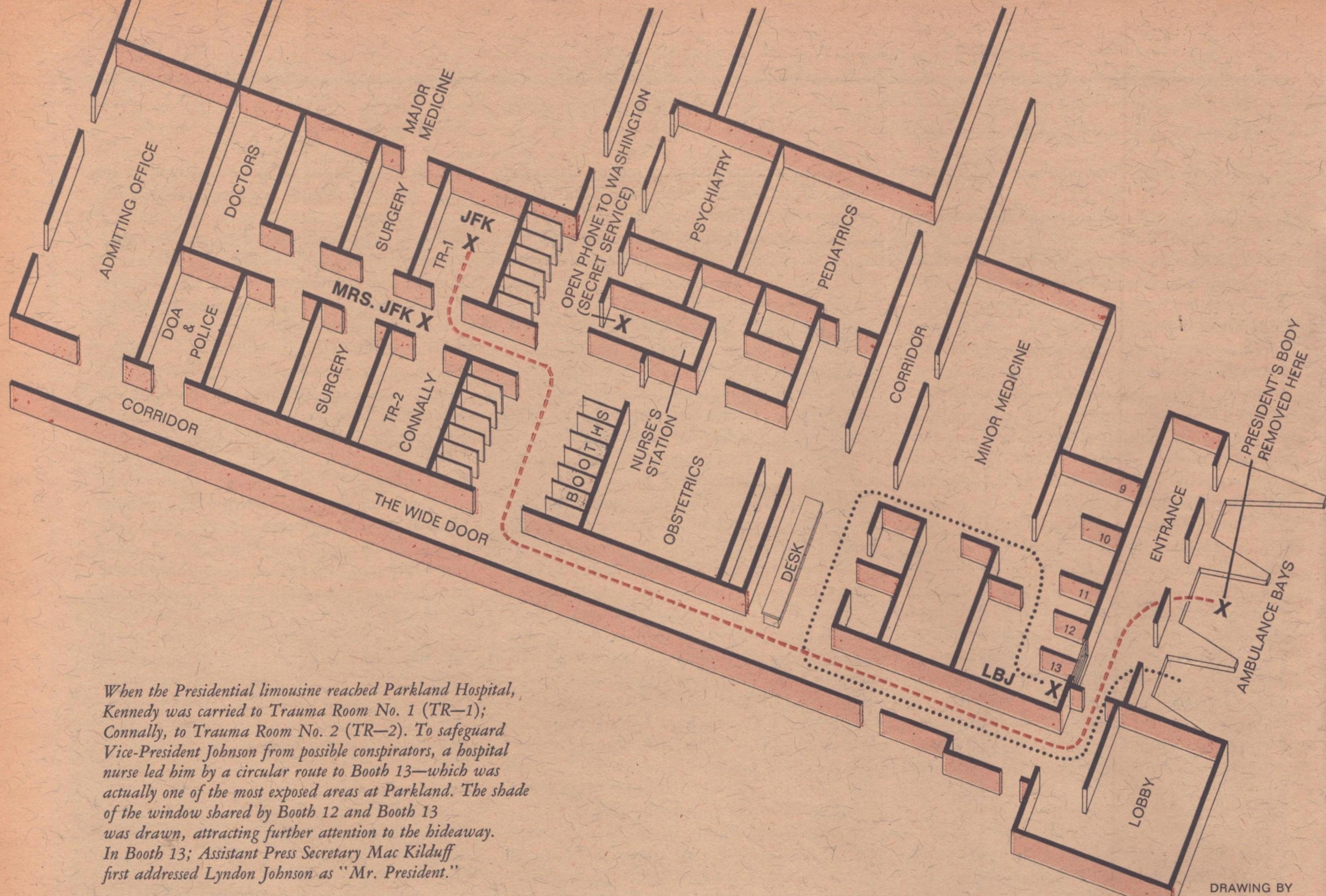

When the Presidential limousine reached Parkland Hospital, Kennedy was carried to Trauma Room No. 1 (TR—1); Connally, to Trauma Room No. 2 (TR—2). To safeguard Vice-President Johnson from possible conspirators, a hospital nurse led him by a circular route to Booth 13—which was actually one of the most exposed areas at Parkland. The shade of the window shared by Booth 12 and Booth 13 was drawn, attracting further attention to the hideaway. In Booth 13; Assistant Press Secretary Mac Kilduff first addressed Lyndon Johnson as "Mr. President."

DRAWING BY NATALIE SIEGEL

woman was almost a total stranger to her. She replied, "He'll be all right." And that was all.

Hugh Sidey took furious notes, half of which, he later found, were illegible. Reporter Bob Baskin simply left. He rode downtown to the city room of the Dallas *News* to talk to friends and find out what, if anything, was happening elsewhere in the world.

Liz Carpenter and Marie Fehmer had reached Parkland and been left in the administrative offices with aspirin and water. They had no idea what was happening and were growing increasingly restless. A passing employee called out that Kennedy had been shot. Liz thereupon jumped to an extraordinary conclusion. The President had been scheduled to address a luncheon at the Trade Mart. If he were wounded, he obviously couldn't talk. Therefore, she explained to Marie, the Vice-President would have to speak in his place, and as members of the Johnson staff, they should be present. There wasn't a moment to spare; he might be at the lectern already. Marie, impressed by Liz's logic, ran after her. At the hospital entrance, they explained the situation to a traffic policeman. He looked doubtful, then beckoned to a cruiser, which careened into Harry Hines Boulevard at terrifying speed and deposited them at the Mart's front door. To their amazement, only a handful of people were wandering about. All looked dazed. It looked as though the Vice-President's remarks would be poorly attended. Liz began to have second thoughts.

The epidemic of irrationalism wasn't confined to the Presidential party. Parkland's staff was also affected. Connally felt fingers plucking at his clothing. A voice said, "I've got his coat and shirt off." Another muttered, "I'm having trouble with his pants." The Governor felt a painful jerking around his hips. Exasperated, he groaned, "Why not cut them off?" There was a silence. Without realizing it, he had just reminded them of the hospital's established procedure.

The Parkland employees least in touch with reality were the clerks. The importance of paperwork had been drilled into them and now, seeking a haven from the general disarray, they fell upon the familiar rituals of routine.

"Kennedy, John F." was neatly logged in at 12:38, identified as a white male, and assigned the Emergency Room number 24740. His "chief complaint" was described as "GSW"—gunshot wound. "Connally, John," number 24743, had the same problem, and he was entered three spaces below, after a white female with a bleeding mouth and a colored female with abdominal pains. (The Governor, of course, had been admitted before all of them.)

This sort of thing went on all afternoon. Price, enraged, threatened to fire one zealous clerk. It solved nothing. Everything had to be recorded and filed; there could be no exceptions. O'Brien entered the hospital with Congressmen Albert Thomas and Jack Brooks. Taking a wrong turn, he found himself alone, facing a counter. On the other side was a bespectacled woman. "Just a minute!" she said smartly and handed him a form and a ball-point pen. In a stupor, he laboriously began to print "O'Brien, Lawrence F." Then he came to dead stop. Suddenly, the idiocy of the whole thing struck him. Dropping pen and form, he blundered down strange corridors, searching blindly for his President.

The body of John Kennedy lay at the center of the storm, insulated from it by the magnitude of the task that preoccupied everyone in Trauma Room No. 1. There was no need for sham activity beyond that threshold. The men and women who were gathering could not doubt the urgency of their work, and discipline invested it with a kind of peace. Blades and catheters were lifted automatically, dials spun instinctively; rubber-gloved hands reached, clenched and moved in rhythmic pantomime. The throat wound—which was then assumed to be an entry wound, because there was no time to turn him over—was small, and it exuded blood but slowly. The damage to the posterior cranium, however, could scarcely be exaggerated. That was the origin of the massive bleeding, which had begun on Elm Street, had continued throughout the ride to the unloading dock and the trip down the corridor, and which was unstanched even here. By now, one would think, Kennedy would have been bled white, but his great heart continued to pump; some 1500 cc. of blood—three pints—had flecked the aluminum hospital cart, its sheeting, the floors, the walls beyond. And mingled with it were vast amounts of fine tissue from the cerebellum and coarser cerebral matter. Nearly nude, his long body, unmarred below the head, lay on its back across a three-inch black-leather pad. The fixed eyes—dilated and divergent, deviated outward with a skew deviation from the horizontal—were raised sightlessly toward the solitary fluorescent lamp glaring overhead.

The first physician to arrive, Charles Carrico, a second-year surgical resident in his twenties, examined him rapidly. There was no pulse, no blood pressure at all. Nevertheless, he was not quite gone. His body was making slow, agonizing efforts to breathe, and an occasional heartbeat could be detected. Carrico commenced emergency treatment, inserting a tube through the mouth in an attempt to clear the airway. Lactated Ringer's solution—a modified saline solution—was fed into the right leg via catheter. In a hurried undertone, the resident inquired about blood type. A nurse darted out. "What's the President's blood type?" she asked Hill and Kellerman. Clint started to reach for his wallet. Roy said, "O, Rh Positive." In fact, the President was given O, Rh Negative because there could be no reaction to it, whatever his type.

Fourteen doctors surrounded the cart. That was too many. The place was less than twice the size of Kennedy's private bathroom on the second floor of the Executive Mansion. Only three of the physicians were absolutely necessary: Malcolm Perry, the 34-year-old surgeon who had just stumbled down the flight of steps from Parkland's cafeteria to relieve young Carrico; Burkley, because he was acquainted with the patient's medical history, carried his special drugs in his black bag, and knew the proper dosage levels; and Marion T. Jenkins, chairman of the hospital's department of anesthesiology.

Incising the President's throat just below the mediastinal wound, Mac Perry began a five-minute tracheostomy—"a mouth in the throat." Meanwhile, the tube between Kennedy's lips had been connected to a respirator in an attempt to start him breathing again. At this point, Jacqueline Kennedy decided to enter the room. She had been in the drab hallway for approximately ten minutes, each worse than the last. Nurse Doris Nelson had tried to take her gloves off; passing orderlies had attempted to persuade her to rest in one of the sheeted cubicles. The enormity of what had happened had just begun to hit her, but she had already determined that she would not leave here.

Parkland's staff didn't understand the strength of the will behind that decision. They knew only her reputation, and like Robert Kennedy, she was a very different person than the public imagined. He was gentler and more sensitive than he was thought to be; she was far firmer than people believed. Inevitably, both had been overshadowed by the President. In the void he was about to leave, they would emerge, however, and for Mrs. Kennedy, the time to assert herself was now. During the first few minutes, she had been quietly watchful. She couldn't understand why all the doctors were running in; she was certain her husband had been killed. Then she had heard the early talk about fluids. Physicians assume that laymen are awed by medical terminology. Usually, they are right. This time, they were wrong. The President had been ill since marriage; his wife had spent much time in hospital waiting rooms. She knew what a saline solution was, and when she heard a voice from the trauma room say "resuscitation," she understood that too. *He's still alive,* she thought in amazement. It made no sense. She was convinced that he had been killed. *Could there be a chance that he could live?* she thought; and, *Oh, my God, if he could, I'd just do everything all my life for him.* Jackie glanced up at Larry and Ken, a few feet away. She whispered, "Do you think? . . . ."

They said nothing. There was nothing to say. She said, "I'm going in there." Doris Nelson heard her and barred the way. The nurse was strong, and she had been imbued with the doctrine that relatives should be kept as far as possible from patients. One purpose of the policy was to prevent the very sort of false encouragement that had just been aroused in Mrs. Kennedy. Doris said sharply, "You can't come in here," and set her rubber-shod shoes. Unintimidated, Jackie said, "I'm coming in, and I'm staying." She pushed. Doris, much stronger, pushed back. Each time her husband had been sick, Jacqueline Kennedy had been turned away by doctors. She had heard him calling for her after his back operation; she had tried to go to him then, but no one would admit her. Then, when one specialist's treatments had begun to fail, she had wanted to bring in a consultant. She had been persuaded to change her mind, and the President had suffered through four months of intense pain and discouragement.

Until then, she had bowed to medical advice. The doctors, she had thought, must know best. But after those four months, she had sworn a private vow. Henceforth, she would at least be at his side when he needed her; never again would she let doctors or nurses cow her. Now, struggling harder, she whispered fiercely to Doris Nelson, "I'm going to get in that room."

The commotion attracted Burkley's attention. He came over. "Mrs. Kennedy, you need a sedative," he said.

"I want to be in there when he dies," she said. He nodded understandingly, then ran interference for her. "It's her right, it's her right, it's her prerogative," he kept saying, leading her past the woman in starched white, who reluctantly stepped aside under the impression that he was a Secret Service man.

AT 1 P.M., surgeon Kemp Clark said heavily, "It's too late, Mac." Perry's long hands crimped in defeat. He slowly raised them from Kennedy's unnaturally white breast, walked blindly from the room, and slumped in a chair, staring off into space and absently worrying the nail of his little finger with his teeth. From the head of the hospital cart, a doctor reached down and drew a sheet over the President's face. Clark turned to Jacqueline Kennedy. He said, "Your husband has sustained a fatal wound." The lips moved silently: *I know.*

CHAPTER FIVE

ON THE FIFTH FLOOR of the Justice Department building at Ninth Street and Pennsylvania, J. Edgar Hoover had picked up his direct line to the Attorney General's office. It was answered by Angie Novello, Robert Kennedy's personal secretary, who was staring across a desk at a frayed UPI page held aloft by a weeping press-office secretary.

"This is J. Edgar Hoover." His delivery, as always, was staccato, shrill, mechanical. "Have you heard the news?"

"Yes, Mr. Hoover, but I'm not going to break it to him."

"The President has been shot. I'll call him." A White House operator connected him with Extension 163, at the end of the swimming pool behind the Virginia mansion. In response to the ring, Ethel Kennedy left the men. The operator told her, "The Director is calling." Ethel didn't have to ask which one. In official Washington, there are many directors, but only one Director. She said, "The Attorney General is at lunch."

At the other corner of the pool, her husband had just glanced at his watch. It was 1:45 p.m. (12:45 in Dallas). He picked up a tuna fish sandwich and said to a guest, "We'd better hurry and get back to that meeting."

"This is urgent," the operator told Ethel. Ethel called, "It's J. Edgar Hoover." Robert Kennedy knew something out of the ordinary had happened; the Director never called him at home. He crossed to the phone, and as he took it, a man who had been listening to a transistor radio while working on an addition to the mansion whirled and ran toward him, gibbering.

The Attorney General identified himself. "I have news for you," Hoover said tonelessly. "The President's been shot." There was a pause. Kennedy asked whether it was serious.

"I think it's serious. I am endeavoring to get details," said Hoover. "I'll call you back when I find out more." The Director hung up. The Attorney General hung up. He started back toward his wife and his two mystified guests, who were beginning to understand the workman's babbling. Midway toward them, Kennedy stopped. It had hit him. His jaw sagged. "Jack's been shot!" he

continued

said, gagging, and clapped his hand over his face.

Like the President, Bob Kennedy disapproved of public displays of private feeling, and none of the friends who were about to gather in the yard at Hickory Hill saw him break. Nevertheless, there were intervals when he had to turn his back and look away toward the bathhouse, the tennis net, the gnarled trees, the tree house—to wherever there were no eyes to gaze back. His first thought was to fly to the side of his wounded brother, and after alerting Robert McNamara to the need for immediate transportation, he darted upstairs to change his clothes.

CAROLINE KENNEDY was in Liz Pozen's car pool, on her way to spend her first night away from home as a guest of Liz's daughter Agatha. Liz turned on Washington station WGMS and heard eight words: ". . . shot in the head and his wife Jackie. . . ." She instantly switched it off. To the best of her later recollection, the volume was low and those were the only words spoken. The children, she was convinced, heard nothing.

Caroline's subsequent remarks to Secret Service Agent Tom Wells suggest that there may have been more to the broadcast than Liz thought, but at most, it would have been hazy; all bulletins were hazy then. Certainly, the President's daughter could have had no grasp of what had really happened; Liz herself did not know.

Wells was following Liz Pozen in an unmarked Ford. His commercial radio was on, and as they were passing the National Zoo, the program to which he was tuned was interrupted for the nebulous flash, "We have an unconfirmed report of a shooting in the area of the Presidential motorcade in Dallas." Through his windshield, he rapidly scanned the station wagon, but Liz was too small to be seen from here, and the children, below window level, were invisible. It was as though all the occupants had been mysteriously spirited away, leaving the station wagon to cruise madly toward Chevy Chase Circle under its own power.

Liz Pozen was out of touch. Switching her set on again was unthinkable. She recognized one danger: A stranger in a passing car, hearing the news on his own radio, might see Caroline, recognize her from her pictures and act rashly. She peered out furtively at southbound drivers. They were impassive. Wells's station had resumed its regular program. Four blocks beyond the zoo, there was another break—the network was speculating that some members of the Presidential party, perhaps even President Kennedy himself, had been shot. Nothing was firm.

Stopping did not occur to Liz, and in the absence of any sign from her, Wells could only cling to her rear bumper. They passed through a half mile of green lights before one turned red; then, braking together, they flung open their doors and met between the two cars.

"Did you hear the broadcast?" he asked.

She nodded once quickly.

"Turn off your radio."

"I already did." She searched his face. "What should I do?"

"Nobody knows whether or not it's serious. Keep going."

The traffic signal changed; they drove on. Talking into his microphone, the agent called, using the code names for the White House, for himself and for Caroline: "Crown, Crown from Dasher. Request immediate instructions regarding Lyric in view of the present situation in Dallas. Over." Crown was silent. Then: "Stand by."

Due to UPI's speed, Liz Pozen and Tom Wells, cruising toward Maryland, knew more than those who should have advised them. White House detail chief Jerry Behn's lines were tied up because he was talking to Roy Kellerman. In Chevy Chase, Liz and Wells held their second conference. Since he had no "procedural instructions," he told her, they would continue with the car pool. His own thoughts were beginning to jell, however. Wells had convinced himself that he must spoil Caroline's visit to the Pozens. His next task was to convince his superior. "Dasher to Dresser. I feel the danger has grown. We don't know whether this is an isolated thing, a plot, or a coup. If it's a coup, Washington is sure to be a part of it, and I want Lyric back in a secure setting. We'd be primed for a snatch, and in lieu of anything to the contrary from you, I'm taking Lyric back to Crown."

It was not an easy judgment, nor would it be popular. Nevertheless, it made sense to Agent Bob Foster at the White House. He agreed that "They might be trying to kill the whole family." He conveyed the decision to Maude Shaw, the children's nurse, who was skeptical of it.

The greatest skeptic, however, was going to be Liz Pozen. Wells, expecting her to be difficult, reached a second judgment; to avoid discussion, he would say that he was acting under orders. Their third huddle was both distressing and hectic. He was so distracted that he forgot his emergency brake, and halfway toward her, he caught a horrified glimpse of the Ford slowly rolling downhill. He caught it after a sprint, set the brake, and returned. "I have to take Caroline back to the Mansion." "Why?" she cried. "Security reasons." She was even more stubborn than he had anticipated. Now that they were out of heavy traffic, she reasoned, the chances that Caroline might be spotted had diminished. Liz very much wanted to keep her. She had a case; it was inconceivable that an outsider could have discovered these arrangements, and this was no time to upset Caroline.

"It's not my decision," he said. "I have no alternative." Stepping past her, he put his head in the station wagon and said, "Caroline, you have to go back to your house. You better bring your overnight bag. Maybe you can come out a little later." To Liz, he seemed needlessly brusque and businesslike. Caroline shrank back. She said, "I don't want to go."

He opened the rear door and picked up the suitcase. "We don't have any choice. Something has come up. Miss Shaw will probably tell you."

"Yes, I know what it's about," she said. He gathered that she had heard a broadcast. Hugging the bear and fighting back tears, she climbed over the seat toward him. Liz kissed her; Wells put her on the front seat beside him and left. A quarter mile south of Chevy Chase Circle, Caroline looked up at him. "Why do we have to go home?" she asked. Before Wells could reply, she said again, "Never mind. I know."

"Mommy has changed her plans and will probably come back to the White House tonight," he said. "She wanted you and John to be home." Caroline again fell silent.

Reentering the Rock Creek Parkway, the agent became absorbed in a new, frightening complication. The specter that had plagued Liz Pozen became a reality: Another motorist recognized Caroline. They were passing a light-green sedan when the driver glanced over and started visibly. He was a burly man in his early fifties, wearing a hat and what appeared to be a lumber jacket. Once the man had recovered, he decided to give chase, and the agent immediately began trying to shake him. The man was taking a chance. Tom Wells was one of the best marksmen in the White House detail, and he was in a dangerous temper. Yet the anonymous driver's response was courageous and understandable. The black Ford carried no official markings, and anyone seeing the President's six-year-old daughter speeding away with an unidentified man in the minutes after the shooting might easily have concluded that she was being abducted.

The agent, on the other hand, had no way of determining the motives of his pursuer. He couldn't ask specific questions of Crown without alarming the child beside him. Perhaps his fear of a coup was being vindicated this very moment; perhaps the strange sedan was part of it. Wells damned the White House garage for failing to provide him a car with a red light under the car frame—or with a portable, pistol-grip flashlight that illuminated the black-on-red letters "POLICE." In its absence, he was left with but one choice: flight. He swerved to the left. His pursuer also accelerated, and was at one point a few feet from his right rear bumper. Gradually, Wells drew away. He cut in and out skillfully, allowing other traffic to filter between them, and when he reached the parkway's Virginia Avenue exit, there was no trace of the green sedan in his rearview mirror. At 2:13 Washington time, 46 minutes after their departure, Tom Wells swept Caroline past the pallid guards at the southwest gate.

BERNARD WEISSMAN, the young right-wing salesman who had signed the full-page advertisement in that morning's Dallas *News,* heard the news while driving in downtown Dallas with a friend. As he later testified, fearful that he would be blamed, he holed up in a bar for four hours, saying of the assassin, "I hope he is not a member of the Walker group—I hope he's not one of Walker's boys."

IN IRVING, Texas, Marina Oswald and Ruth Paine had heard the news over the Zenith set Lee had been watching the evening before. Ruth translated for her friend and lit a candle. "Is that a way of praying?" Marina inquired. "Yes, it is, just my own way," Ruth replied. Marina went into the yard to hang some clothes. The newscaster reported that the shots had come from the Texas School Book Depository, and Ruth went out to translate this too. Marina said nothing, but she furtively checked the blanket roll in the garage. Seeing it there, not knowing it was empty, she whispered to herself, "Thank God."

For most people at Parkland, the arrival of a priest was the first sign of the finality of the tragedy. Nearly all saw his black habit, the universally recognized chevron of death. Mac Kilduff whispered to Albert Thomas, "It looks like he's gone."

Only Mac Perry didn't notice the new arrival. The father walked right past him, but Mac was unaware of it. His brown eyes glazed with exhaustion, the surgeon was concentrating intently on a perfectly blank patch of tile wall.

The Very Rev. Oscar Huber went directly to Jacqueline Kennedy. He murmured his sympathies—he was breathing hard—and took up a position next to her. In cases of sudden death, he always used the short form of the last anointing, and here, he mechanically followed custom. He hadn't referred to his prayer book once. Dr. Burkley blurted out, "Is that *all*?" The doctor had never challenged a priest before, but the brusque ceremony offended him. It bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the rapid by-the-numbers procedures of the nurses.

The passing of a President, he felt, ought to be a more solemn occasion. "Can't you say some prayers for the dead?" he asked. Father Huber hurriedly chose several in English. Ordinarily, he would have knelt, but the floor, he saw, was one vast bloodstain; he didn't know that Jacqueline Kennedy had already been to her knees here, so he merely folded his hands, inclined his head, and began by murmuring the first half of the Lord's Prayer. The widow and the physician, the only other two Catholics present, responded with the second half. The nurses bowed in silence.

To Secret Service Agents Rufus Youngblood and Emory Roberts, preoccupied with thoughts of a plot, every room in Parkland Hospital looked like a trap. When Youngblood appealed for a quiet place for the Johnsons to get away from the crowd just after they reached the hospital, a nurse led them into minor medicine.

Mrs. Johnson followed the nurse with mounting alarm. The Secret Service had previously provided Johnson with only token protection, and the sudden change seemed ominous. The maze they were following multiplied Mrs. Johnson's fear. She knew she couldn't possibly retrace her steps without help. Furthermore, Youngblood, in securing the area, was eliminating the few landmarks that might have been useful. A Negro man lay in a bed to their left. "Move him," Youngblood told the nurse. He told the other agents, "Close all blinds."

When the Johnsons drew up at the end of a ward, they had the impression that they had reached the interior of the hospital. Actually, they had been following a great circle. Had the shade in the ward's single window been raised, they would have discovered that they were standing just a few feet from the ambulance dock.

Minor medicine's Booth 13 was the quietest place on the floor, but it was unoccupied only because it was close to the emergency-area entrance. This wasn't quite what Youngblood had had in mind when he asked for a quiet place. If a second assassin had trailed the motorcade here—and, in the turmoil, his only difficulty would have been finding a place to park—his prospects of success would have been fairly good. Although he couldn't have seen his target, the window beside Booths 12 and 13 was the only one on the first floor of that side of the building, and its drawn blind attracted further attention to it. Little cunning would have been required to guess that inside, within range of an automatic weapon or a grenade, stood John Kennedy's successor.

CHAPTER SIX

He stood with his broad shoulders braced against a blank wall, sniffing from a vapor inhaler that he always carried to clear his nasal passages. Bowing his head, he pinched one nostril, breathed deeply, then repeated the process. Mrs. Johnson was resting her back against the tangential wall, watching him. "Lyndon and I didn't speak," she recalled later. "We just *looked* at each other, exchanging messages with our eyes. We knew what it might be."

Nevertheless, they weren't sure exactly what had happened. They waited indecisively, craving information like everyone else. Johnson sent for Agent Roy Kellerman. "Roy, can you tell me the condition of the President?" Johnson asked.

"President Kennedy has been hit," Kellerman said. "He is still alive. The condition is not good."

"Will you keep me advised?"

"Yes, sir."

Kellerman meant to keep his promise, but he never saw that part of the floor again. When he returned to major surgery, his hands were full.

Aide Ken O'Donnell thrust his head into Booth 13. "It looks pretty black," he said. "I think the President is dead." Johnson didn't reply.

An agent scurried off to a vending machine and brought coffee to the Johnsons. Mrs. Johnson, who always carried notebooks to record what she called her "never-to-be-forgotten moments," had produced one from her purse and was rapidly writing down her impressions.

Another agent asked Youngblood to make a call. "I'm not leaving this man for anybody," he said crisply. He did, however, want to leave Parkland. From the moment they had reached the ambulance dock, he had been plotting a getaway. Not only the hospital, but the entire city of Dallas had become an abomination to him. He was a man of exceptionally strong will, and he felt keenly that he couldn't meet his responsibilities to Johnson as long as they remained here.

Staying in Dallas was an insane risk, he felt. They should head for Love Field immediately. Emory Roberts agreed, and the two agents pressed their view on Johnson.

To them, the issue seemed simple. Yet in it lay the first germ of what later became a series of misunderstandings. For those who had been close to the slain President, it was impossible fully to appreciate the tremendous shock, the sudden pressure inflicted on the new President. While he had already succeeded to the office, he didn't realize it, and the slumped figure in Booth 13 bore little resemblance to the shrewd, assured President Johnson the country came to know. Dazed, silent, he was far readier to take orders in Parkland than to issue them. His poise had dissolved. In a feeble whisper, he said to Congressman Homer Thornberry, "This is a time for prayer if there ever was one, Homer."

Two factors increased his muddle. Johnson wasn't the only man incapable of coping with the fact of his succession. Kennedy's grieving staff couldn't bear to face it either. As Air Force Aide to the President, Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh was the logical man to coordinate air transport back to Andrews Air Force Base. Twice, agents asked him to speak to Johnson, and each time he refused, merely pointing out that the Vice-President had his own plane. The second factor was the absence of Jerry Behn, the head of the Secret Service White House detail. In deciding that he would not make each Presidential trip, Behn had not only broken precedent, he had left his agents without a leader. Had he been present, the bodyguards in minor surgery would never have dreamt of acting without his consent. But Behn was in the East Wing of the White House, gripping a telephone receiver and awaiting news from Roy Kellerman. Kellerman was his deputy. It is conceivable that a more tenacious deputy might have imposed authority over all the Secret Service men in Dallas, though that point is moot; Youngblood had the bit in his teeth. Of all the agents there, he had the quickest tongue and one of the clearest minds. He had Johnson's confidence. He and Roberts had a plan, and neither was in the mood to defer to Roy Kellerman. Although he was the agent in charge at Parkland, Kellerman wasn't told that the new President was to be taken from the hospital.

In Booth 13, Roberts told Johnson that he had seen Kennedy's head wound. "The President won't make it," he said. "Let's get out of here."

"We don't know the scope of this thing," Youngblood said. "We should get away from here immediately."

"Is Carswell possible?" Johnson asked hes-

continued

itantly, referring to the Strategic Air Command base near Fort Worth.

Youngblood sent Agent Lem Johns to ask a local policeman the route there, but when Johns returned, everyone agreed that the SAC base was too far. "We've got to get in the air," Roberts persisted.

Still hesitant, Johnson said, "Maybe President Kennedy will need the airplane."

No one asked which airplane he had in mind. The discussions in Booth 13 were based on the astonishing assumption that only one Boeing 707 was parked at Love Field. In reality, the situation there was unchanged. Neither the Presidential plane—number 26000—nor the Vice-Presidential plane—number 86970—had been moved. Each carried the same equipment, both were guarded. Nevertheless, from this point forward, the backup plane was forgotten. Johnson and his agents thought only of 26000, Angel, Air Force One—the aircraft identified with John F. Kennedy. Johnson did not want to seem presumptuous and told the agents that he would not move without approval from a member of Kennedy's staff, preferably Ken O'Donnell. Roberts sought out O'Donnell in major medicine.

"Johnson wants to go," he said. "Is it OK if he uses the plane?" O'Donnell nodded, and Roberts reported back to Johnson, "Ken says it's OK." Johnson still waited. Then, at 1:13 p.m., Emory Roberts said to him: "The President is dead, sir."

Johnson, in shock, said to his wife, "Make a note of the time." Then he added, "We're leaving. We'll go as quietly as possible." Youngblood told Agent Johns, "Get an unmarked car and find a policeman who knows Dallas like the back of his hand."

"I must go see Mrs. Kennedy and Nellie," Mrs. Johnson said. Her husband not only agreed, he wanted to accompany her. Youngblood was still very much in command and told the new President that he could not leave this ward.

As Father Huber opened the door of his car, a group of reporters surrounded him. "Is he dead?" Hugh Sidey of *Time* asked.

The priest took a deep breath. "He's dead, all right," he said. But there had been no official word, and a report from an unknown priest was not conclusive.

A statement could not be postponed indefinitely. While Father Huber's indiscretion was unknown in the emergency area, it was hardly surprising. The secret could not be kept long. Too many people had been in the trauma room. Already, Kilduff had sought out Ken O'Donnell. He had asked, "He's dead, isn't he?"

In a syllable, O'Donnell confirmed it.

"This is a terrible time to have to approach you on this," Kilduff said, "but the world has got to know that President Kennedy is dead."

"Well, don't they know it already?"

"No, I haven't told them."

"Well, you are going to have to make the announcement. Go ahead," O'Donnell said. "But you better check it with Lyndon Johnson."

An agent guided Kilduff through the white jungle of minor medicine. At the end of the last right turn, Kilduff saw the broad back of Kennedy's constitutional successor. He cleared his throat and said, "Mr. President."

It was the first time that anyone had so addressed Johnson. He turned and, according to Kilduff's later recollection, "looked at me like I was Donald Duck."

Kilduff asked permission to make a statement. Johnson shook his head. "No. Wait. We don't know whether it's a Communist conspiracy or not. I'd better get out of here and back to the plane. Are they prepared to get me out of here?"

The Secret Service was prepared, and he knew it, but he wanted to be certain he had left Parkland before reporters were informed. After a flurry of conferences with agents, Kilduff understood. At 1:20, he approached Johnson again and told him, "I am going to make the announcement as soon as you leave."

"Yes," said Johnson. "As soon as I leave, you announce the death."

Kilduff walked out the emergency entrance with him. As soon as they reached the sunlight, reporters bayed, "What can you tell us?" Lowering his head, Kilduff bulled through them and plodded off across the grass, toward the rooms where most of the press were gathered.

At first, Kilduff, red-eyed and tremulous, was unable to speak. Incoherently, he thought, *Well, this is the first press conference on a road trip I have ever had to hold.*

"Excuse me," he said, "let me catch my breath." He caught it. There was another, longer pause. At 1:33, he moistened his lips. "President John F. Kennedy—"

"Hold it!" called a cameraman, and a lens clicked.

"President John F. Kennedy died at approximately one o'clock Central Standard Time today here in Dallas."

At 1:35, UPI bells chimed on teletype machines around the world:

FLASH
PRESIDENT KENNEDY DEAD
JT135PCS

Ken O'Donnell made a second trip to Booth 13 and confirmed Kennedy's death to Johnson. According to Johnson, O'Donnell twice urged him to board Air Force One. It is Johnson's recollection that he consented, with the stipulation that he would wait at Love Field until Mrs. Kennedy and the body of President Kennedy were brought to the plane.

O'Donnell declares this version to be "absolutely, totally and unequivocably wrong." He says that Johnson raised the possibility of a conspiracy. "I agreed that he should get out of there as soon as possible," O'Donnell says. "He asked me whether they should move the plane—meaning, I thought, Air Force Two—to Carswell Air Force Base. I said no; it was 35 miles to the Air Force base, and it would take too long to move the plane. Besides, no one would know that he was going from Parkland Hospital to Love Field anyway; they had no way of knowing." Concerning 26000, O'Donnell says, "The President and I had no conversation regarding Air Force One. If we had known that he was going on Air Force One, we would have taken Air Force Two. One plane was just like another."

Youngblood supports Johnson, but O'Donnell was clearly dumbfounded when, an hour later, he encountered the Johnsons on 26000. It is entirely possible that Johnson mentioned "the plane" to O'Donnell in connection with Carswell, and that the new President thought that he and Ken were talking about the same plane. What is highly unlikely is that O'Donnell would have suggested that Johnson await Mrs. Kennedy when a second aircraft was available. Ken knew Johnson was anxious to take off immediately. He also knew that President Kennedy's widow would not depart without his body and that she would, therefore, be delayed. The discrepancy between the two versions is probably a consequence of confusion, though there is an alternative. The new Commander in Chief may have been determined to maintain the closest possible association with the fallen Commander in Chief during what might well become a national emergency, and he may have supposed that O'Donnell understood and shared his concern.

Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry had surrounded Love Field with his policemen. Two unmarked cruisers were waiting outside Parkland, with their motors idling and Curry himself behind the wheel of the first one.

In the nurse's station, Godfrey McHugh was smoothing the way for what he believed would be exclusively a Kennedy flight. He phoned the pilot, Col. Jim Swindal, ordering him to move to another part of the Dallas airport as a security precaution. After talking to a Dallas police captain, Swindal wisely ignored this instruction. He was already in Love's safest spot. How safe that was is debatable.

At Love Field, Col. George McNally, chief of the White House Communications Agency, was unimpressed by the protection offered to the new President by the Dallas police, who "were running around with goofy looks." If a number of people had been acting in concert with the assassin, McNally said, "the conspirators could have had the plane and everything."

In the next issue of LOOK, William Manchester describes the desperate rush from Parkland to Air Force One by the car carrying Lyndon Johnson, the dispute between Kennedy aides and a Dallas official over the removal of the President's body, and the abrasive relationship between Kennedy and Johnson partisans during *A Troubled Flight From Dallas.*

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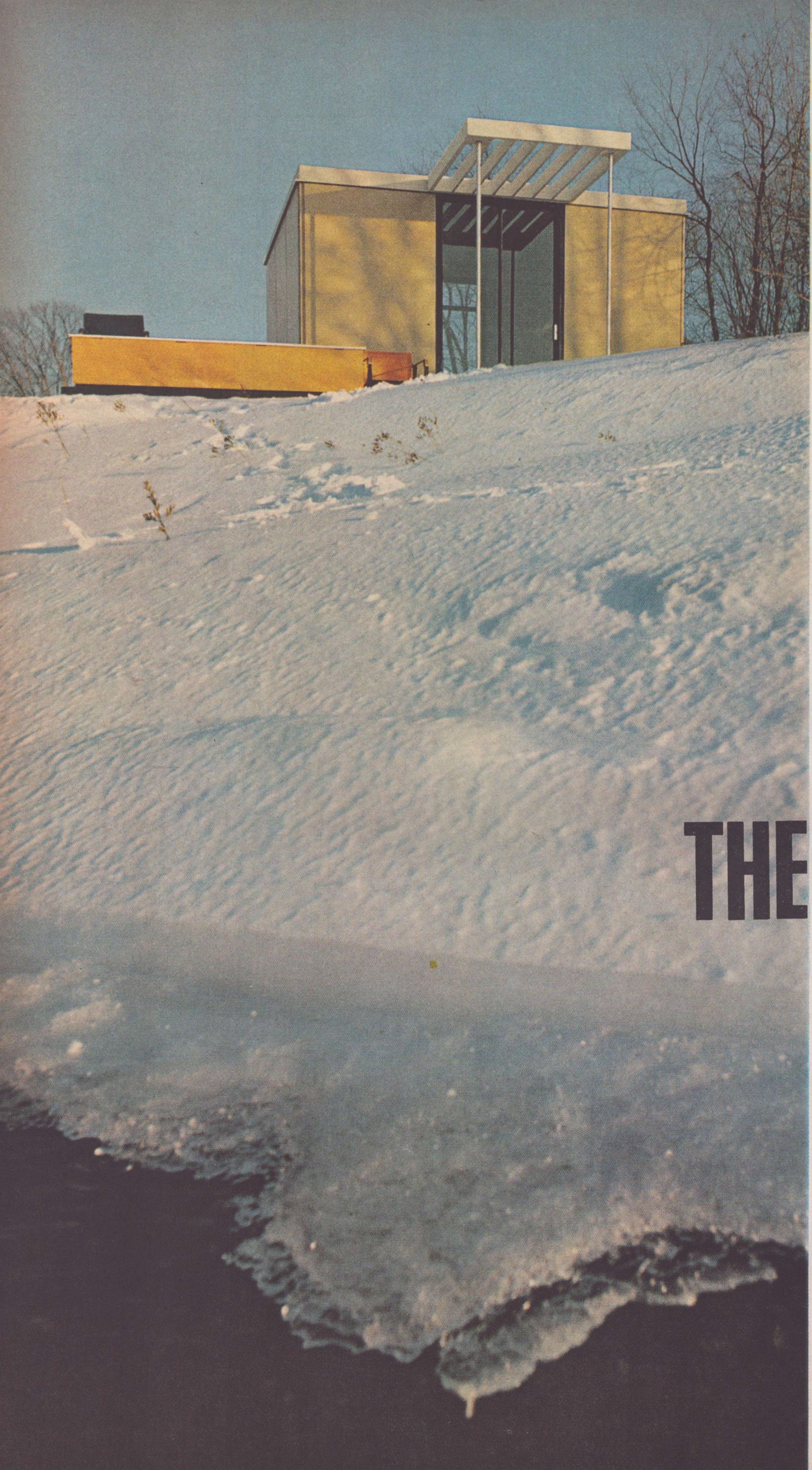
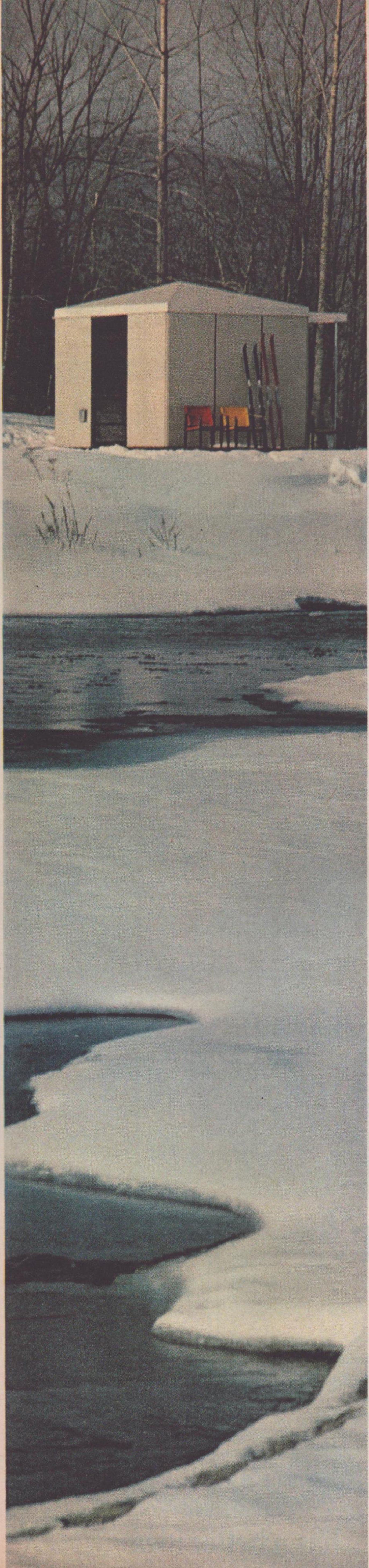


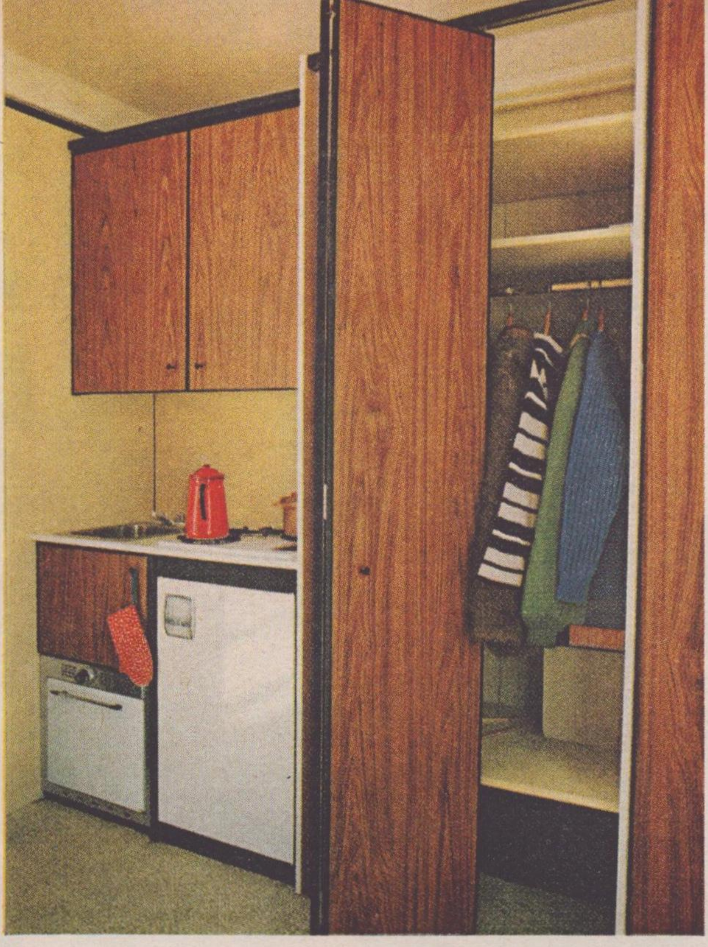
Nestled in the snows of Stowe, Vt., this snug vacation house is a preassembled answer to a budget-conscious family's prayer. Its designer, 32-year-old Andrew Kostanecki, loves to ski, has a wife and three small children. To fit his housing needs, he drew on his talents as an industrial designer and years of sailboat living. Result: an award-winning cabin that is compact, shipshape, easy to maintain, even portable. Dubbed the Hideout by manufacturer Outboard Marine Corporation, the house has a galley-style kitchen, bathroom, storage and sleeping space for four adults and self-contained water, light and heating systems—all in 1,220 ingeniously organized cubic feet.

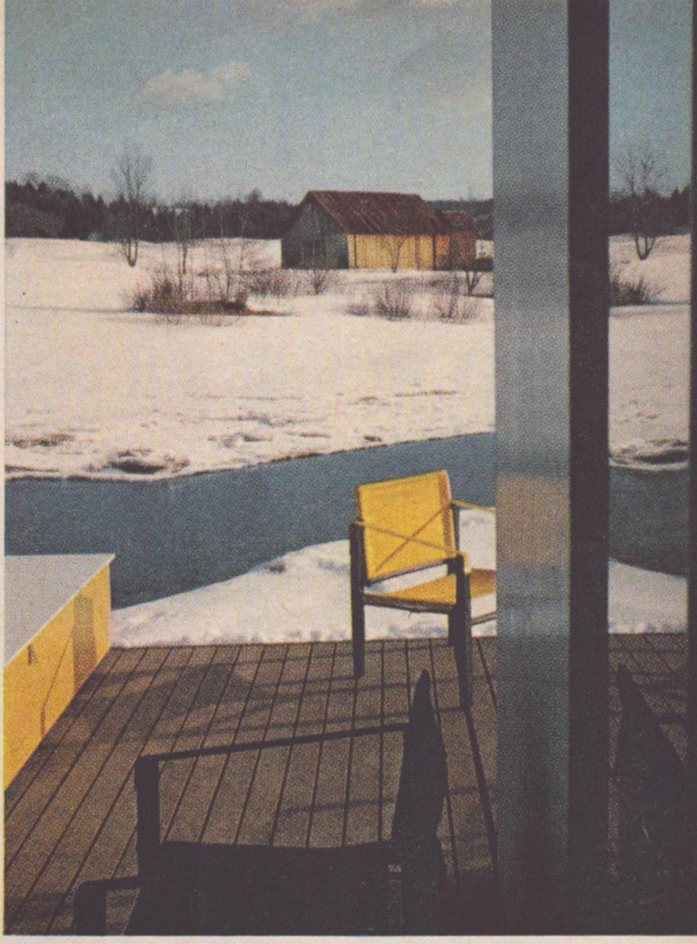
NEWEST PIECE OF SKI EQUIPMENT IS THE HIDEOUT FOR AN ACTIVE YOUNG FAMILY TO USE ALL YEAR

Aluminum sandwich-construction wall panels, vaulted Fiberglas ceiling and plywood floor are watertight and well-insulated. The Hideout sells stripped down (no appliances) for about $2,900, or in the furnished version shown here for about $3,900 through OMC dealers. It arrives by truck, completely erected and equipped. Adjustable jacks suit the structure to any site. Thus, this winter's cabin on the slopes can become next summer's cottage at the shore.

PRODUCED BY MARY SIMONS
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY GENE LAURENTS

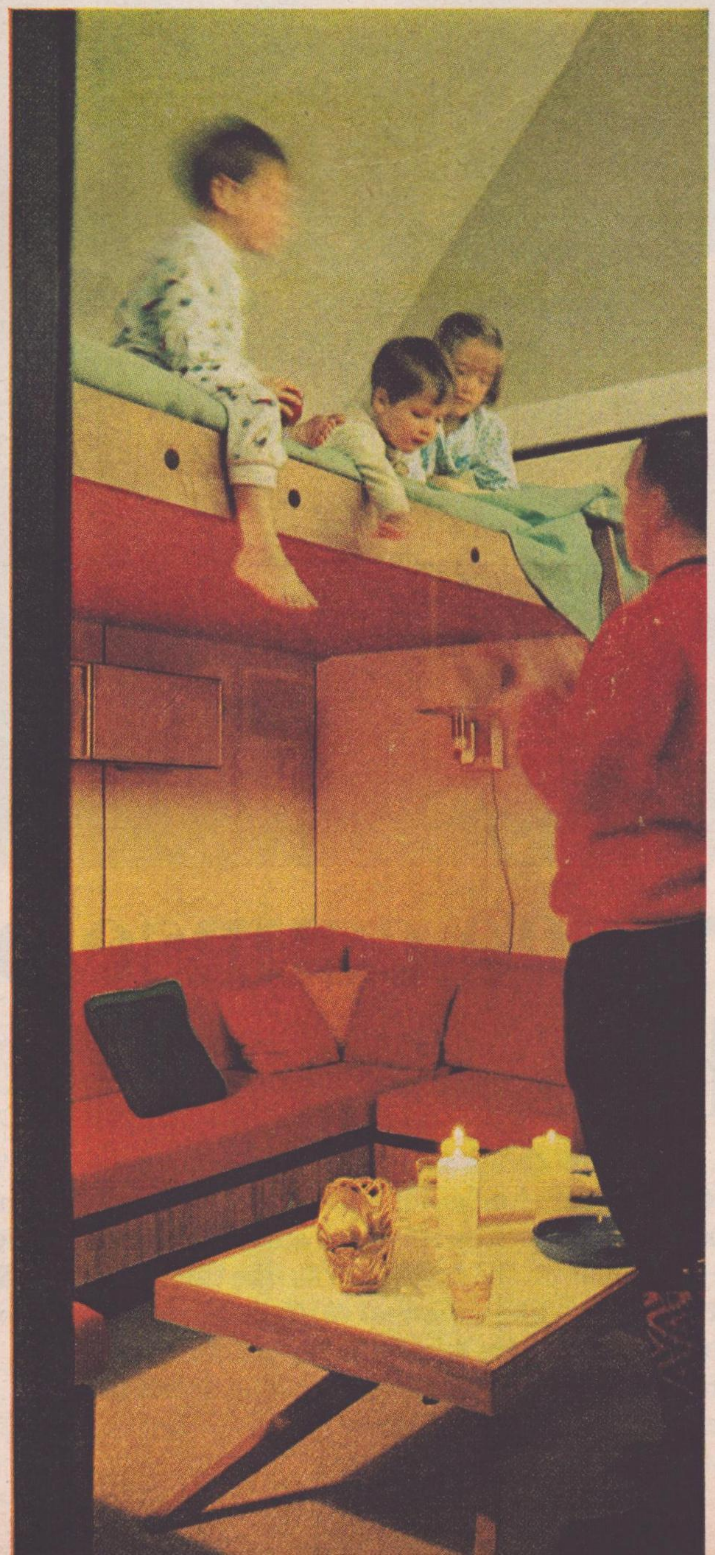


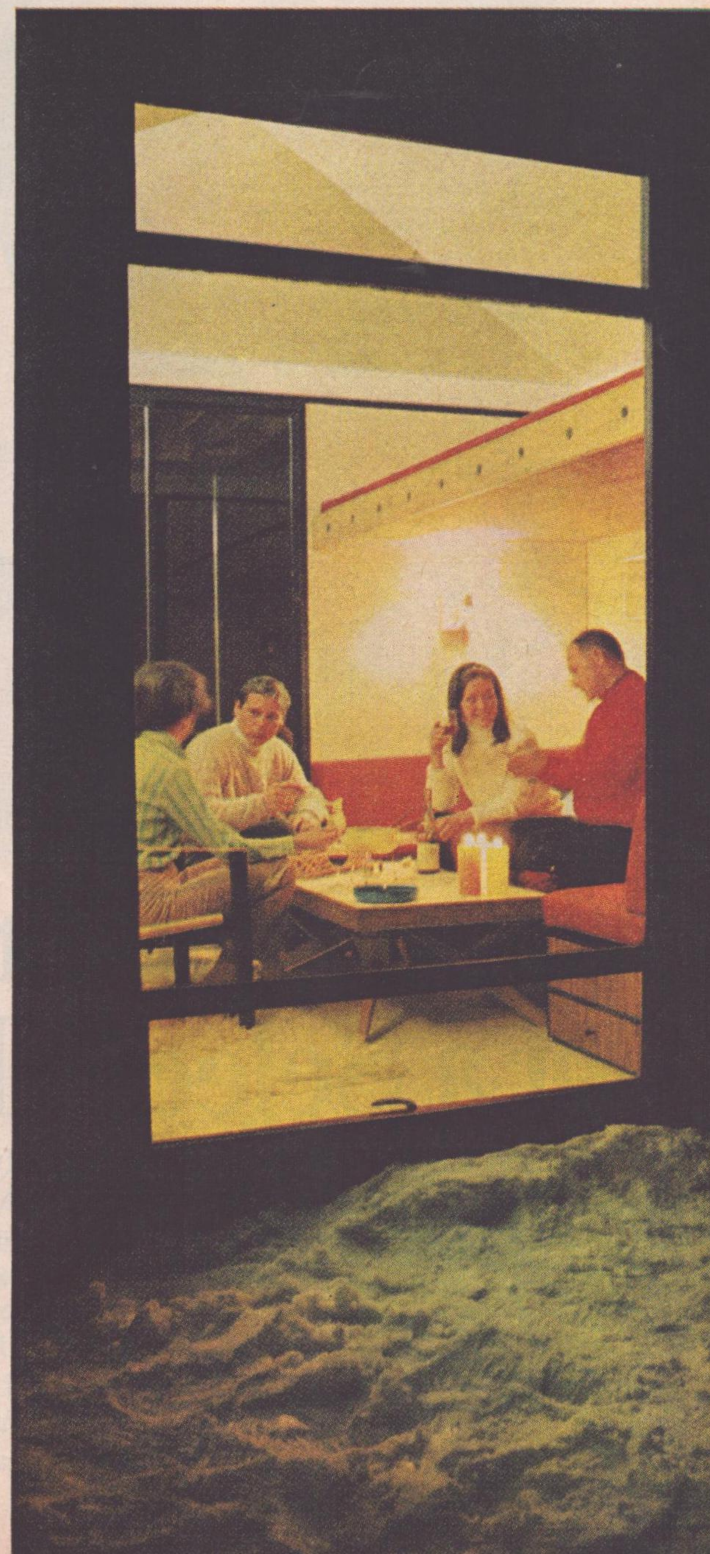




Sliding glass door in front (far left) and window wall in back (left) make the Hideout seem much roomier than 10 by 14 feet. Vinyl-covered walls and floor simplify vacation housekeeping. Galley (above) has stainless-steel sink, three-burner bottled-gas range and oven, electric refrigerator tucked into Formica-topped counter. Folding doors of wood-grained vinyl camouflage closet. Kostanecki (below) tucks his brood—John (left), Christopher and Andrea—into 54-inch-wide top bunk.

Simple wooden deck (above) adds outdoor living space to the cabin. Boxes store skis and equipment, also serve as benches. Below, the Kostaneckis entertain fellow skiers Tom Hamilton and Myni Ferguson (center). Coffee table has flip top and expands to dining height. Sofa opens to sleep two adults, has drawers underneath to hold bedding and clothes. Freestanding metal fireplace can be installed in front of rear-window wall. END





Why see a marriage counselor? Get a Select Shift.

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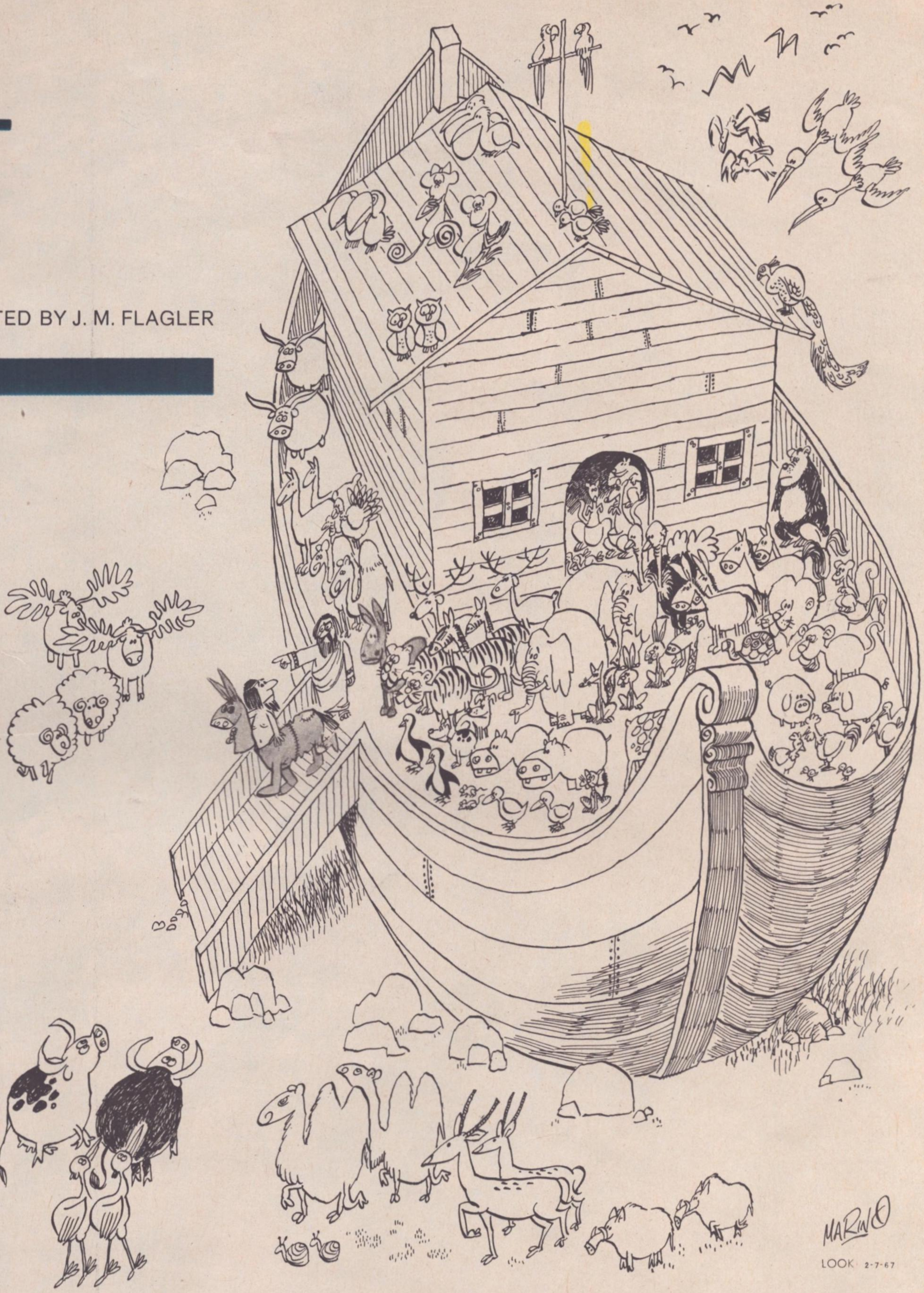
Ford

...has a better idea

LOOK ON THE

LIGHT SIDE

EDITED BY J. M. FLAGLER



COLD COMFORT

It seems to me that a kind of freezer psychosis has developed in recent years. Formerly, if you bought a nice sirloin for dinner, it was a luxury. Now, you buy six sirloins, freeze them, and think of it as an investment. Anyhow, my wife does. On payday, she hurries home from the market, stows all the choice cuts in the freezer and shoves a meat loaf in the oven. The freezer has begun to have an appetite of its own. I've come to think of it as a member of the family —a wealthy and demanding relative who has to be given all the tidbits before the rest of us can eat.

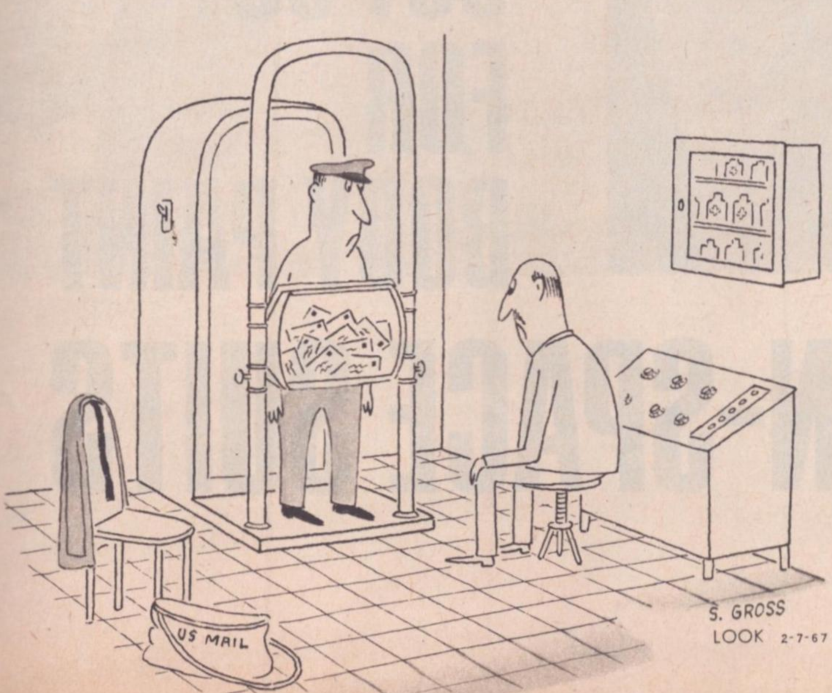
This has led to a peculiar circumstance. When we can afford a few luxury items, they all go into the freezer. The only time we take anything out is when we're too broke to go to the store. As a result, whenever the bill collectors and the people from the finance company stop by, they always find us eating T-bones and lobster tails. I wish somebody could think of a better explanation than the one I keep giving them.

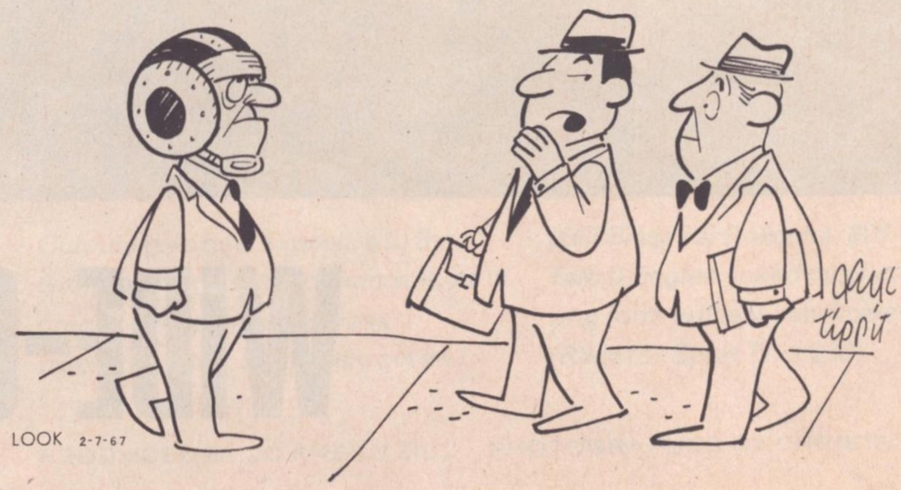
WILL STANTON

New China News Agency . . . said the bridge, measuring 2,190 feet in length, was built in 130 days by workers who "held aloft the great red banner of Mao Tze-tung's thought and studied Chairman Mao's works."

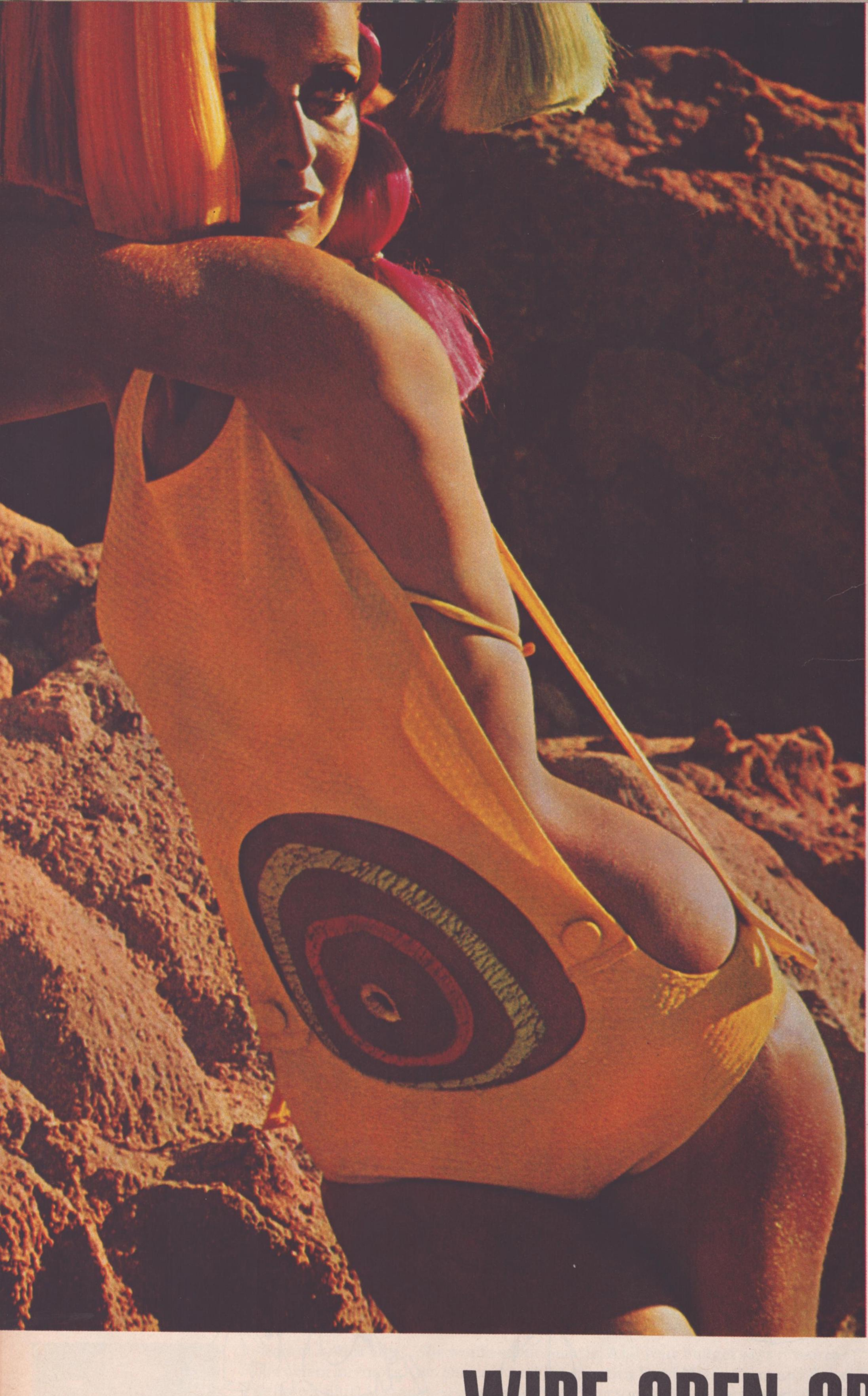
News item

Think what they could have done if they'd had their hands free.





"Don't get him started on meteorites!"

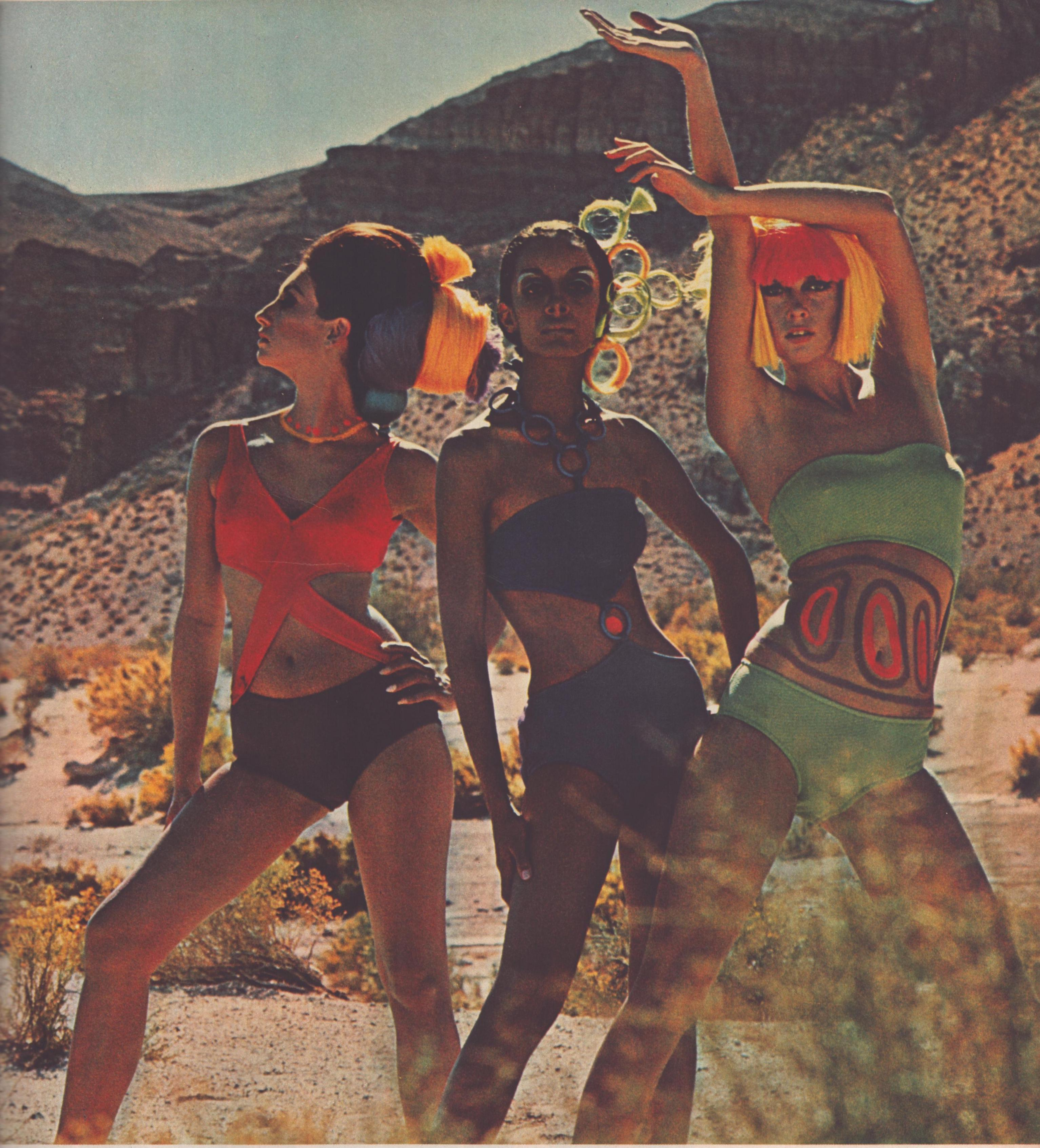


TO BARE or not to bare . . . that is no longer the question. Swimsuits have gone about as brief as they can go. But the news on what to wear at the beach this year is wildly revealing. Suits in stinging colors flaunt eye-popping cutouts strategically placed for provocative tanning. Bored with near nudity, attention-seekers now decorate the body beautiful with water-based paints (easily wash-offable) in the same sizzling tones. Hair goes wild too. These Dynel fantasies, plaited and curled by Harold Leighton for Tovar Tresses, are worn pinned to your own hair. All—suits, hairdos and girls—are shown against the wide-open-space grandeur of California's Red Rock Canyon.

Suspenders hitch—but narrowly —on this bull's-eye suit in one of the season's splashiest colors (Neil Bieff for Allen & Cole, $40).

CUT OUT FOR BODY PAINT

WIDE-OPEN-SPACE SUITS



Cutouts give new exposure to the two-piece abbreviated swimsuit, as in orange-and-plum crisscross maillot and lime diagonally cut knit (Bill Blass for Roxanne, $28 each). Two triangles linked by plastic ring form brilliant cornflower suit (Rikki for Sport Trio, $30).

PRODUCED BY JO AHERN ZILL   PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTA

continued

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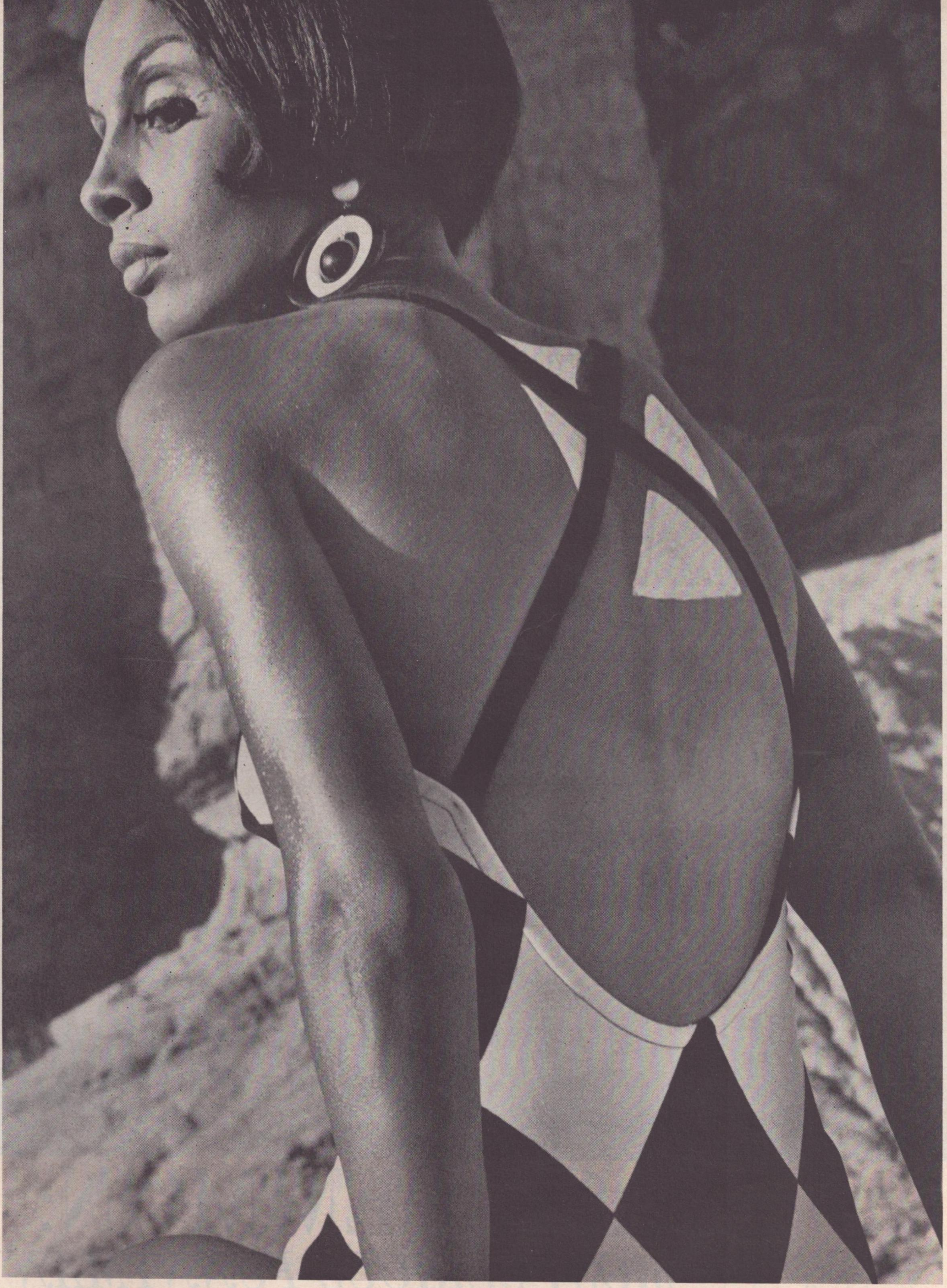
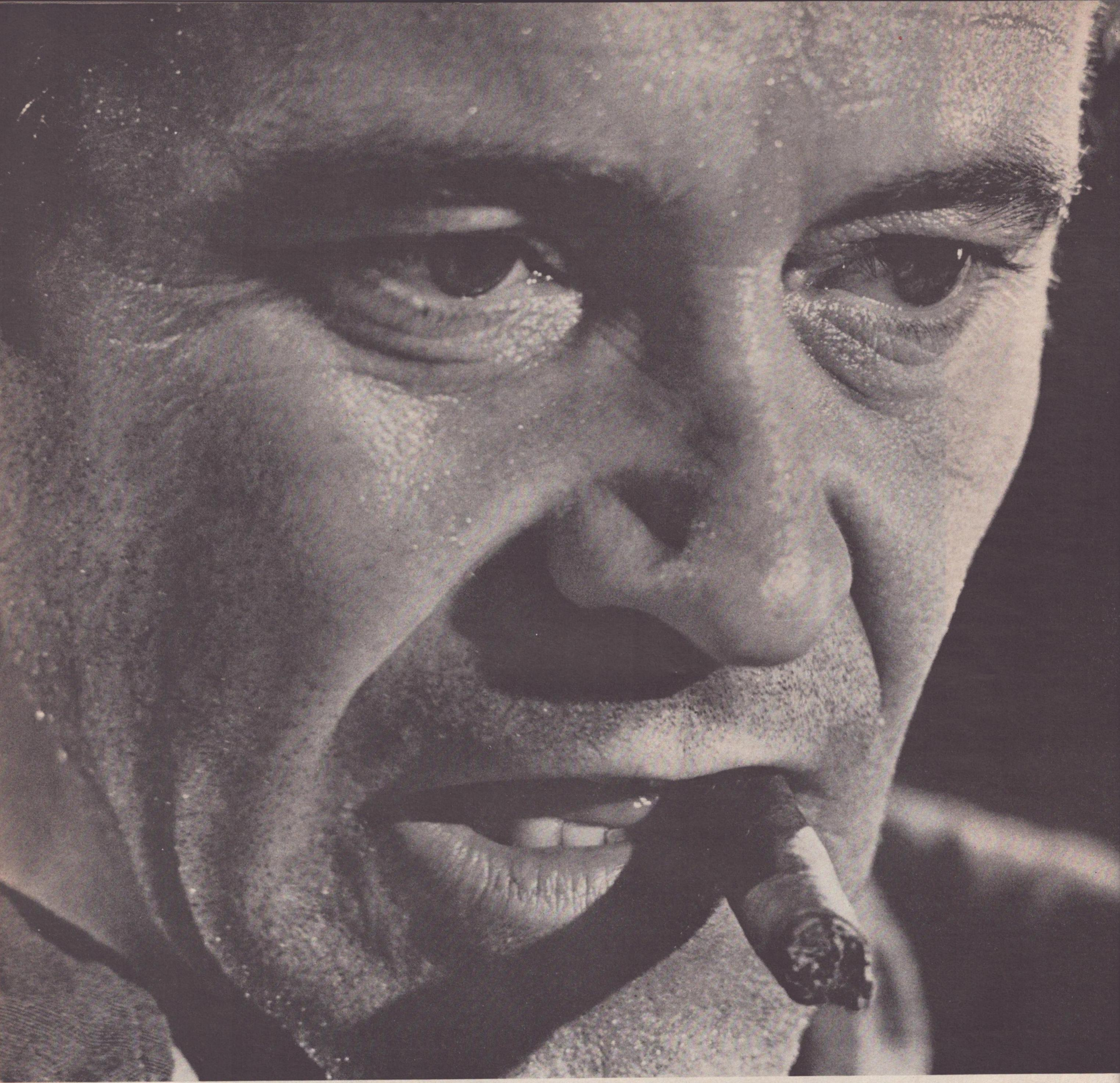


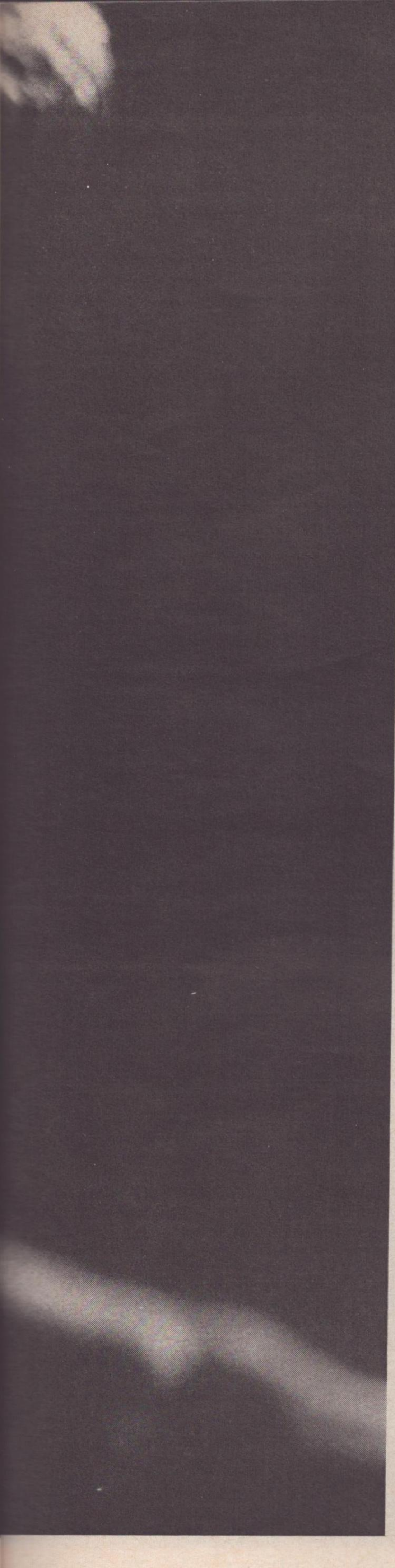
Black-and-white harlequin maillot rises high to halter neck in front, then cuts in at shoulders (Tom Brigance for Sinclair, $23). Sphere-and-circle earrings by Vogue. Added uncoverage note: This year's suits are cut higher on the leg for a longer, leggier look.

END



JACK LEMMON:

MOST SERIOUS FUNNYMAN IN THE



"Sensitivity comes out of the character, not from the lines."

FLICKS

BY CHANDLER BROSSARD LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

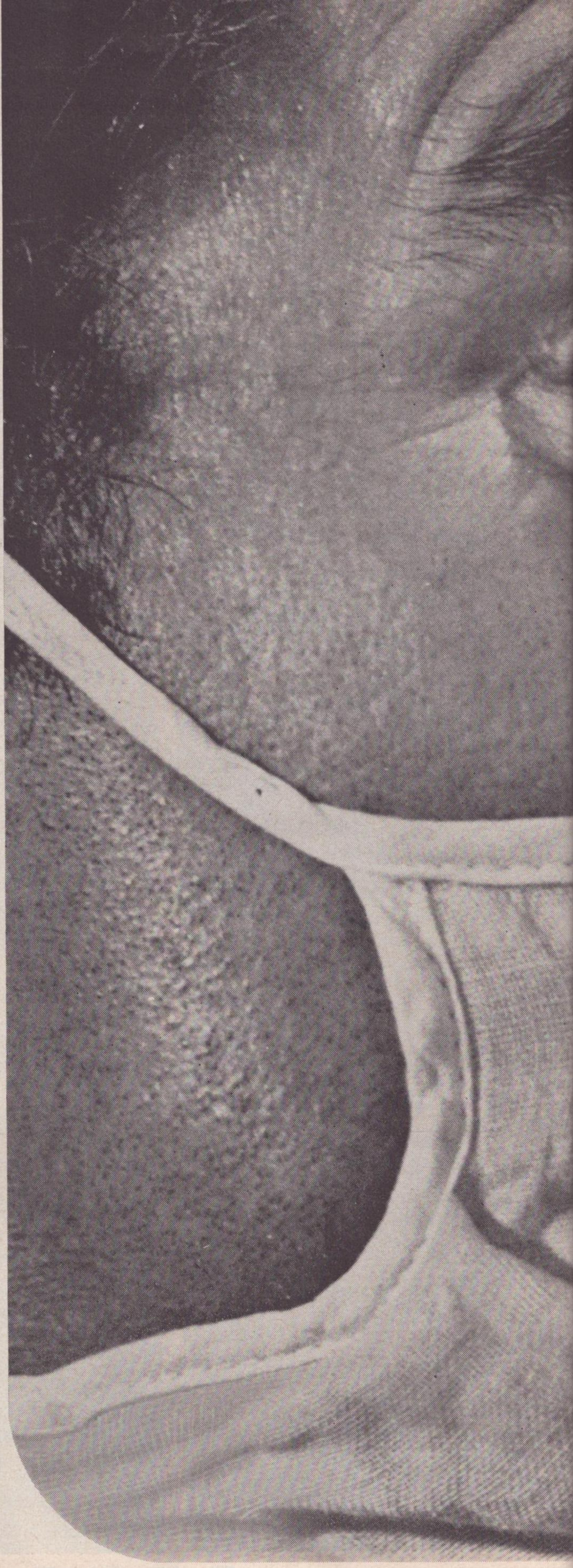
THE SQUIRREL-EYED MAN jumped just in time, and the camera wagon didn't run over him. "There isn't a crumb of doubt about it . . ."—he leaped up and avoided being tripped by a cable that two grips suddenly yanked—"not even one. This is going to be Jack's . . ."—a bearded bum dashed between us — "greatest movie. The part he plays—an adorable nut, you might say—brings out subtleties and curves and angles in Jack's talents that just haven't been used before. This character reaches into his essence, *the very soul of his talent!*" And he grabbed my arm to squeeze in the magnitude of the idea. I was about to say something when a boulder of a man bellowed, "Quiet, everybody. Quiet, I said!" So I mouthed the words *I believe you.* Another bag of rags rushed by us, followed by a striped-shirt man whispering, "I'm ready, I'm ready." I was on the set of *Luv*, the long-run Broadway comedy about four exquisitely mixed-up people, being made into a movie by the Columbia studios in Hollywood. I had a distinct floating sensation; it isn't often that I am in on the production of a large-scale color dream. A distressingly beautiful woman with the look of a successful poet drifted by me smoking a cigar. She blew a perfect smoke ring. I recognized her as Elaine May, the costar of *Luv*. She was a poem of serenity.

"OK, everybody, we're ready!" someone shouted from the shooting area. I was jostled by people rushing around me. I decided the best thing was to head straight for Jack Lemmon's dressing room. On my floaty way, I passed Peter Falk, another of the stars. He was staring at the floor as a girl in heaven-blue slacks said, "The thing about Zen Buddhism is that it brings you back to Mother Nature, the provider of all great things." I suddenly felt at one with everything there.

Lemmon was puffing furiously on a pipe that just wouldn't give. His red shirt was crumpled, and his trousers were held up by a rope. "You know what I think is a lot of baloney?" he began—"that artists have to be honest. The fact is, you got to be quite dishonest. Fabrication, make-believe, distortion—that's what we're all up to. Living

continued

A characteristically uncool scene with fellow comic Peter Falk.



JACK LEMMON CONTINUED

dreams." He puffed wildly on the pipe and finally got a little smoke going. "There's more nonsense spoken and written about the acting profession than anything else," he continued, "except maybe the planet Mars. Take talent. Talent is the very last thing you use as an actor. Eighty percent of this business is grind, grind, grind, and adaptation and inner mobility.

"Talent is what packages all that. Without the drudgery, all the so-called talent in the world won't get you anywhere. You know what is awful to see? Actors using 'talent' or tricks, or whatever, to cover up their emptiness, their lack of connection with a part. It makes me sick. They're cheating, plain and simple."

When Lemmon talks, everything he has communicates with you; he is a living light bulb.

"When I'm working," he went on, abandoning his pipe for a promising-looking cigar, "I don't try to *act* the character, I try to *become* the guy. I try to reach for the character, deep, deep, and when I get there, if I'm lucky, Lemmon goes and out comes this new guy. And I'm in business."

A gray-haired man in an English-tweed hat came in, holding something wrapped in white paper. "You want this?" he asked Lemmon.

"What the hell is it?"

"Ham and cheese on rye."

"No, thanks."

The man put the sandwich in a drawer in Lemmon's dressing table. "Just in case you change your mind. You never know when you'll get hungry." He walked out.

"I went on a diet for this role," Lemmon said. "Lost about 30 pounds. Feel terrific. Not like I'm carrying rocks around in my pockets. No fat inside or outside." He momentarily lost himself in the joy of his compactness, just smiling without saying a thing. "Yes, indeedy," he said finally, looking up at me. I said I had been on a diet myself. "You look great," he

Lemmon's wildness is here matched by Elaine May's serenity. "She's a kind of genius."

said, and slapped me on the back.

"You know, it's a hell of a lot harder to act before a camera than it is before a live audience, contrary to what a lot of people say. You can feel and respond to an audience, have a kind of check-out dialogue with it. But that camera is the coldest sweetheart you ever saw. You can't tell a thing looking at it. You are by yourself, with no laughter or groans to guide you. This is what makes the rapport between actor and director so critical. If you don't have it, you're in trouble." He rubbed his stomach; the thought of it made him queasy.

Two self-confident but unaggressive men came in. They had an air of having realized their life plans. "Jack, that pajama bit," one, with a Julius Caesar trim and a British accent, began, "I think you should definitely wear only the top and not the bottom."

"I agree, Jack," the other man said. He wore a chic but well-behaved tie. "You'd be reaching for it with both top and bottom on."

Lemmon winked with his entire face. "Absolutely. Gotcha."

They smiled and left. "That was the director and producer," Lemmon informed me. "Really wonderful guys." He put the cigar down and returned to his reluctant pipe. He went at resuscitating it as though both their lives depended on it. "People talk a lot about

continued

awareness, but I'll tell you something—when I'm aware of the character I'm doing, I know I haven't got it yet. That awareness tells me that I'm looking at the character—like a spectator you might say—that I'm still outside him. It's only when the awareness is gone that I'm really content."

The tweed-hat man stuck his head in the door. "You want some coffee?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You're the boss." He vanished.

Lemmon returned to the barricades. "As I said, you've got to give yourself completely to the part, but at the same time—this sounds sort of like a contradiction or something—you must always be in control, perhaps unconsciously, otherwise the role will victimize you, deprive you of capabilities. It's very tricky, believe you me. Very tricky," and he breathed with relief, as though he had just that moment escaped such an awful experience. He looked at the ceiling of the dressing room. "It's hell," he whispered, "delicious hell."

I told him I knew just what he meant. The special quality of the surroundings—the realities of the outside world were sweetly absent—made me feel that we were in this thing together. And Lemmon's uniquely intimate, authentic personality completed this feeling. Oh, what a beautiful scene we were making!

"You know what separates a first-rate actor from the others?" he asked me, the illuminative glow around him as steady as ever.

I said, to tell the truth, I really didn't. Self-delusion just doesn't pay off. I know that. "Unselfishness," he said, nodding and winking at the same time. "He is not thinking of what he can do for himself, but what he can do for the entire scene and situation, the best thing, even if it means fading into the background. Second-rate people always push for their own satisfactions, no matter what it does to the general project." He blew a kiss to someone beautiful drifting by. "If it's good," he went on, "we all smell like roses. Lemmon's First Law of Cooperative Survival."

He got up and stretched, a marvelous, totally involved, unfaked gesture. Like everything else he does, All Lemmon. "Let's see what the other working stiffs are doing." And the two of us—Lemmon's artless, boyish way made me feel that we were drifting down the Mississippi on a raft—sloped out to the shooting area. Cameras, lights, action, sets, sound booms, actors, all that. A dark-haired young man with the burning eyes of a visionary was crouching on a high platform. "Okay!" the director shouted, and the young man dived right through a closed door, smashing it magnificently. "Cut! Print!" the director shouted. Lemmon smiled with admiration. "That's supposed to be me. Some dive, huh?" I had to agree.

The bloaty bum shuffled by with the girl who had been talking about Zen. "This movie could be for everybody," he said. "It's very, very rich," and he scratched himself.

"I simply adore it," she said.

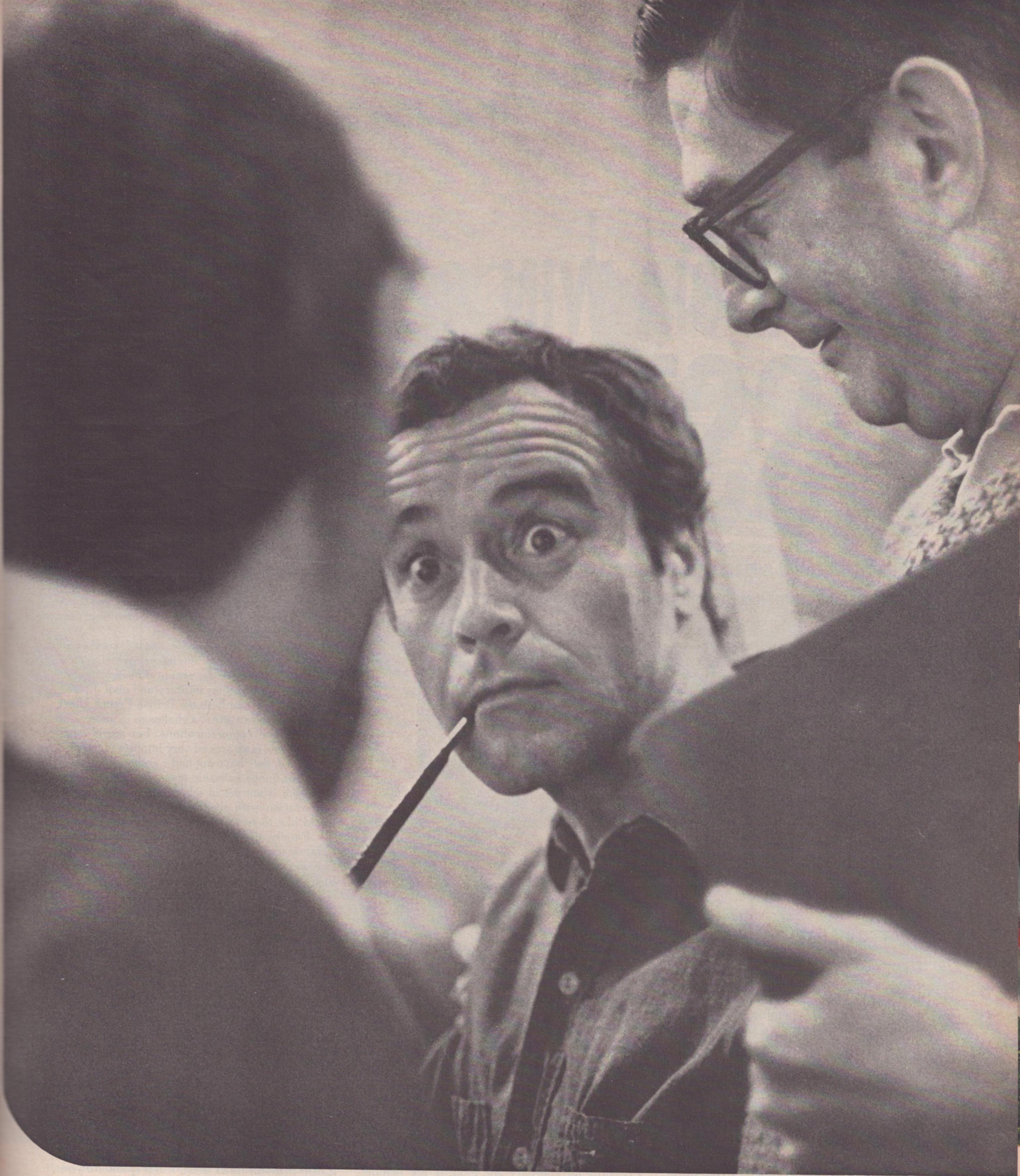
A few yards away, a man was grimly walking a huge dog. Lemmon smiled, shook his head. "Damnedest thing. That beast was supposed to be savage with me. Know what happened? The crazy thing fell in love with me. Instead of growling, it wants to lick my hand. Its career is shot."

The diving scene was being reconstructed. The young man crouched on the platform again. "Quiet! Quiet, everybody!" Lemmon motioned with his head and, weaving in and out of all kinds of people and movie equipment and props, we moved out of the sound area. He eased himself into a canvas-backed chair labeled "Mr. Lemmon." I sat on the stoop of his dressing room. The moment was wonderfully soft, un-Hollywood.

"I'm very lucky," he said gently. "I haven't had to take a lot of bad parts in coming up." He rapped on the wooden armrest for good luck. "Another thing, I don't have an 'image' to live up to that some stars do. This circumstance allows me to be myself at all times. And let me tell you, nothing beats that. I don't have to imitate anybody's idea of who I ought to be." He winked like a man who has just hit the jackpot.

Over my shoulder came the splintering sound of the burning-eyed young man diving through the door again. "It's got to be just right," Lemmon explained. The aura of perfectionism was strangely reassuring. "You know something you can't teach?" he began out of the nowhere. "Intuition. Just think about that." I said I would, and he lit up a cigar.

Lemmon and director Clive Donner in a moment of uninhibited rapport and glee.



Says Lemmon: "Movies ought to be fun, not sociological messages or weird surreal things."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD HEWETT

END

WILL RUSSIA WIN THE SST RACE?

The Russians need a supersonic transport and probably will fly one first, says the man who headed our lagging SST program

Halaby and Aeroflot officials flash diplomatic smiles before Moscow's new international terminal at Sheremetyevo Airport. It looks remarkably like Pan American's at JFK Airport in New York. Man at right is Col. Gen. G. S. Schetchikov, first deputy minister for civil aviation.

BY NAJEEB HALABY as told to BEN KOCIVAR

When Najeeb Halaby was a U.S. Navy test pilot during World War II, he studied Russian, hoping to become naval attaché at our embassy in Moscow. That never happened. But when he became head of our Federal Aviation Agency, he was sent to the Soviet Union twice to negotiate for airline service between the two nations. He is now senior vice-president for Pan American World Airways. These exchanges with the Russians and his experience as head of our SST program put him in an ideal position to answer the questions that Look asked him in this exclusive interview.

Could the Russians have the first supersonic transport? Any time the Russians wish to put a passenger pod in one of their supersonic bombers and fly their leaders to a politically important spot, they could do so. Back in 1961, we anticipated that Premier Khrushchev might make such a spectacular flight from Moscow to New Delhi or Peking, or even London or Paris, to demonstrate their technological progress. We could have done the same thing. In fact, there was a proposal, when I came into office in the spring of 1961 as President Kennedy's administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, for Convair to modify one of our supersonic delta-wing B-58 *Hustler* bombers as a Special Air Mission plane.

What is the present SST schedule? The first planned U.S. flight in 1971 is the last of four. The French expect to fly the first prototype test *Concorde* on February 28, 1968. A few months later, the British will fly their identical model out of the United Kingdom.

At the moment, there is quite a bit of evidence that the Russians will fly their *Tupolev 144* first. During a recent visit by French technicians, designer Andrei Tupolev said his Tu-144 would be airborne "somewhat before" the *Concorde*.

We know that the Kuznetsov 144, which is the power-plant designation, is operating on the test stand at TsAGI, the Soviet Aeronautical Research Institute, about 25 miles outside of Moscow. More than a thousand test hours have been conducted to date. This fan-jet engine is rated at about 28,000 pounds of thrust, and with the afterburner, about 35,000 pounds. It is designed for their delta-wing airplane, quite similar in shape to the *Concorde* and our rejected Lockheed 2000 supersonic proposal. A full-scale mock-up that prospective passengers are trying has been seen at TsAGI. I think the Russians plan their first flight for next winter and commercial service three years later.

Have you seen it? I have not. But British and French technicians recently visited it. Designed for 286,600 pounds takeoff gross weight, it is slightly smaller than the *Concorde* and about half the weight of Boeing's winning swing-wing SST. It seats 121 passengers four and five abreast. Designer Tupolev predicts speed of 1,550 mph at 65,000 feet altitude. Like all other supersonics, it has a droop snoot, with a needle nose for high-speed cruise flight and a lowered, visorlike arrangement for landing and takeoff. They will have three in the cockpit and four or more flight attendants.

Do the Russians have the industrial capability for the SST? They can do anything they place at the highest priority.

They have, as we do, a limited number of scientists, aeronautical engineers, metallurgical engineers. They, like us, cannot do everything at once, filling all of their military and civil desires. Second, they see in both the British-French effort and the American effort a challenge in an area of transport and communications. For world communism, this is an area of very important activity.

Third, they have not had a great success with their long-range subsonic transport, the *Ilyushin 62*, which is not yet in scheduled service; and in conversation with the Russians, I learned they would like to recover with a resounding victory.

Finally, the Russians appear quite advanced in fabricating metals including titanium, particularly in engines, and are developing large presses. In fact, they have a 75,000-pound press that can make very complex aluminum extrusions.

When did the British and French people see the mock-up? I think an important visit was October, 1965. A French delegation of about 30 aeronautical experts spent about three weeks in Moscow, TsAGI, Kharkov and other places. The French and Russians have exchanged visits in technical areas a number of times, the last ones involving groups of military and journalists last spring.

I took part in discussions with them at the Paris Air Show during June of 1965. Prior to that, I visited them at the direction of President Johnson in 1963. My predecessor at FAA, Gen. Elwood R. Quesada, took a group to the Soviet Union in the spring of 1960.

The* Concorde *is in the 1,400-mile-an-hour area; the American SST is in the 1,800-to-2,000-mile-an-hour area. What speed do you think the Russian SST will have? About 1,500 mph. The British, French and Russians are pressing the strength and durability of aluminum to its upper limits, and they have scaled their airplanes

continued

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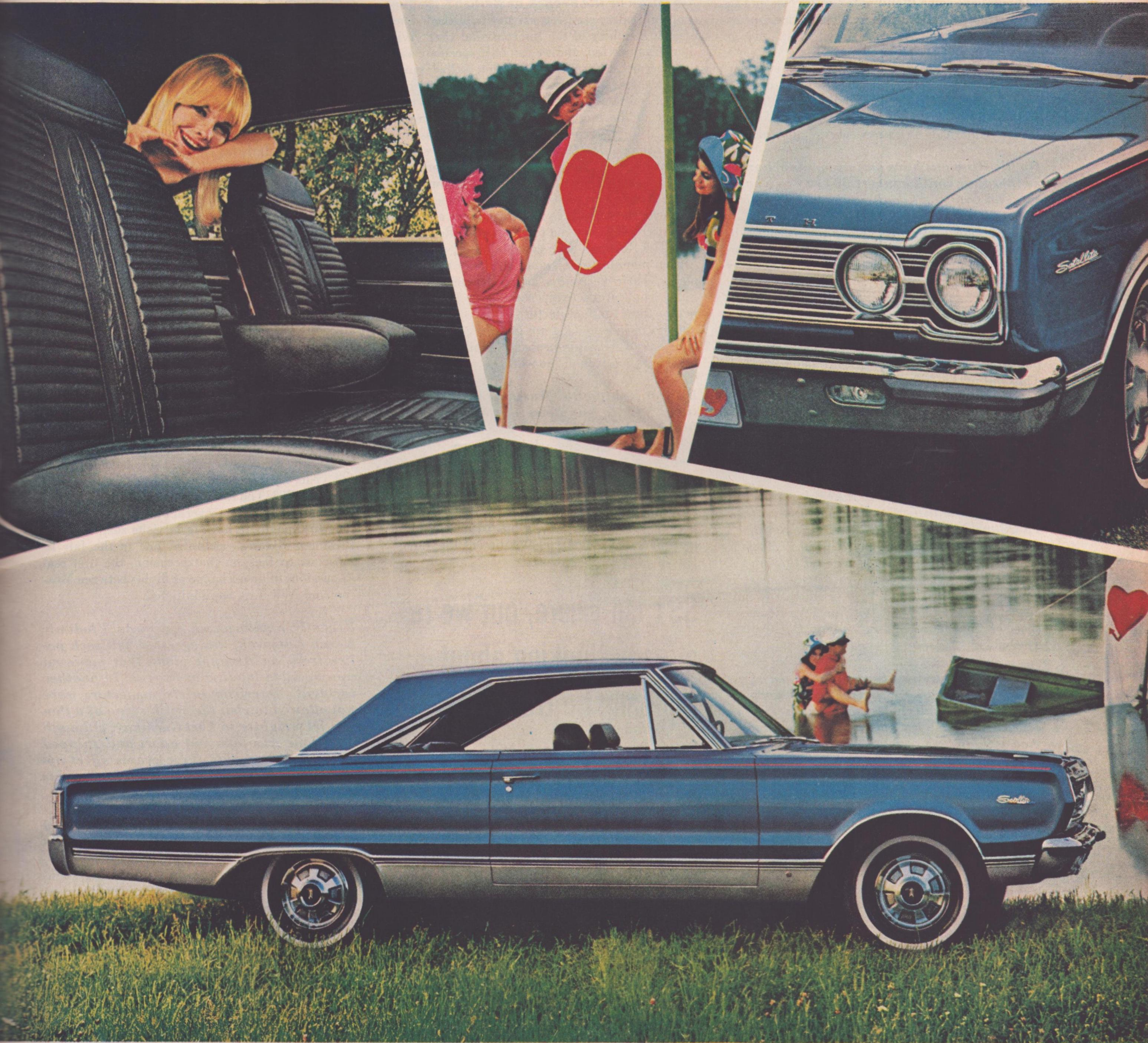

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Does that mean that this airplane will use titanium in the engines and aluminum for the frame? Both the *Concorde* and the *Tupolev 144* will have some titanium in the engines and in the airframe. In the airframe, the titanium will be around the very hot parts, such as the exhaust in the engine, and perhaps some of the hottest parts of the leading edge of the wing. Even now in our supersonic aircraft, such as the North American XB-70 and the McDonnell F-4H, there are titanium sections in the airplane. The Lockheed SR-71 and the two American SST proposals are all-titanium.

Do the Russians have any supersonic bomber that they could convert directly to a commercial transport as they did for their first jet airliner, the Tu-104? No, they do not. It would be much more like our building space in what would be the bomb bay and electronic compartment in the B-58 . . . a few seats. It would never be economical to do this.

Would there be any value in having a smaller supersonic airplane? Well, ultimately, after supersonic commercial-flight safety, economy and public acceptance have been fully demonstrated. This will probably be in the mid-70's. There will be at least two versions of supersonic transports. One will be for long-range intercontinental runs of about 3,500 to 4,500 miles. And the second will be the medium range, from 1,000 to 2,500 miles. This is the way the world's route structures occur.

Considering the time it takes for takeoff, climb and landing, is there any value in a 1,000-mile-range supersonic airplane? I don't think that there'd be any value in an airplane designed for optimum performance at 1,000 miles. The best performance on a theoretical chart is about 3.5 Mach at around 5,000 miles. The next airplane, the hypersonic transport will have a speed of Mach 6 to 8, and range about 8,000 miles. The ballistic transport will be even faster.

You've been negotiating with the Russians on a Russia-United States airline service that, optimistically, might start sometime in 1967. Could the Russians introduce this service with an SST? With people as capable as the Russian technicians and the Aeroflot operators, I would rule out nothing as impossible. But I think they will not introduce the supersonic before 1970.

Do you think the sonic boom will restrict the SST to use over large bodies of water? Possibly. Unless the manufacturers and the operators find the answer to the problem of the sonic boom, it could be banned over parts of Western Europe and the United States.

What can be done about the boom? Distance, detour and design. First, distance from the public. This would be accomplished by very-high-altitude cruising, twice the current level of 30,000 to 35,000 feet. Second would be to detour around noise-sensitive areas. One good thing about the sonic boom is that it doesn't occur at the airport, where the congested population is located. It starts between 150 and 250 miles out as the airplane accelerates through the speed of sound on its way to cruising altitude. The third approach is by design. There are some ingenious ways of shaping the airplane and locating its engines so that the sonic boom is lessened.

Do you have any reason to believe that the Russian SST would be less safe than an American or the French or British? The Russians' air-safety statistics are not published. They are not members of the International Civil Aviation Organization, and we can only speculate as to their record. I have flown Aeroflot, as have many Americans. It is the world's largest airline in numbers of aircraft and in route mileage. It also must be one of the most rapidly growing airlines. In 1965, Aeroflot reported 23.6 billion passenger miles compared to 19.2 billion in 1964. Of course, this includes all Soviet aviation except military. Present routes are within the Soviet Union, down to the Middle East, across Western Europe to London, over the Atlantic to Montreal, down along our coast to Havana and out to Siberia and Red China.

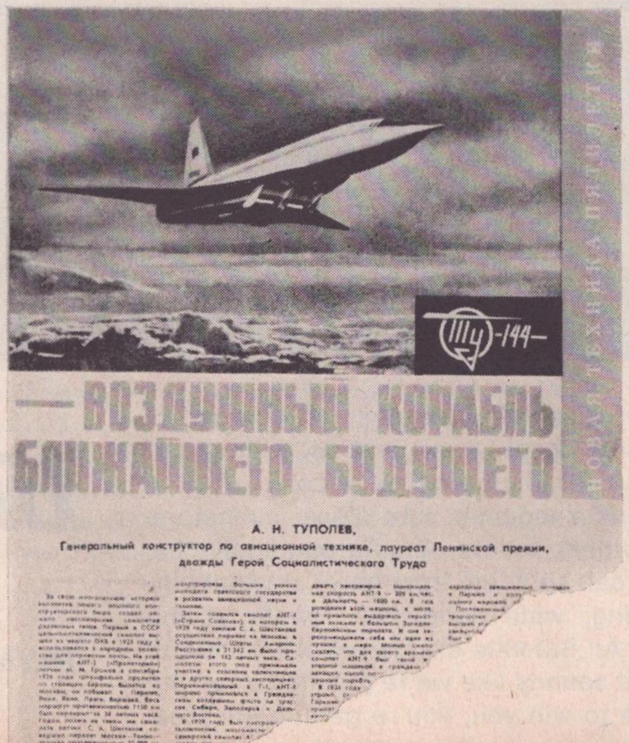
The Russians have capable pilots, very well-proven manufacturers, good airplanes and power plants. Their electronics and instruments are behind. They are actively seeking to import and license these for manufacture in the U.S.S.R. Without any accident data, we can only believe that their safety record is probably similar to that of other airlines around the world.

Do you feel that the Russians will try to sell their SST to countries outside the Soviet bloc? At the last Paris Air Show, they had over a hundred salesmen and exhibitors. They displayed their very large military logistics airplane, the *Antonov 22*, their new turboprop, the An-24, similar to our F-27, a whole family of rotary-wing aircraft—including a flying crane that held, kangaroolike under its belly, a bus with seats for 25 passengers—and their regular line of the Tupolev series for short-to-medium-range aircraft.

My hunch is that, because of its own large, long-range structure, Aeroflot would get all of the early *Tupolev 144*'s. The next recipients might be other Communist carriers such as the Czechoslovak Airline. So far, the sale of Soviet aircraft in competition with British, French and American products has been negligible.

SST isn't here, but we're already thinking about the ballistic transport

Recent article by designer Andrei Tupolev in the Soviet Civil Aviation *magazine gave details of his projected supersonic transport, showed pictures of passengers in a full-scale mock-up and gave design and performance. His SST may fly within a year, even before the* Concorde.



ВОЗДУШНЫЙ КОРАБЛЬ БЛИЖАЙШЕГО БУДУЩЕГО

А. Н. ТУПОЛЕВ,
Генеральный конструктор по авиационной технике, лауреат Ленинской премии,
дважды Герой Социалистического Труда

Has it occurred at all? Yes. Several helicopters, the IL-14, the IL-18 and the An-24 planes have been purchased by airlines in the Middle East and Africa. Of course, the terms for sale of the Soviet aircraft have been unusually favorable to the customer, particularly for other Communist countries. I don't believe that any Western countries have bought any Soviet aircraft.

Have any of our companies been invited to see Soviet developments? To my knowledge, no American has visited the Soviet SST research-development or manufacturing enterprises. And, in turn, no representative of the Soviet Union has visited Lockheed or Boeing or our SST manufacturing and research sites.

We have a modest running interchange of scientific information with the Russians on communications and weather satellites. Is there anything like that in the field of aviation? The relationship between Aeroflot, the Soviet national-flag carrier, and Pan American World Airways and the Federal Aviation Agency has been cooperative and candid. There have been two full visits by the FAA to Moscow, in 1960 and again in 1963. The Russians have visited Washington and New York on several occasions, and from time to time, there have been visits such as Vice-President Nixon's celebrated one to the fair in Moscow. In fact, on that occasion, the first real discussions of an exchange of flights between Moscow and New York were initiated.

Recently, a naturalized American, Vladimir Kazan-Komarek, was arrested by Czech police from an Aeroflot plane that made an unscheduled landing at Prague. In another incident, American safety inspectors were not allowed to visit the crash scene of a Pan Am jet freighter in East Germany, although the plane was later cut apart and shipped over the line. Could these events affect operation of air service that would start this year? Possibly.

Now, if the Russians start serving the United States, would there be any requirement that their aircraft meet American safety standards of manufacture and operating techniques? This is a very difficult and touchy question. United States and British airworthiness experts have, over many years, exchanged standards of safety and adopted the general procedures and tests and specifications regarding the safety of airplanes, engines, instruments and even pilots. The same is generally true of the French, Italian, Swedish, German and Japanese.

In the case of the Soviet Union, a wholly new situation is faced. But because the airplanes that the Russians have indicated they would operate have been in service for years over Western European countries, my impression is that the Federal Government will permit their operation. They will also have to meet local requirements, such as noise

continued

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"I see in the Communist world the greatest untapped market for American airline services."

standards of the New York Port Authority.

To achieve this interchange, would we compromise our desire to inspect their airplanes? I don't think that any compromise would be permitted, and I suppose if the Russians found that we were operating unsafely, they would correct us; similarly, we would correct them quite candidly. In fact, in our discussions with the Russians in December, 1963, they pointed out several respects in which they believed their standards, particularly of strength of the aircraft, were somewhat more rigorous and higher than ours.

Do you think they will build more than one first test model of the SST? The most desirable number in the American experience is three; two for flying and one for static tests. The more available, the sooner the necessary experience is gained, and the safer and better the product is.

Would you have any guess as to what their prototypes might cost? We're talking about ours costing up to two billion dollars. There is no comparable basis for estimating the cost of any Soviet development. As to the purchase price for a customer in dollars, that can only be the wildest sort of guess. The Soviet Government will set the price. When I talked to Minister of Civil Aviation Yevgeny Loginov, chief executive of Aeroflot, in the winter of 1963, I asked him why he wished to fly to the United States, and he said, "For profits." I believe he meant the prestige of adding the United States to Aeroflot's worldwide system of routes, plus the earning of scarce dollars which the Soviet Union needs to import critical products as well as revenue for his airline.

They use the word profit, in other words, in a broader, less commercial way than we do. In actual dollar terms, I would guess that they would price it somewhat below the *Concorde*, which is about $16 million per copy.

I do not believe that this Soviet Tu-144, being half the size and 70 percent of the speed of the U.S. SST, would approach our estimated price of $36 million each.

Model Tu-144 displayed at 1965 Paris Air Show looked like Anglo-French Concorde *and had 126 seats.*

Do you think that their development of a supersonic transport is primarily for propaganda? I believe it is one reason.

However, other very strong factors are the long reaches of communism from its base in Moscow. I tried to go across the Trans-Siberian Railroad in 1931. From Moscow to Vladivostok was 8½ days. Today, in the turboprop *Tupolev 114*, the trip takes one full day. Their routes from Moscow to Peking, from Moscow to Havana, are very long. The supersonic transport promises to be the greatest, the most efficient, most productive long-range transport in history, so they have a basic Communist communication need for it.

Aeroflot, under the very effective, very able leadership of Minister Loginov, is trying to be a sound commercial competitor along the world's air routes, and they want to do a superior job of

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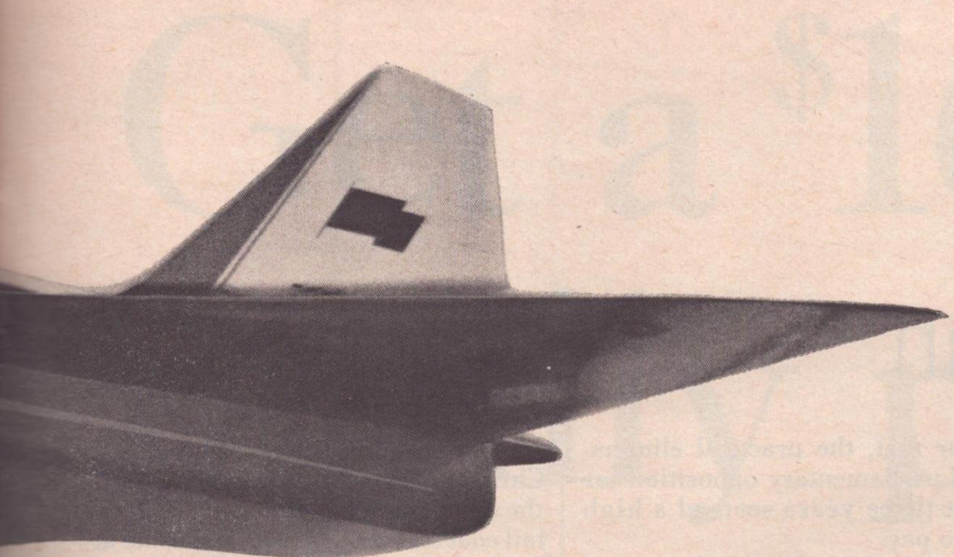

flying passengers and freight around the world.

The supersonic transport is not just a technological tour de force. First, it's a time killer. The businessman in California who now takes six flights a year from Los Angeles to Paris would save two full weeks per year if the supersonic were available. Those two weeks are extremely valuable to him and his company.

Second, it presses forward our technology. It isn't just in the space field or the nuclear-energy field that we need to press forward, it's in the aeronautical field as well, which has direct commercial benefits to our society.

We have long exported a billion- to two-billion dollars worth of aeronautical products a year. If we had to buy all of our superjets and supersonic jets abroad, it would cost us in the order of fifty to sixty billion dollars in foreign exchange between now and, say, 1990; whereas if we build the best superjet and the supersonic and sell most of them abroad, we would reverse that trend.

The British and Russians were first to have jet airliners, and we were last. Yet there are more American jet airliners in use around the world. Do you think the past will repeat itself? This could definitely happen.

Our Government made a big point of saying that there is no military requirement for the supersonic transport. . . . Yet, we already have flying a military Mach 3 airplane, the XB-70, and the YF-12A, Mach 3 titanium airplane which holds the world speed and altitude records. We are also producing the F-111, a Mach 2.5 fighter-bomber.

In other words, you feel there is a confusion in what we are saying and what we are doing? No, we are pushing military Mach 3 flight, and now we are about to push for commercial Mach 2.7 flight. These airliners may well be used in future Presidential and defense missions.

Are the Russians maintaining schedules as well as Western carriers? My own experience is that even in the last three years, I've seen progress in their operation and regard them as a formidable competitor along the world air routes.

I also see in the Communist world the greatest untapped market for American airline services. The area from East Berlin to Warsaw to Moscow, southeast to Tashkent, out across Siberia to Vladivostok, then south to Peking and Shanghai is the next frontier for American commercial aviation to develop.

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Yellow Pages

Report from Germany

Strange bedfellows in Bonn

On the face of it, the new West German Government coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats was a marriage of convenience. Indeed, it was whispered, the most pressing reason for suspending the 21-year-old quarrel between the two parties was the desperate desire of certain key leaders in both camps to be legitimized.

Weeks after they took office, pictures of the new ministers, lined up in their box above and facing the parliament, or seated around the huge oval table in the cabinet room, still had the unreal air of the montages specially prepared for the April Fool's Day editions of the newspapers.

In the chancellor's high chair sat Kurt Georg Kiesinger, the suave Württemberg lawyer famed for silver mane and silver tongue, but with the unsightly blemish of 12 years' nominal membership in the Nazi party and a wartime job helping direct propaganda in the occupied territories and abroad.

On Kiesinger's right in the cabinet room sat Willy Brandt, the plucky mayor of West Berlin, now vice-chancellor and foreign minister, who changed his name and stowed away to Scandinavia one jump ahead of the Gestapo in 1933, the same year Kiesinger joined the Nazi party.

Herbert Wehner, minister for All-German Affairs, flanked the Chancellor on the other side. More than anyone else, the pipe-chewing, flash-tempered Wehner was responsible for leading the Social Democrats away from their neutralist, anti-rearmament and Marxist policies in the 1960's. But he, too, bore the scars of the past—the year Kiesinger joined the Nazis, Wehner became a leader of the Communist underground in Berlin and didn't leave the party until many years and adventures later, and only after witnessing Stalin's bloody purges at firsthand in Moscow.

Around the table were such other unlikely figures as Justice Minister Gustav Heinemann, a Gandhist pacifist and neutralist who left the government and the Christian Democratic Union in 1950 to lead the fight against rearmament, and Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, the bumptious Bavarian who directed rearmament.

Official spokesman for the new cabinet was Conrad Ahlers, the brilliant journalist who was press agent for the armed forces when Heinemann was fighting them, then switched to the muckraking and anti-rearmament magazine, *Der Spiegel*, where he authored the exposé that eventually cost Strauss the Defense Ministry in 1962. Ahlers now was a protégé of the Social Democrats, but he smoothed his way into the job by providing the document that made it possible for Strauss to promote Kiesinger to leadership of the Christian Democrats and into the chancellery, and himself back into the government.

It was all very strange, and the most-often-asked question was, "How long can it last?"

To install themselves, the leaders of the new government had to smash certain taboos of German politics. Until now, it had been a shibboleth that no ex-Nazi could lead the government, that Strauss was unfit for office because he had lied to parliament about his role in the *Spiegel* affair and anyway was too dangerous to be trusted again with power, and that no wartime emigrant and no former Communist ever could serve in a German cabinet.

Men barred from high office by one or other of these disabilities had risen to the leadership of their respective parties. But they could break the last fetters only in alliance with the rest of the outcasts. The deal was struck, and suddenly Kiesinger and Strauss no longer found anything disgraceful in the wartime activities of Brandt and Wehner, put the lid on references to Brandt's illegitimate birth and to the antics of his two teen-age sons, whose political place, according to one parliamentary wag, is "somewhere between East Berlin and Peking." For their part, Brandt and Wehner decided Strauss was unexceptionable if they were in the government with him, and found it possible to serve under a chancellor who had been a former Nazi, particularly after Ahlers turned up that document, an old Gestapo complaint that Kiesinger attempted in 1944, after he had decided Germany could not win the war, to tone down Berlin's propaganda broadcasts to North America.

In one sense, it was a government of national reconciliation, bringing together for the first time representatives of the elements that parted ways at the Great Divide of German politics in 1933, as well as those who regrouped for the new and bitter struggle after the war.

Each group accorded the other absolution, and when they separate—if they separate—for the election campaign in 1969, the fight will be about future prospects rather than past coalition performances.

Some feared this might be the only result of the strange new partnership, and for that, the practical elimination of parliamentary opposition for almost three years seemed a high price to pay.

But the quadrille of Kiesinger, Strauss, Brandt and Wehner did have other goals in mind—the handling of a batch of unfinished business that would require painful and possibly, even probably, unpopular decisions. It was going to be a matter of sharing the blame rather than taking the credit, and only by forming a coalition of the two parties that nominally control 90 percent of the seats in the parliament could this be done.

Kiesinger and Strauss wanted to amend the constitution to give the federal government "global steering" authority over the economy and special powers in times of emergency such as war, threatened war or revolt. The bitter opposition of the state and communal governments and the labor unions could be overcome only if the Social Democrats supported the measures in the federal parliament. They agreed in principle, but their price was participation in the government from which they had been excluded since the Federal Republic was founded in 1949.

Only by entering the government could Social Democrats Brandt and Wehner hope to fulfill their long-held desire to steer Bonn on to a new foreign-policy course. They wanted to make a fresh approach to Moscow, open diplomatic relations with the nations of Eastern Europe and begin intensive high-level negotiations with the Communist regime in East Germany, with the aim of lifting the Iron Curtain separating the two halves of the nation. But any of these steps might involve concessions that could be construed as betraying the national interest.

Ex-Communist Wehner and wartime emigrant Brandt would be particularly vulnerable to such charges. They could not afford a reprise of the "stab in the back" charges leveled against the Social Democrats of the Weimar era after the First World War. They had to induce the Christian Democrats to share responsibility for all these decisions. The Christian Democrats agreed in principle, but their price was continued leadership of the government.

The first weeks of the political marriage have been marked by a warm glow. Like a couple making up after a long and bitter quarrel, each party went out of its way to accommodate the other.

Aware of the Social Democrats' proletarian objection to fancy dress, Christian Democrat Kiesinger passed the word that the costume of swallowtail coat and striped trousers, usual at the installation of a new cabinet and other ceremonial occasions, would be dropped in favor of dark business suits. The Social Democrats, for generations aggressively nonreligious, all gritted their teeth and swore, "So help me, God," when they took their oaths of office.

Social Democrat Karl Schiller, a university professor of national economy who became minister for Economics, slipped smoothly into double harness with Finance Minister Strauss, who only last summer resumed the study of economics at the University of Innsbruck. Together, the two set out to balance the budget by eliminating tax allowances, cutting subsidies and raising taxes, while simultaneously giving the economy new impetus by increasing public investment and urging the Federal Bank to lower interest rates.

But the honeymoon obviously is about over. The labor unions may not acquiesce in the matter of the emergency powers as quickly as first imagined. Both parties contain powerful blocs of refugees and expellees from Eastern Europe and East Germany who will try to prevent any abdication of their claims, particularly if it becomes apparent the Communists are unwilling to match concessions from Bonn. The Christian Democratic "Gaullist" wing led by Strauss certainly will fight any suggestion that West Germany renounce all atomic ambitions in advance of a comprehensive ban of nuclear weapons. "Gaullist" urgings that the government emulate France and swim free of the United States will be met head-on by a still-strong Atlantic wing within the Christian Democratic Union, led by Defense Minister Gerhard Schröder.

Bonn's new bedfellows all are strong personalities with sharply differing interests and attitudes. In the post-honeymoon dawning, they are bound to quarrel over the application of their general policy agreements to specific issues. At an early moment, they probably will have to decide whether to adhere to a nuclear nonproliferation treaty and thus determine Germany's international rank and course for many years to come. It is a question that strikes at the vitals of the new marriage and could cause one or both partners to decide divorce is preferable to compromise.

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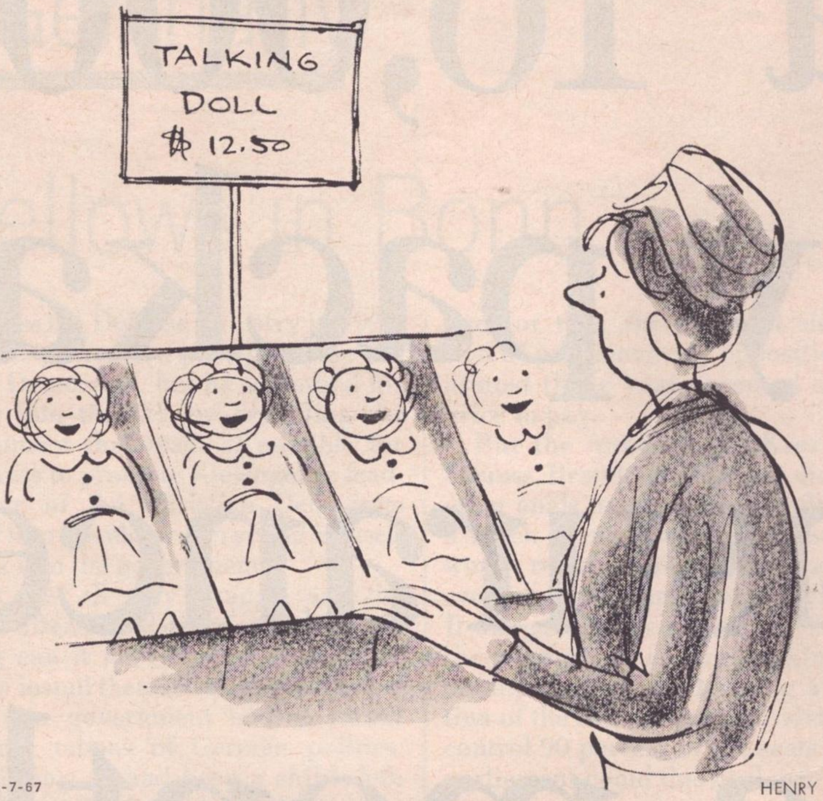

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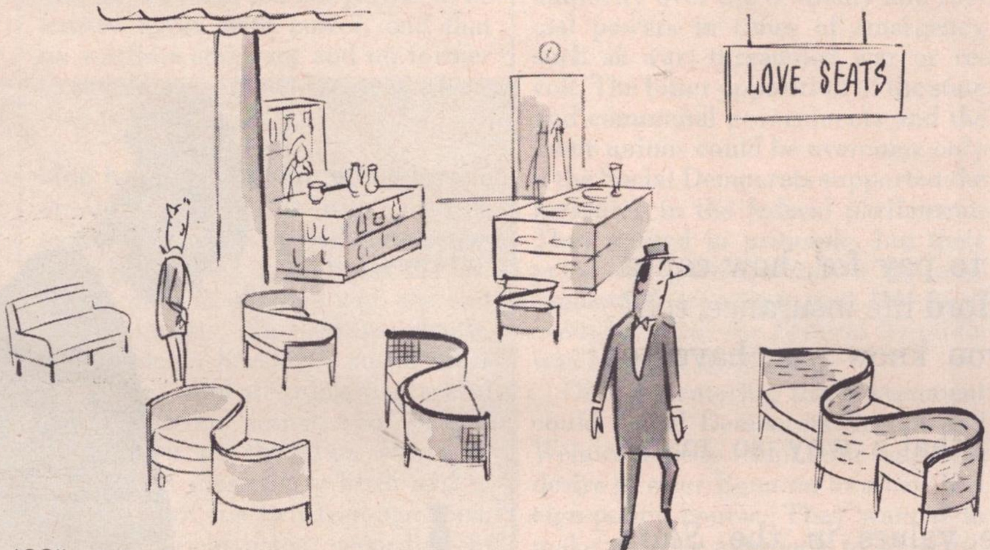

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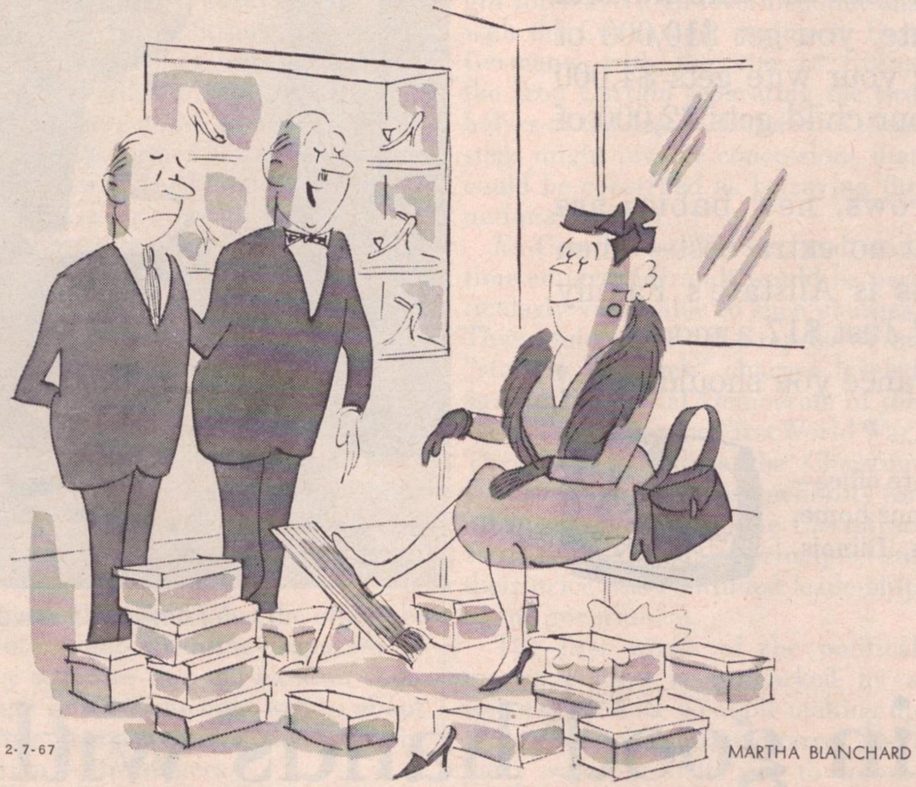

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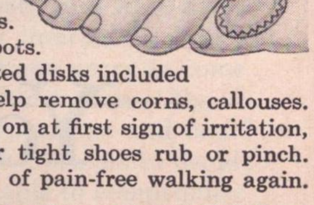

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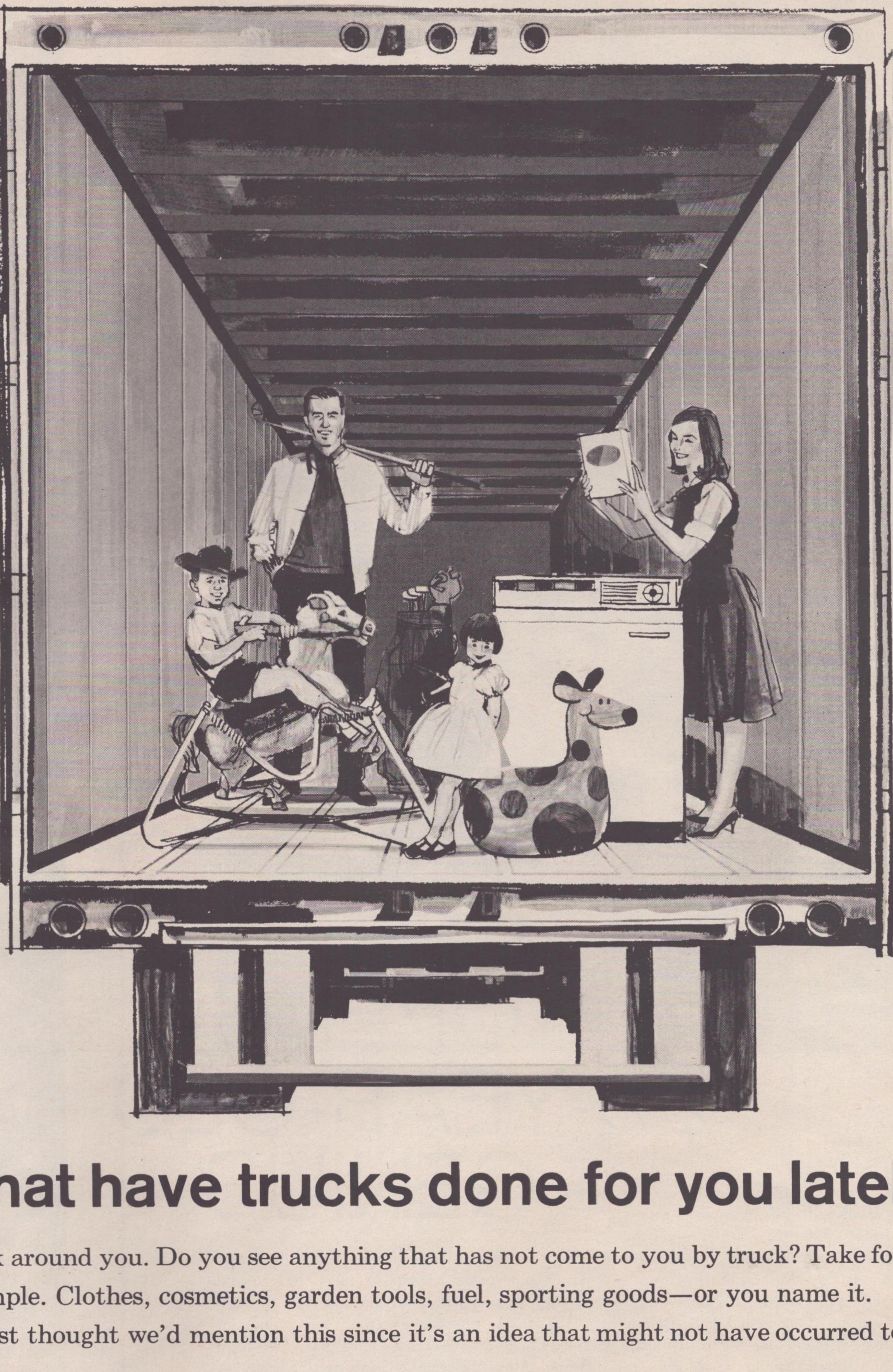

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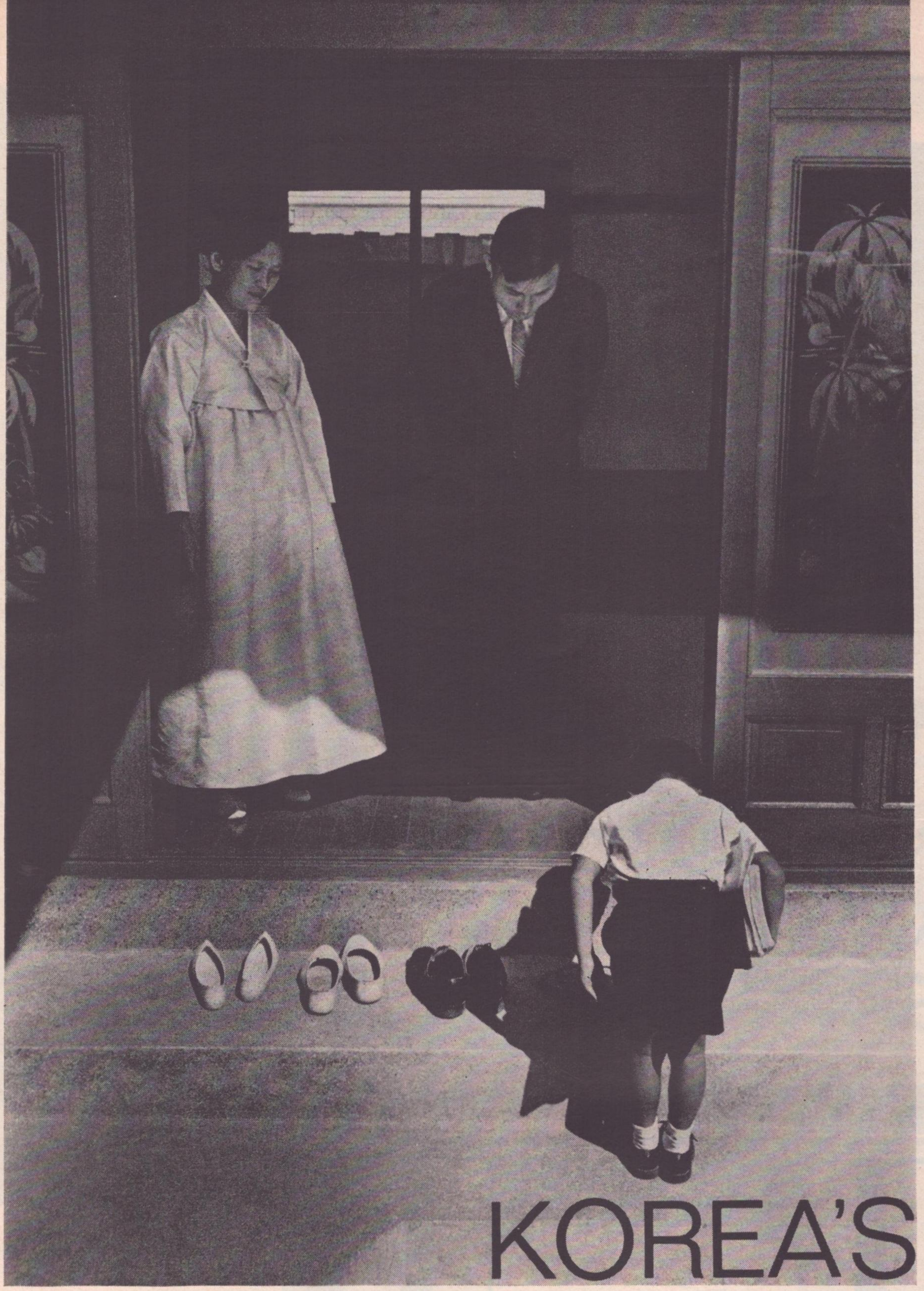


Bowing to tradition, Ung Yong asks his parents' permission to leave for school.

KOREA'S 2½-YEAR-OLD GENIUS

KIM UNG YONG was something special from the start—a spectacularly ugly infant, covered with a quarter-inch of black fuzz. "Like a newborn baby deer," his father fondly recalls. Three months later, young Ung had lost body hair and beard, grown a mouthful of teeth and was greeting his parents with the Korean equivalents of mama and dada. He was a walking, talking five-month-old, began writing at seven months and learned to play Oriental chess just by watching the game.

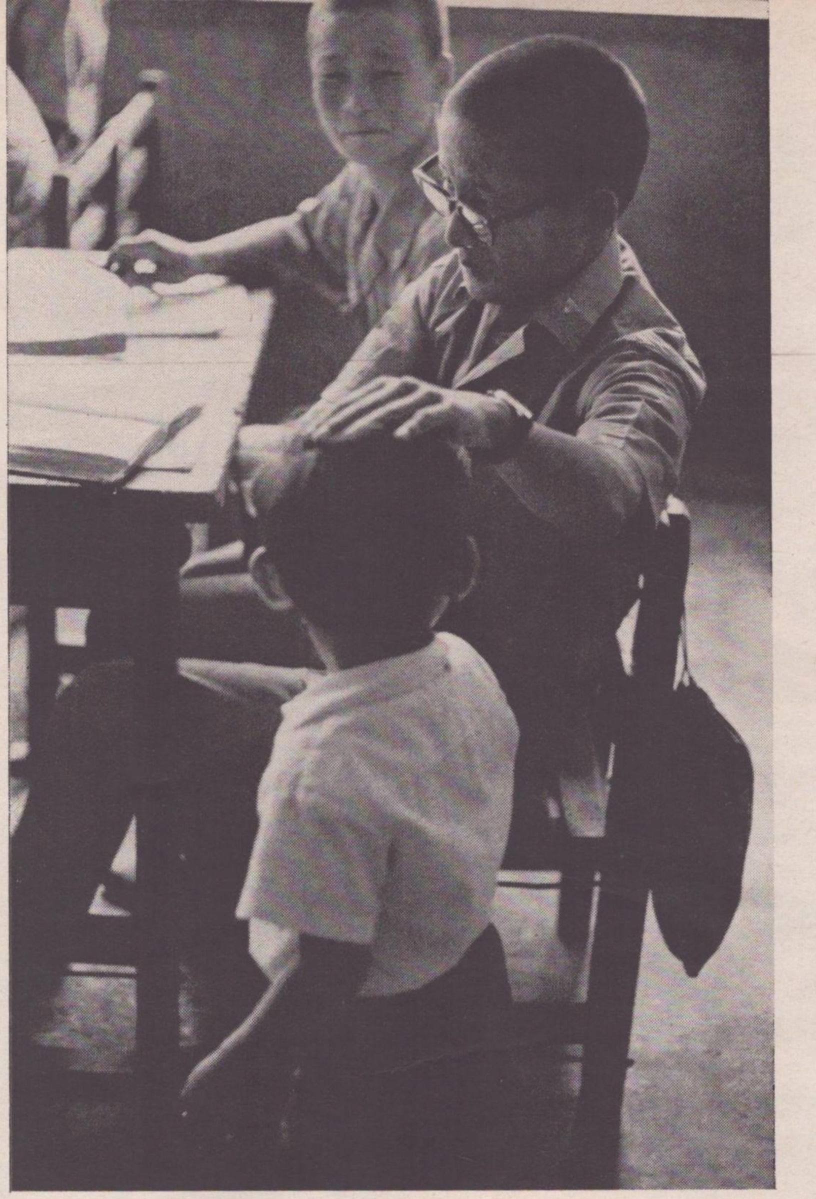
Ung Yong's father is professor of physics at Hang Yang University; his mother is professor of hygiene at nearby Seoul National University. But it was a teacher neighbor who began giving lessons to the boy, who picks up learning the way blue serge grabs lint. Father soon took over on math, and Ung Yong now tosses off problems in calculus. He reads, writes and speaks Korean, Chinese, German and English, writes poetry and paints.

His regular schooling began this past summer at Hang Yang Middle School and Technical High School. Already a celebrity in Korea, the heady tot has just published his first book, *Ask the Star*, a collection of poems, essays and letters. On intelligence tests gauged for seven-year-olds, Ung Yong has scored above 200. He comes from a brainy line. Both parents were top-of-the-class students, and his grandmother was tagged a child genius in her day, although she was an aging eight at the time.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY FRANK DANDRIDGE

Perched on bookbags, Ung Yong competes on even terms with his 15-year-old classmates, does the same work and takes the same exams they do.

Answering interviewers, Ung Yong suggested reuniting Korea. He also wants Vietnam put back together and believes the first nation on the moon will control the world.



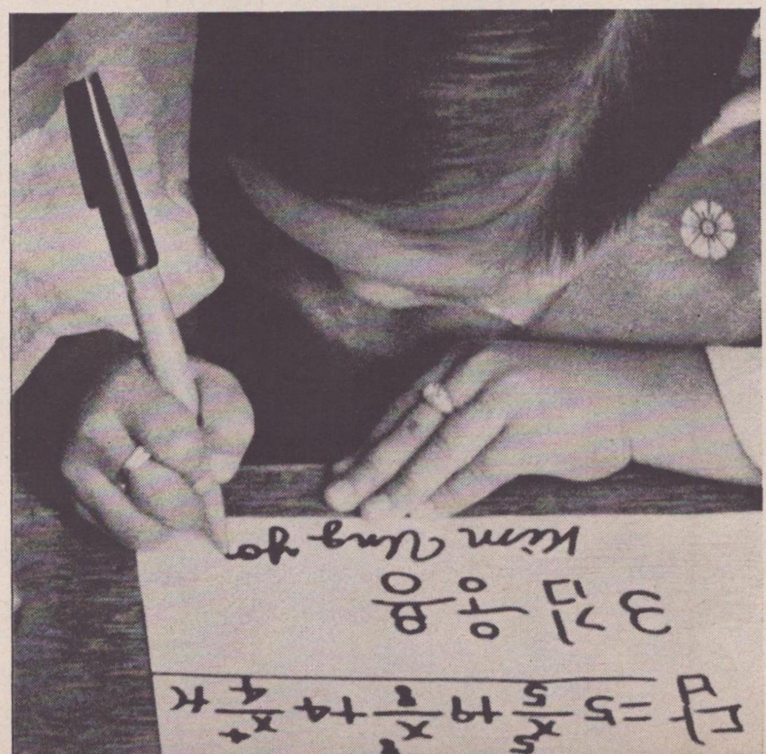
Baby Kim, as he is called at the Hang Yang school, is a kind of pupil's pet, even gets to play soccer with the big boys.

"I want to be President in future," he writes.

It is an awkward world for Ung Yong, who has little to share with children his own age and prefers the clumsy companionship of classmates more than 12 years his senior. Still, he is less than three in all but mental matters, and mother must wipe soap from his eyes and sometimes feed him. His attention span is short. He will play with his younger brother Chang Yong, but most of his pleasures are solitary: reading, writing, drawing and making intricate paper constructions—airplanes, boats, a bird's beak that opens and shuts, a boxlike affair that folds into a king's court.

Watching me take his picture, he set down a poem in Korean: "This camera takes picture of Ung Yong; But this time, please take my spirit; It is a picture-taking telling and accurate." On his blackboard, he recently wrote in English, "I want to be President in future." But most of the time, he talks about becoming a physicist. Father is a physicist, and Ung Yong, like most little boys, wants to grow up to be just like daddy.

Trained with ink and brush, Ung Yong prefers ball-point or soft-point pens for poetry or integral calculus.



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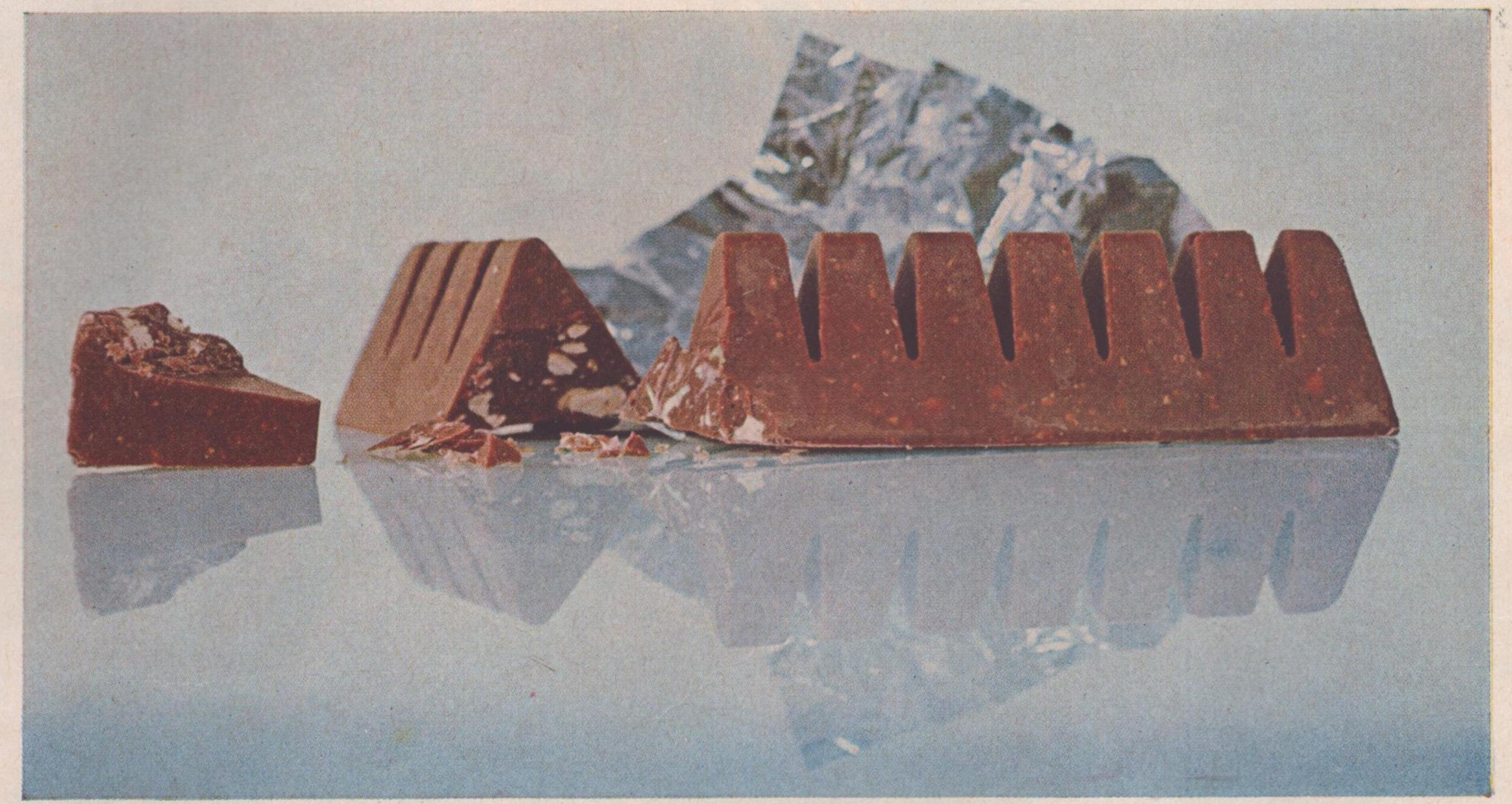
The new hip

dip: chocolate fondue

Twogetherness is a pot of warm fondue: chocolate and sweet cream melted together, with a tray of almost-anything-goes finger or skewer foods for the dipping. The beverage here is cinnamon-spiked coffee. The triangular milk chocolate (right), with honey and crushed almonds, makes the ideal base for this superdip.



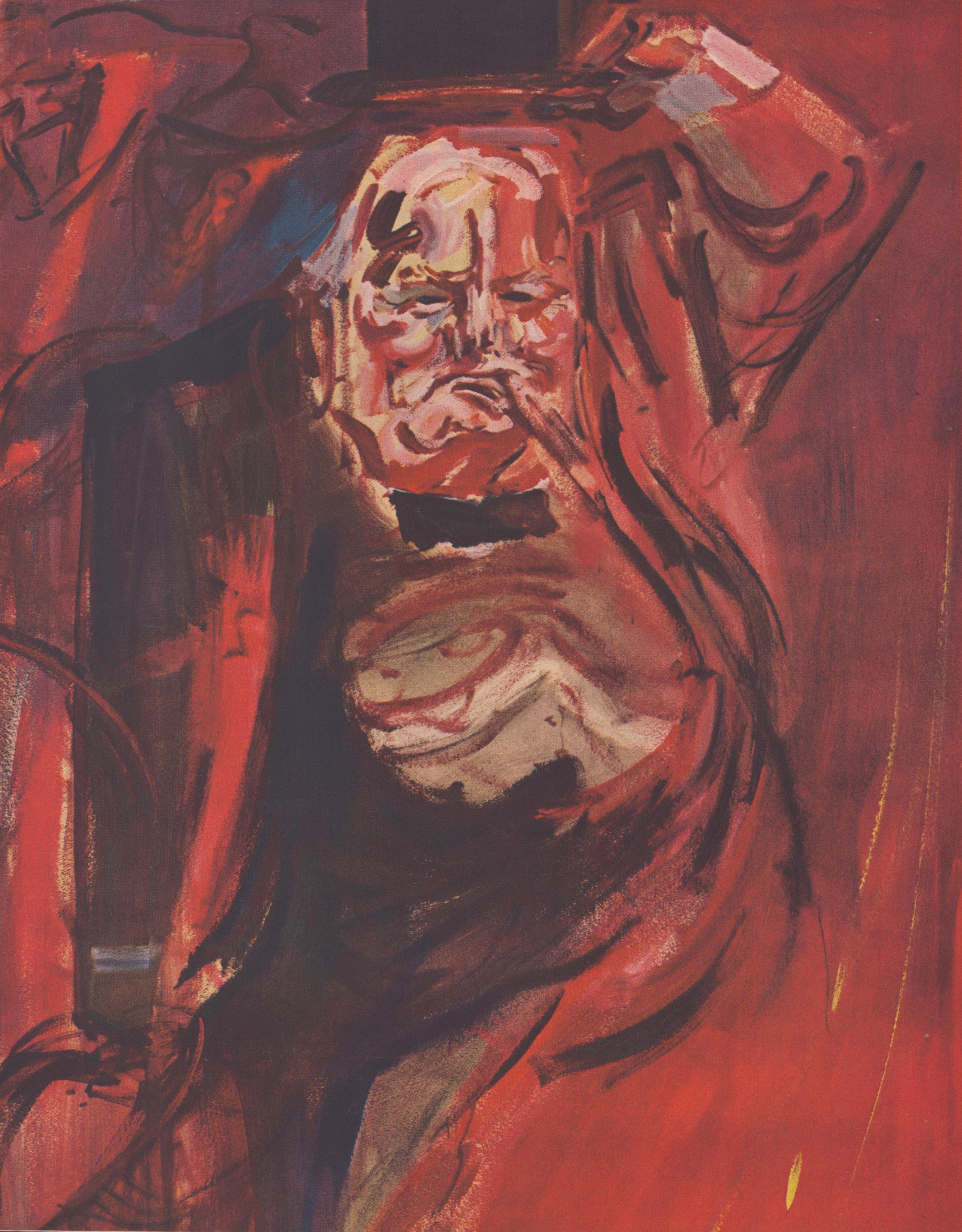
YOUTH, '67, get set to flip over a new crowd pleaser: chocolate fondue. What began as a publicity gimmick (to sell more chocolate, what else?) has taken off like a space dish. How to do? Fix the basic chocolate dip, then it's up for grabs. Dunk anything you go for into the warm velvet brown. Any number can play, but when more than six join in, you'd better have two pots going. For gear, you'll need either a chafing dish (turn the heat low after making) or any good-looking, not-too-large pan that you can cook in right on the stove (keep warm over candle-heater or hot tray while dipping in). Use fingers, forks, bamboo skewers or chopsticks to snap up your choice morsels, swirl in the chocolate . . . and absorb. Possible dippables: fresh tangerine or orange sections, watermelon or pear chunks, green grapes, raisins, strawberries, cherries, marshmallows, doughnuts, large cubes of white bread, ladyfingers, crystallized ginger, fresh or candied kumquats, canned pineapple chunks (drained and frozen 30 minutes). Here come two takeouts on the groovy dip, plus another for the allergic-to-chocolate fringe. Also some drinks extra-good with chocolate for big and little dippers.

Chocolate fondue: In serving pot, melt 9 ozs. milk chocolate (preferably the kind with honey and crushed almonds), 1 sq. (1 oz.) unsweetened cooking chocolate cut roughly with a knife, 2 tbsps. cola or coffee, ½ cup light cream. Stir slowly till smooth, less than 5 mins. Keep warm over a low flame while eating. Serve with tray of one-to-two-bite-sized dippables. Serves 4-6.

Bittersweet orange fondue: In serving pot, melt 2 sqs. (1 oz. each) unsweetened cooking chocolate, 4 sqs. (1 oz. each) semisweet cooking chocolate, 1 bar (3 ozs.) milk chocolate (if possible, the kind with honey and crushed almonds), ½ cup weak coffee, ¼ cup light cream, 3 strips orange rind removed with vegetable parer. Stir with wooden spoon till smooth. Remove rind. Serve with selection of dippables. Serves 6. **Hot berry dip:** Partially thaw 1 pkg. (10 ozs.) frozen sliced strawberries in syrup. Puree in blender until smooth or mash with a fork. Heat in serving pot with ¼ cup light cream. Best for dipping with miniature marshmallows, tangerine sections and ladyfingers. Serves 3-4. Good-with-chocolate drinks follow.

Lemon cola: Over ice cubes in tall glasses, squeeze juice of ½ small lemon. Leave lemon half in glass. Fill with 1 can or bottle (12 ozs.) cola. **Crazy cranberry:** Mix 1 can (6 ozs.) frozen concentrated orange juice with 1¼ cups water. Pour into ice-cube tray, freeze. Put 2 orange ice cubes in each glass, fill with 1 cup cranberry juice. **Strawberry milk:** Put 2 tbsps. strawberry (or raspberry) syrup in each glass. Fill with ice-cold milk. Or use frozen sliced strawberries, thawed, then mashed with their syrup. **Russian tea:** Make strong black tea. (The blend called Formosa Oolong is especially delicious here.) Cut a slice of lemon for each serving, stick with 1 whole clove, place in bottom of mug (or ice-cream-soda glass in metal container). Crush lemon slices slightly with spoon, pour hot tea over. Sugar to taste.

PRODUCED BY ELIZABETH ALSTON   PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE LAURENTS



They made our world.......Churchill

He looked like a Toby jug—but he was born to command, to fight, to inspire, to prevail. He lived with unquenchable gusto, drinking massive quantities of champagne, brandy, wine; puffing endless oversized cigars; working in bed until noon each day, undressing for a nap after a late lunch, resuming work until 3 or 4 a.m. He loved dashing hats and splashy uniforms, the trappings of heraldry and the panoply of kings.

He was an anachronism—a monarchist, an imperialist, an Elizabethan thrown upon the stage of the 20th century, to be charged with nothing less than the salvation of Western civilization during the most hideous crisis in history. The Nazi *Wehrmacht* smashed across France and Africa and Russia, German planes and flying missiles turned London into a Gehenna, German submarines wrought horrible havoc among British ships and seamen; and this fearless, buoyant cherub, who might have stepped off a page of Dickens, talked of Honor, Duty, Valor—as if they were real; growled of Defiance, Fortitude, Glory—as if words mattered; sent his moral passion and rolling sentences across the very edge of chaos to lift the heart and galvanize the will of his proud "island race." This cartoonist's dream with the bowler hat and chubby-fingered "V" truly became, as the London *Times* said, "the largest human being of his time."

Winston S. Churchill

He was often juvenile, flamboyant, petulant, exasperating, egotistic, a prima donna who monopolized conversation, nagged his colleagues, bullied his staff and employed every ploy—from temper tantrums to charm, cajolery to rage—"to soften the heart, move the emotions, and intimidate," wrote Dean Acheson. When he was forced to hear out others, said Aneurin Bevan, his parliamentary gadfly, he glowered "like a ferocious clam."

Even those who opposed him found it impossible not to like him. After a quarrel, he was amiable, unbelievably considerate to, say, Chamberlain, whom he had excoriated and replaced. He could say even of the Germans: "My hate . . . died with their surrender."

Churchill was as paradoxical as he was gifted: an aristocrat who loved nothing so much as the House of Commons, a polo player who quoted poetry, a warlord who painted for pleasure, a "reactionary" who was revolted by injustice or cruelty, a swashbuckler who was a glorious biographer with an uncanny sense of history—which he wrote like a master, casting himself in the starring role. As a young man, he had mused, "We are all worms, but I do believe that I am a glowworm." Scandal never touched his name. He married in 1908 and lived out a lifelong idyll of love.

The dauntless warrior was unashamed of emotion. He always kept a picture of his Nanny in his bedroom. He described Hitler's savagery to Jews with tears rolling down his cheeks. During the Battle of Britain, he passed a queue of shivering shopgirls in the winter twilight, the air-raid sirens howling, and asked what the girls were lined up for. "Birdseed," said an aide. Churchill wept.

Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill worshiped his father, Randolph, who treated him with brutal scorn, and adored his mother, the beautiful American, Jennie Jerome, whom he called his "Evening Star." She gave birth to him in a servant's room, during a ball in Blenheim, the vast, resplendent palace the Marlboroughs called home, and hardly showered him with love thereafter. But nothing, not even childhood's heartbreaks, seemed to dismay the scion.

The redheaded boy lisped and was a wretched student. His father thought him too stupid for the law or the ministry. He squeezed into Sandhurst, emerged a cavalry officer, pulled every wire to see the action he craved—in India and Africa. At Omdurman, he led a cavalry charge with drawn saber in an engagement that seems 500 years ago. He fought in six military campaigns before he was 26.

When not soldiering, he reported war—sometimes combining both roles. Captured by the Boers, he made an intrepid escape—which he wrote up, to become world-famous at 25. He entered the House of Commons as a Tory, and in his maiden speech declared that, were he a Boer, he would be fighting England too. He earned his living as a journalist, an author, a lecturer.

Churchill served in Parliament for half a century, under six monarchs, and held six Cabinet posts—yet left no legacy of legislation. He was a poor politician. He thrived on public life but was bored by party politics. Insensitive to others, he never built a following, except for a small circle of admirers. Nor was he skillful in handling Parliament—except during war. Twice, he switched his party allegiance, a most heinous sin in English politics. He was despised by Labor, disowned by the Liberals, loathed by the Tories. The press lampooned him as a *poseur*, an opportunist, a reckless sword-rattler.

In domestic affairs, his record was dismal. Under Lloyd George, the one contemporary he unreservedly admired, he helped fashion England's first social-welfare legislation. He was compassionate, "betraying his class," but he looked foolish leading a police siege of a few anarchists in 1911, was wrong on Irish independence, unwisely pushed England back on the gold standard, acted badly in the General Strike of 1926. He naïvely supported Edward VIII in the abdication crisis, when his speech in Commons drew such boos and hisses, from the entire House, as had not been heard in those hallowed walls in 50 years. He was insular and narrow-minded on India. And when World War II ended, though idolized by Britain's people, he proved so unattuned to public opinion and social change that he was crushingly voted out of office.

His military record is another matter. As First Lord of the Admiralty, he boldly converted the fleet to oil and modernized the navy before 1914. He was father of the Royal Air Force, and himself became a pilot as early as 1913. He bulled through a new weapon, which the army called "Winston's Folly": the tank. His scheme to force the Dardanelles in 1915 ended in the catastrophe of Gallipoli and his disgrace, but today, historians blame the disaster on the compounded blunders of others; the expedition could well have succeeded—to end the war sooner and prevent the Russian Bolsheviks from seizing power. Some call Churchill's Dardanelles scheme the most brilliant military idea of the First World War.

As a strategist, he trusted intuition and innovation too much, hankered after "action" too often, badgered generals to distraction—but did not overrule the experts who vetoed his audacious but impossible stratagems.

Churchill baffled his colleagues no less than his adversaries. Labeled a warmonger, he supported collective

continued

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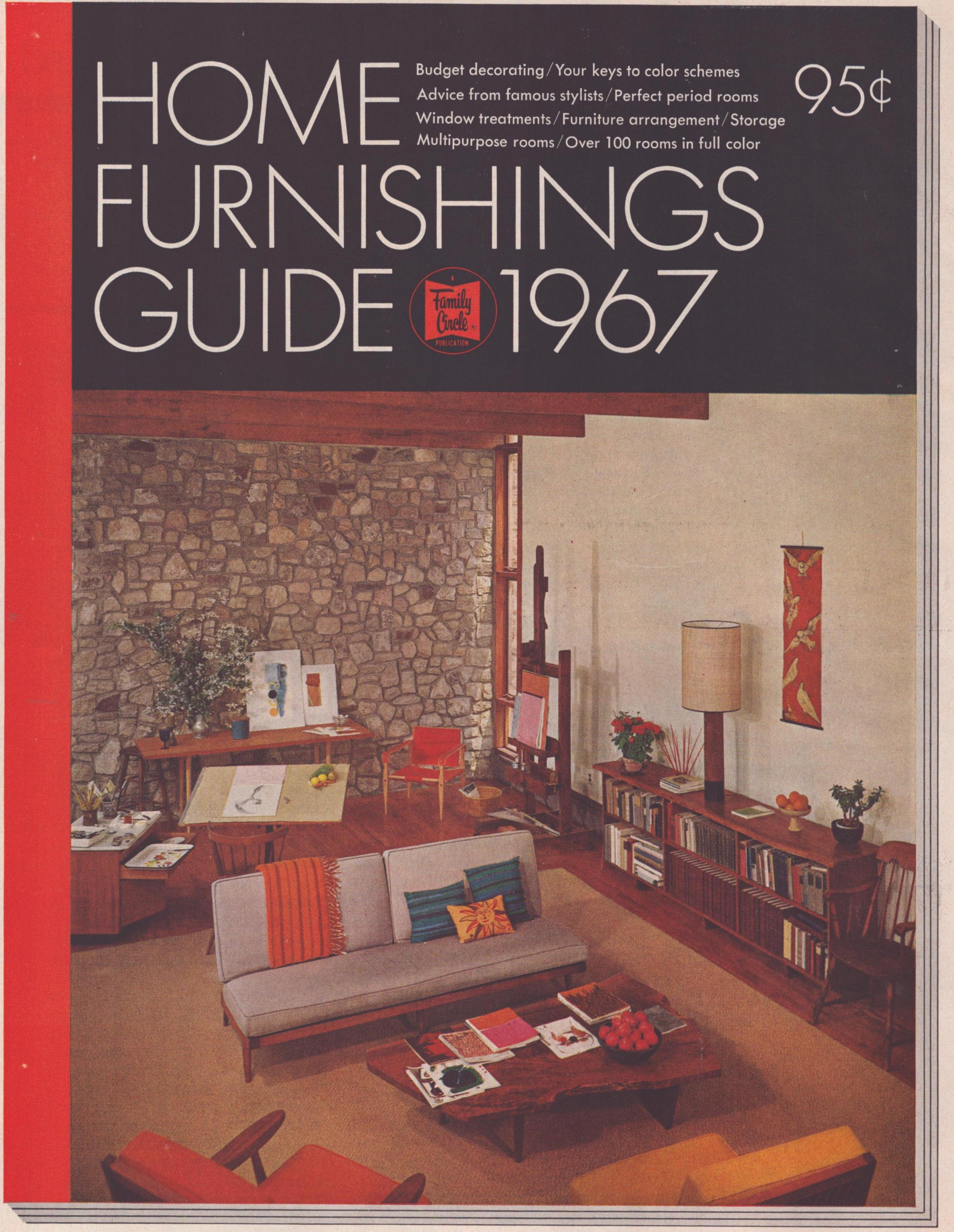

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Churchill continued

security ("There is not much collective security in a flock of sheep on the way to the butcher"). Hated as a "militarist," he hammered at the need to build strength into peace ("War, once cruel and magnificent, has become cruel and squalid"). From 1933 to 1939, he was derided for his "obsession" with an "exaggerated" German threat ("The flying peril is not a peril from which one can fly . . . we cannot move London"; "It is better to be frightened now than killed hereafter"). And when England embraced euphoria over Chamberlain's deal with Hitler at Munich, Churchill blistered both the immorality and the illusion of "peace in our time."

His very refusal to be political or expedient or sanguine made him precisely the man England, on the brink of defeat, needed. After the collapse of Poland, Norway and Denmark, with Belgium and Holland about to be lost and France near surrender, he became Prime Minister. Who but Churchill could have slept happily that night, feeling "a profound sense of relief"? "At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if . . . all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. . . . I was sure I should not fail. Therefore, although impatient for the morning, I slept soundly and had no need for cheering dreams. Facts are better than dreams."

He had nothing to offer, he told the House, "but blood, toil, tears and sweat." (In 1921, he said the British are "the only people who . . . like to be told the worst.") His aim, he said, was simple: "Victory—victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory however long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival." And in one of the immortal passages of oratory and prose, he thundered, "We shall fight on the beaches. . . ."

For five years and three months, he wielded supreme power. He never prettified disasters: After Dunkirk, he dryly reminded men "wars are not won by evacuations." Of the Homeric feats of the RAF, he said, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." He persuaded England *not* to be influenced by the horrifying facts. He could be humorous in the midst of terror. As the *Luftwaffe* made London a charnel house, Churchill quipped that, "at the present rate," it would take the Nazis ten years to demolish half of London's houses: "After that, of course, progress would be much slower." Late at night, he would put the same record on the phonograph—a French band playing a military march—and stride back and forth to its beat, composing his shining phrases of hope and resolution.

He was a poor debater, too slow, too ponderous, but no man surpassed him as an orator. "History itself seemed to come into that chamber and address us," said Bevan. "No one could have listened and not been moved. . . ." He could fling "a Union Jack over five tanks and get people to behave as though they had become 15."

His words were worth battalions to the men and women who slept in subways night after night, to soldiers cursing Rommel on Africa's desert, to sailors dreading U-boat torpedoes. To all of them and the battered people of London, "Winston" typified more than English spunk: He *understood* war—and instructed men in war's awful requirements. He gave them a grammar of courage. He showed them *how* to be heroic: how to manage fear, how to invest despair with purpose—and anger with grandeur, how to wrap pain and death in nobility.

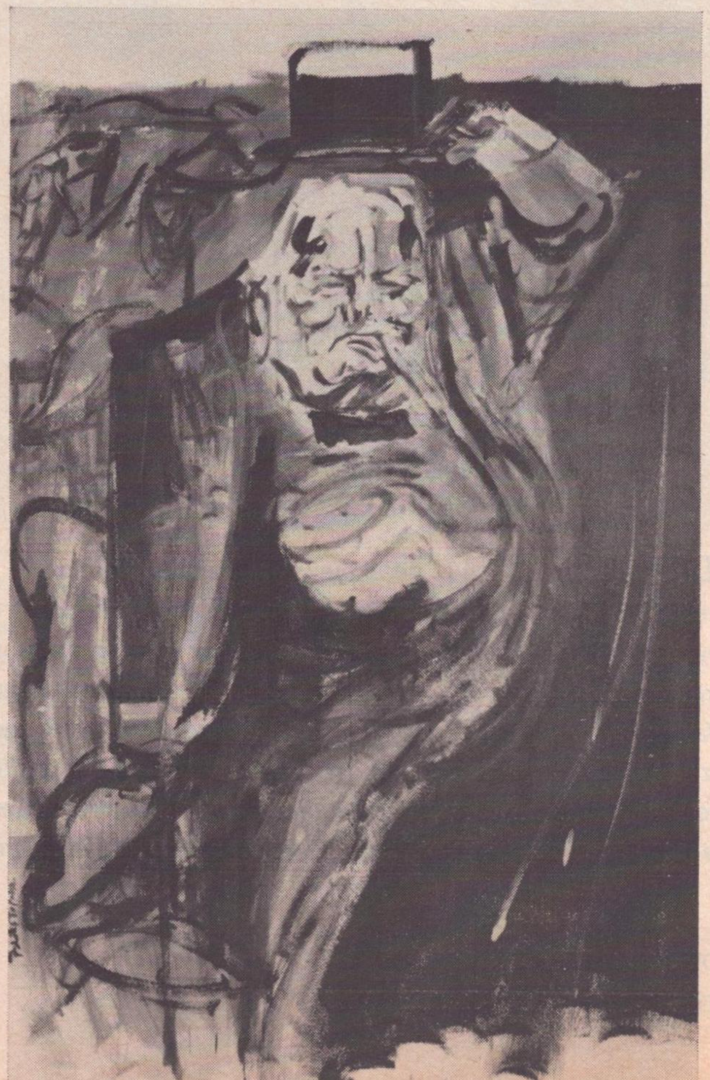
He made every man feel a part of history, touched by glory. He spoke for the future with confidence, and men believed him. "In the hour when all but courage failed," said the London *Times*, "[he] made courage conscious of itself, plumed it with defiance, and rendered it invincible."

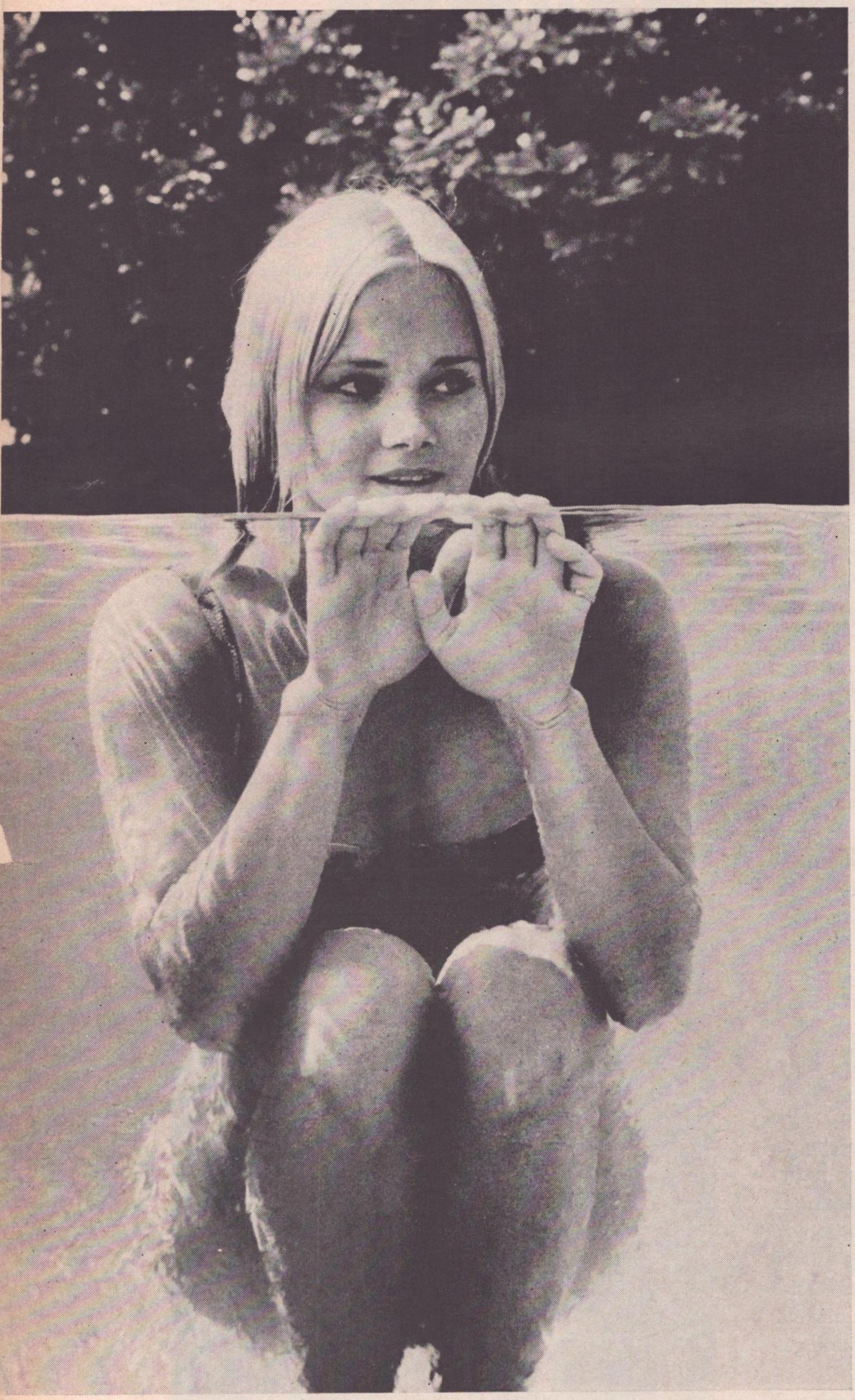
He was more than a spellbinder. Churchill had a clearer, harder, longer view of the future than Roosevelt—about the Russians, the Balkans, "the soft underbelly of the dragon," the inevitable postwar seesaw of power. And he illuminated his vision with phrases the mind could not shake off: "the deadly, drilled, docile, brutish masses of the Hun"; "[Hitler] liberated Austria from the horrors of self-government"; Russia "is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma"; "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning"; "iron curtain"; "talks at the summit." When a photographer said he hoped to photograph him on his hundredth birthday, 80-year-old Churchill grinned, "I don't see why not, young man. You look reasonably fit."

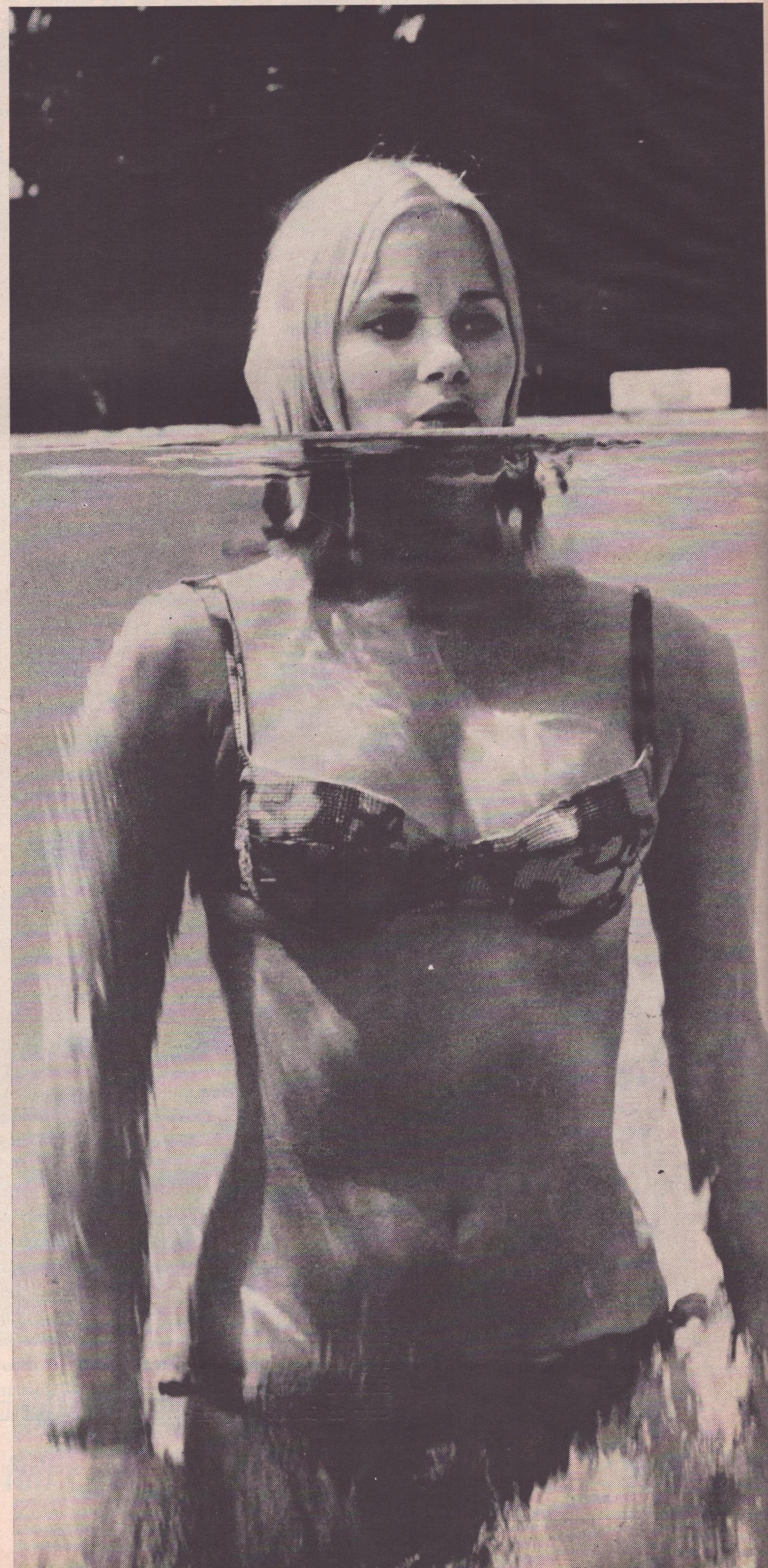
He had the capacity to be sentimental without being maudlin, moral without being priggish, optimistic without being naïve, patriotic without seeming parochial. He was a romantic of the utmost realism, a warmhearted advocate of *realpolitik*. He was that rarest of statesmen—the man who masters events, and the rarest of geniuses—a triumph of plain character.

He died, like King David, "in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour." For three days and nights, mourners passed the body that lay in state in Westminster Hall, over 320,000 of them.

Then the leader was borne through the silent frieze of the streets in a bitter wind to the monotone beat of one drum, among all the kettles wrapped in black crepe, the figures behind in cloaks and plumes and equipage—scarlet, purple, gold—kings and ministers and princes of the East, to St. Paul's Cathedral, which had never seen such a rite. Then the coffin was borne on the Thames, where the iron spires of ship cranes bent half-down in awkward homage. It was all as Winston Churchill had himself planned it. LEO ROSTEN







ANDREA DROMM, *a top New York model turned actress, shines both above and below the surface here, dunking in Hollywood. She is trying out a glass-walled swimming pool at Silvertop, an experimental research home. "I like to swim in Jamaica and the Bahamas, where it's sort of primitive and you can get away from civilization," she bubbles. In her second movie, Come Spy With Me, she had to look "cool and marvelous" in a scuba suit. Andrea never flinched. "It helped," she says, "that I used to go to Esther Williams movies."*

PRODUCED BY STANLEY GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD HEWETT

Is this any way to make a living?

You bet it is!

Career girl treads a TV road to fame

For Andrea Dromm, 25, a blue-eyed blonde from Manhasset, L. I., the world began four years ago when she donned a stewardess uniform, looked into a TV camera and cooed, with just the right mixture of innocence and commercial appeal: "Is this any way to run an airline? You bet it is!" The result, for Andrea, was instant everything. Cary Grant telephoned his congratulations. Hollywood offered her jobs. A beauty-product company put her under contract as its "summer blonde" for TV commercials. And 400 Green Berets in South Vietnam—without knowing her name—voted her "the girl we would most like to be taken captive with."

Miss Dromm's problem now, if any, is to make her name as well known as her face. She played her first movie role in 1966 as a teen-age baby-sitter in *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming*. This year, she will be seen as a James Bond type in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Come Spy With Me*, a thriller made in Jamaica. Between films, she keeps busy making TV commercials. It's nice work, sunning at Nassau, playing in the snow at Aspen, traveling to California and Europe on locations. "A girl can earn $75,000 a year as a model if she's willing to work like a horse," says Andrea. But models are anonymous. What she wants is to be recognized as an actress, preferably in a light comedy off-Broadway.

continued

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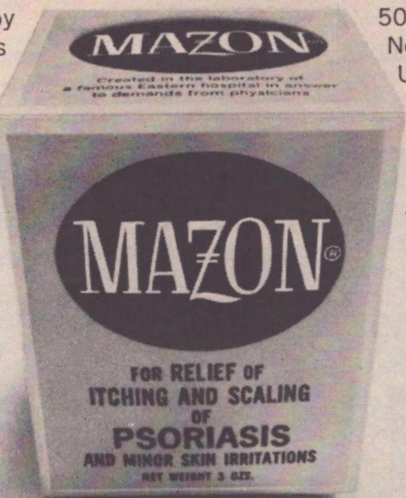
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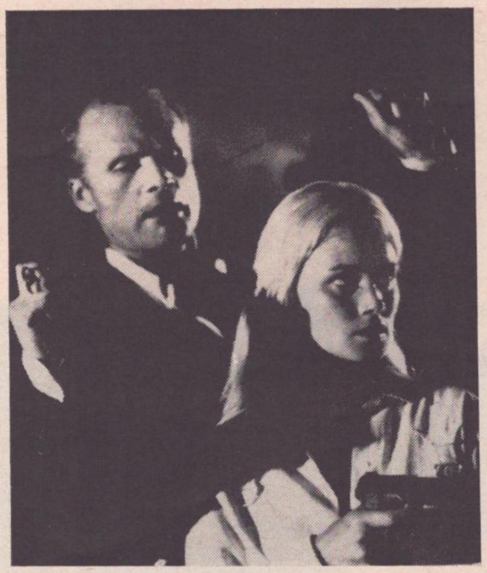


In Come Spy With Me, *Andrea and Troy Donahue foil the foul designs of cads like Louis Edmonds (above).*

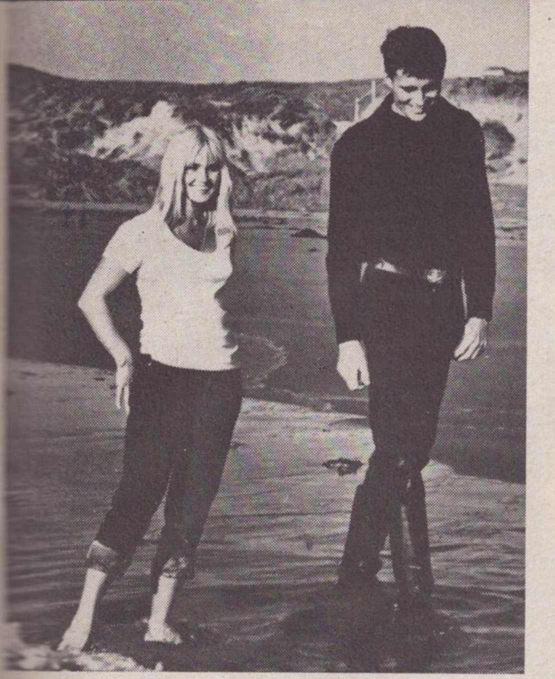
Andrea Dromm started as a child model in New York City at the age of six. For three years, her pictures appeared everywhere—from the Sears catalogue to *True Confessions*. During high-school vacations, she worked as a hatcheck girl at Jones Beach and a dressmakers' model in the garment district. At 20, she quit the University of Connecticut in her senior year, went to San Francisco and got a job as a mannequin at Saks. Returning to Manhattan to study drama, she soon made it as a big-time model.

In the past four years, with her mother acting as her business manager—"she puts the money in the bank and keeps track of it"—Andrea has gathered up approximately $150,000. Her first attempt at Hollywood, however, was disillusioning. "I couldn't accept it as my home because my roots are in New York," she explains. "And it is no place to learn acting. In the movies, you don't have to be a great actress; you're just a type. They expect you to do sexy things, like seduce people with your eyes. I felt susceptible and trapped." When her agents negotiated a nice seven-year contract for her, she turned it down.

Andrea prefers living simply in a Manhattan apartment, and with her parents in their 30-year-old brick-and-clapboard house in Manhasset, where her chief joy is sitting up late with her brother to watch horror movies—"then sleeping with the light on all night."

She recommends modeling as a career for girls, but with reservations.

"My roots are in New York,



In The Russians Are Coming, *she disarms John Phillip Law (above) in a nonpartisan love scene.*

"A model in her prime is ogled by thousands of men and invited to hundreds of parties, often by people who don't really care about her. If she goes the party route, she is wrong. Her beauty won't last forever. She should look for a good man instead."

Andrea was engaged once, to an Oxford student she met on the Costa Brava in Spain in 1964. Her steady escort now is Roger Davis, a young actor she met in Hollywood. But marriage is not on her mind. There are just too many other important things Andrea wants to do first.

A scarcity of cabs and brownstone apartments at midtown reorients Andrea to Manhattan's rushing complexity.

not Hollywood.

With a habitual tug at a plunging lock, Andrea couches a careful answer to kid brother Gary's query on college grammar. Later, over coffee in the antiqued Manhasset kitchen, the whole family laughs agreement that Andrea consumed more of her youth as a child model than a model child.

END

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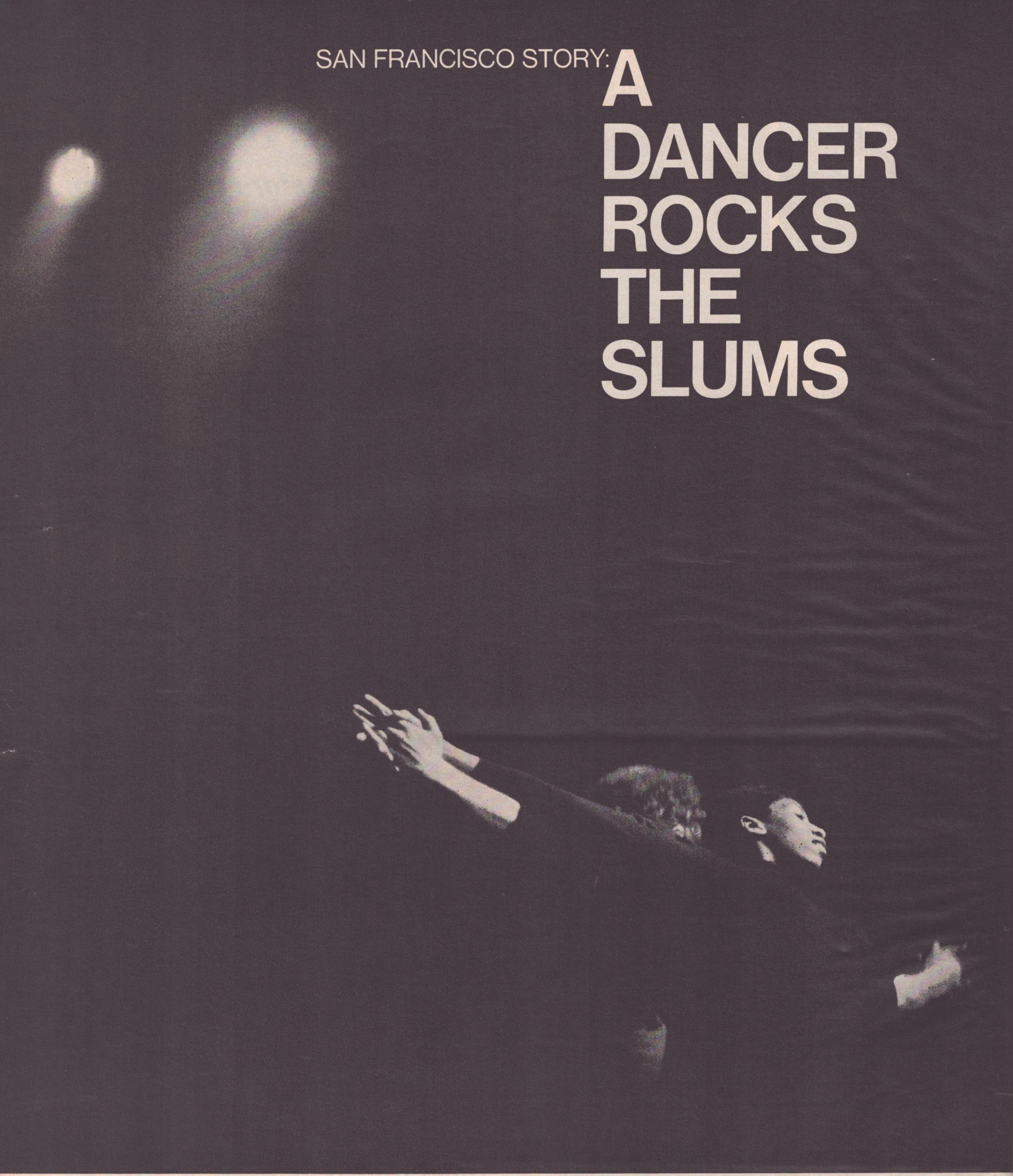

Propelled by jazz and stage lights in a makeshift theater, dancers soar toward their first applause

PRODUCED BY GEORGE B. LEONARD PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM MARSHALL

Bombarded by taped soul music and the live babble of drums, Gloria Unti shouts into a dancer's ear. Her Performing Arts Workshop rehearses at San Francisco's Buchanan Street YMCA.

Outrageous satire and the dance take up arms in the War on Poverty

"THUS FAR," Martin Luther King recently remarked, "the War on Poverty is not even a battle. It's scarcely a skirmish." One skirmish he may not yet have heard of swings out with a rock beat in San Francisco's predominantly Negro Fillmore District. Its weapons are modern dance and the creative disciplines. Its ammunition (to keep using this warlike language that creeps even into our search for peace and prosperity) is satire and an occasional belly laugh. The whole operation is run by a dancer named Gloria Unti, who is passionately involved, not in anything like "therapy" or "rehabilitation," but in seeing people who happen to live in a "poverty area" put on "a show that will have audiences yelling for more."

At rehearsals, Miss Unti is a show in herself. Two of her teen-age performers are improvising a TV interview: "What do you do for a living?" is a question that has an extra overtone or two in this setting, where getting *any* kind of work is not to be taken for granted. "I have a little job like washing turtles on weekends," replies Clarence Carey, 16, who is creating a hillbilly character named Humphrey Logan. "Besides washing turtles, I do other little jobs like sweeping snails. If anybody has any slow pets to wash or brush, just call me, Humphrey Logan." At the same rehearsal, four slim-hipped boys are dancing a crap game. Suddenly and spontaneously, they respond to a throw of the dice by falling like dominoes.

Gloria's reaction to such improvisation is spectacular. Her smile turns on like the footlights at the Palace (right). She rises from her chair, claps her hands and, with a dancer's grace, bounds several feet into the air, letting fly a great burst of laughter that delights and awes the entire company. Her enthusiasm buoys up teen-agers and adults who have never before performed and helps them through the rigorous hours needed to shape inspiration into art.

continued

"Wouldn't you do it like this?" Gloria asks Leslie Ransom, careful not to force her ideas on him.

Time of despair comes to Gloria when rehearsals sag just before a show.

DANCER CONTINUED

It all started when some neighborhood kids came in looking for karate lessons

"Hey, howdya like to teach us karate?" Gloria Unti, thinking fast, said no, she couldn't teach karate, but she did use yoga in her dance instructions. That sounded exotic enough, so the kids stayed, brought other members of their gang to the neighborhood center where Gloria worked. Many of the teen dancers at that time (1963) were what society carelessly terms delinquents. And yet Gloria found them "quick, smart, extremely sophisticated, fantastic." With few exceptions, they stayed out of trouble all the time they worked with her. The program was perhaps too successful to last, for it threatened traditional ways of "treating" delinquency. Gloria insisted on artistic freedom as well as discipline. (She didn't object when her performers made flying entrances through a window.) Under pressure from social workers to walk the orthodox line, Gloria resigned. But her supporters rallied to help her create the Performing Arts Workshop. Financed precariously with poverty funds, it has offered the incomparable apprenticeship of art to several hundred youngsters and adults.

The "culturally deprived" kids in the new Workshop, most of them Negroes, use dance and satire to describe their problems and to reveal their perceptions of the middle-class world. The results sometimes amuse, sometimes sting and often make the audience wonder just which culture is the deprived one. In a skit called "Doctor Freud," the analyst, played with myopic pomposity by a young Negro, is obsessed with his patient's mommy. The patient, "a guy named Betsy," keeps insisting that, while he has no mommy, he does have two daddies named Juanita and Sylvia. "One of them is a waitress, and the other one works on the street . . . shining shoes." The analyst takes to the couch. In the teen-agers' number on the draft, the peace demonstrator, bespangled with buttons of protest, is drafted, while the aggressive clean-cut war lover, played by a white boy, is accidentally killed during a rifle demonstration.

The climax of the Workshop's December show was a playlet that might baffle avant-garde playwrights Albee or Pinter. The kids called it *Sandbox*, and it starts out with the murder of a salamander. The playground courtroom scene that follows is a takeoff wrapped in a parody inside a put-on. It eventually touches on bribery, wiretapping, jury tampering, corrupt police officers, Southern whites, Northern liberals, Uncle Toms and middle-class Negroes who have made it. During the trial, witnesses and attorneys for both sides repeatedly huddle and chant in unison, "We are V.I.N.'s—Very Important Negroes," then count a few football signals before returning to the judge. The guilty party, it must be revealed, is Uncle Tom, who murdered his own pet salamander for 10,000 jelly beans. The symbolism in all this is best left to those psychoanalysts who survived the Workshop's opening skit.

The rich material that wells up from an impoverished ghetto delights but does not surprise Gloria Unti. "I feel fortunate to be here," she says. "This is a vital, dynamic point in our history. The kind of people in our program are at the very center of it. I see my function as not to tell them what to think or to superimpose any of our value system or ideology, but just to take it from them."

Miss Unti's simple solution to the problem of how to work with ghetto residents might prove helpful at a time when the rift between races and economic classes seems to be widening in the nation's cities. Thus far, the unacknowledged goal of integration and "cultural enrichment" has been to make Negroes talk, act and think like middle-class whites. And yet there are more and more signs that the tight, rigidly structured, suprarationalistic life style associated with the white middle class is entirely inappropriate to the fluid, free-form future that technology is preparing for us all. The direction of cultural enrichment, many futurists believe, could well be reversed for the benefit of both groups.

In this endeavor, the arts, and especially the performing arts, provide an ideal learning program. They teach consideration and respect for others, heightened empathy, self-control and coordination of mind and body. They require not the artificial discipline of lined-up desks in an up-tight classroom but the exquisite discipline that leads to the full expression of human potential. The experience thus far of the Performing Arts Workshop suggests that talent is in every city block, everywhere. All that is needed are ways to help it come forth.

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